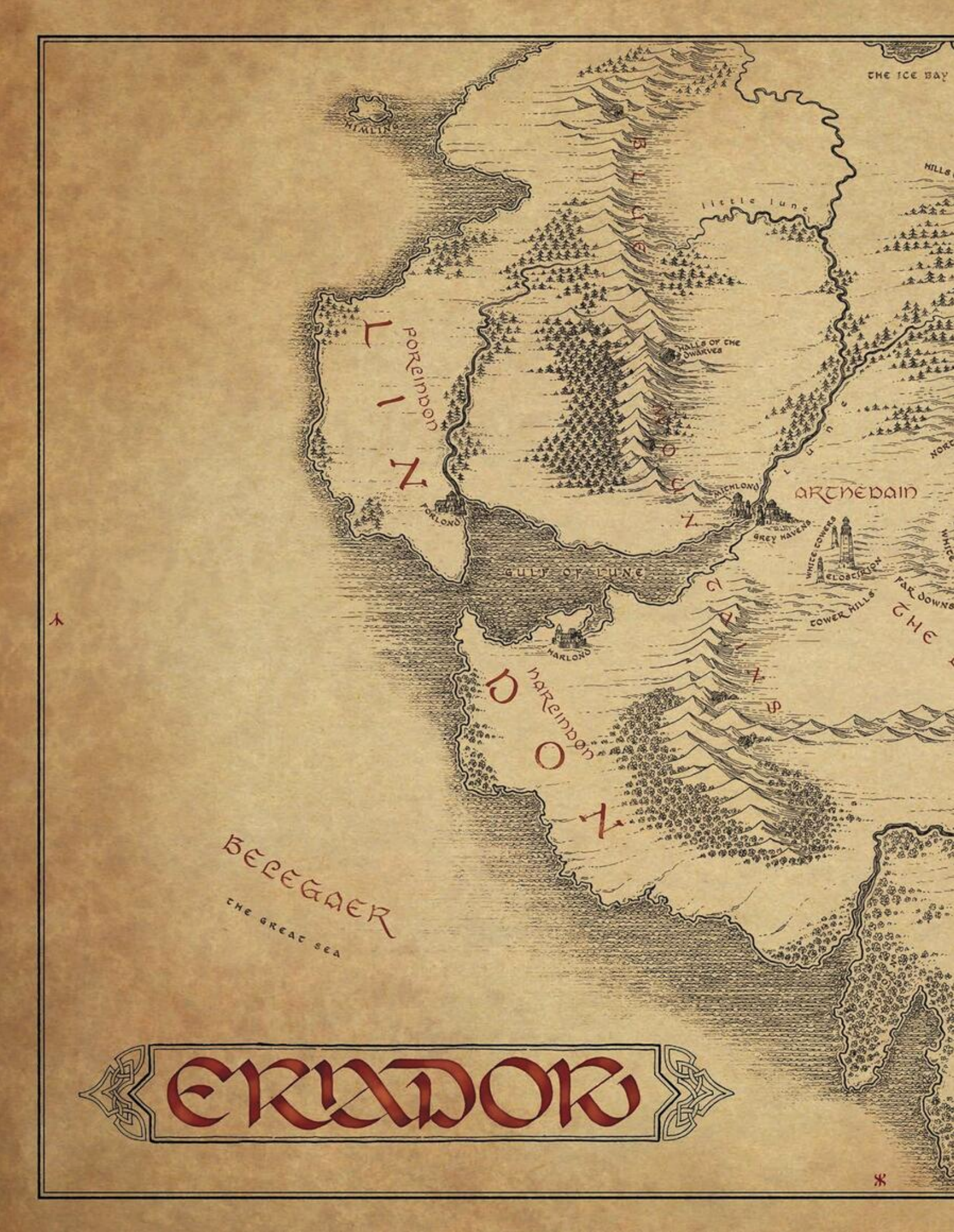
FREE LEAGUE

THE ONE RING™

REALMS OF THE THREE RINGS


THE ICE BAY
HIMLIN
little lune
HILLS
HALLS OF THE DWARVES
FOREINDON
FORLOND
MITHLOND
ARTHEDAIN
GREY HAVENS
WHITE TOWERS
ELOSTIRION
TOWER HILLS
FAR DOWNS
GULF OF LUNE
HARLOND
HARNDON
BELEGAER
THE GREAT SEA
ERIADOR

THE OLD WITCH-REALM OF ANGMAR
THE LONE-LANDS
NORTH DOWNS
RHUDAUR
ANNUMINAS
WEATHER HILLS
TROLLSHAWS
RIVENDELL
THE SHIRE
BREE
BRANDYWINE BRIDGE
MIDDLEWATER MARSHES
WEATHERTOP
SOUTH DOWNS
CARDOLAN
EREGION
HOLLIN
LOST REALM OF ARNOR
THARBAD
MINHIRIATH
ENEDWAITH
DUNLAND
LOND DAER
MORIA
LORIEN
ROHAN
ISENGARD
FANGORN
the great east road
the Greenway
north-south road
Loudwater
Hoarwell
the angle
Swanfleet
Glanduin
Baranduin
Mistys
Old Forest
Barrow-downs
Sarn Ford
Redhorn Pass
West Gate
East Gate
Caradhras
Dimrill Dale
Ford of Bruinen
High Pass
Mt. Gram
Mt. Gundabad
Carn Dûm
Fornost
Rudbeg
Chetwood
Deeping Coomb

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ISBN
978-91-89765-78-8

PRINT
Standart Impressa UAB

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First published in 2024 by Fria Ligan AB
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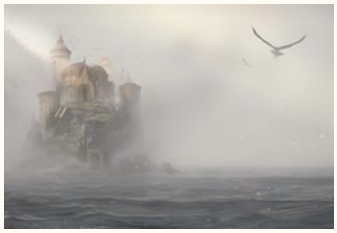

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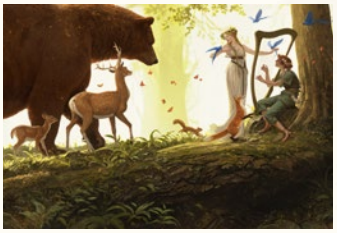

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INTRODUCTION

"The Three were not made by Sauron, nor did he ever touch them. But of them it is not permitted to speak. So much only in this hour of doubt I may now say. They are not idle. But they were not made as weapons of war or conquest: that is not their power."

As the Third Age draws to a close, the power of the Elves fades in Middle-earth. Yet three realms remain, bulwarks of Light against the creeping Shadow, ruled by mighty Elf-lords and fortified by the power of the Three Elven-rings. Here dwell those who remember the enchanted songs of the Elder Days and the noontide of Middle-earth. Here is a last echo of Elvenhome on earth.

This book is a guide to the West-elves, their dwellings and their heroic defence against the many threats which loom over their brethren. It is intended primarily for Loremasters, who can find among these pages the inspiration they require to bring Middle-earth to life as the Player-heroes explore it. Players should refrain from reading this, with the exception of those parts detailing areas their characters might reasonably be knowledgeable about.

The material presented in *Realms of the Three Rings* assumes that the date is the same as the one in *The One Ring* — the year 2965.

OVERVIEW

Realms of the Three Rings complements the setting information presented in *The One Ring* Core Rules, in particular the material found in *Chapter 9: The World*, and in the *Appendix*.

Chapter 1: Where the West-elves Still Linger provides extensive setting information about the chief realms of the Eldar — Lindon, Rivendell, and Lothlórien — with notes on the effects of the Rings of Power upon them. It includes a brief history of the Eldar, as well as special rules for Player-heroes visiting an Elf-land.

Chapter 2: The Days Darken presents to the Loremaster a set of narrative elements that can be used to determine the fate of Elf-havens. It provides the description of several Loremaster characters and their agendas, including many looming threats capable of affecting the struggle of the Elves in the final days of the Long Defeat.

Chapter 3: Landmarks describes 12 sites of interest that the Player-heroes may explore in their dealings with the Firstborn: from ancient towers by the Sea to enchanted springs in the shadow of the Misty Mountains, and hidden retreats where the High Elves still preserve a spark of the happiness of the Elder Days.

Finally, the *Appendix* contains rules for crafting Elven Player-heroes hailing from Rivendell or Lórien, and guidelines for creating Elf-lords, powerful characters particularly suited to epic solo play.

CHAPTER 1

WHERE THE WEST-ELVES STILL LINGER

"Here is the heart of Elvendom on earth," he said,
"and here my heart dwells ever, unless there be a light beyond the dark roads
that we still must tread, you and I. Come with me!"

For the Elves, this is a time when shadows lengthen, days grow darker, and magic begins to wane. Year after year, more of the Fair Folk sail over the Sea, leaving Middle-earth forever. But the West-elves still dwell in a few remote places — white harbours with slender towers, green valleys ringing with music and laughter, and ancient woods of gold and silver warded against evil by timeless incantations.

Their Lords are well aware that the end of their time in Arda is near. Yet they stand at a moment when the destiny of the Free Peoples may be decided for an Age to come. Even though the Elves will soon be mostly gone, they have a few precious days to spend in Middle-earth, and a crucial role to play in the coming war, with the power of Three Rings on their side.

Though far apart, those who dwell at the Grey Havens, in the Last Homely House in Rivendell and among the trees of Lórien are united by a common purpose: to preserve light and beauty and help those who try to stop the rising Shadow before it covers all in darkness.

A History of the Eldar

"The love of the Elves for their land and their works is deeper than the deeps of the Sea, and their regret is undying and cannot ever wholly be assuaged. Yet they will cast all away rather than submit to Sauron: for they know him now."

What follows is a brief account of the history of the Fair Folk in Middle-earth, from the Elder Days to the Twilight of the Third Age, a tale which only the wisest lore-masters now remember.

The First Age

The Fathers of the Elves first awoke in the East, when Middle-earth was only lit by the stars of Elbereth and the land was ruled by the Great Enemy. For the sake of the Firstborn the Powers of the West waged a great war against Morgoth and imprisoned him. Then, they invited all Elves to Valinor, where they could live in peace and perfect bliss.

Those who heeded the summons and reached the Blessed Realm became the Light Elves; those who refused and hid became the Dark Elves. Some tarried along the way; they were known as Grey Elves, and later became the Wood-elves of Rhovanion and the Shore-elves who dwelt by the Great Sea under the leadership of Círdan the Shipwright.

The Wars of Beleriand

The Light Elves grew in power and wisdom under the eyes of the Valar, but their happiness was not to last long: for the Great Enemy escaped his prison and destroyed the Two Trees which lit Valinor with their glow. Then he stole the Silmarils of Fëanor and escaped to Middle-earth, where he unleashed his armies of terror.

Some Light Elves swore revenge and left Valinor in pursuit of the Enemy, defying the Powers of the West. They became the Exiles and marched back to Middle-earth to wage war against Morgoth. There they joined forces with the Grey Elves, the Fathers of the Edain and the Western Dwarves, but they were all ultimately defeated.

It was at this time that Eärendil succeeded in sailing west over the Great Sea and reached Valinor, where he asked the Powers of the West for the deliverance of the Elves and their allies from thraldom. The Valar agreed to send aid, and their host marched to Middle-earth. The forces of Morgoth were vanquished and scattered, and the Dark Lord himself cast out of the world. Amidst the chaos of the war, Beleriand and the northern lands were devastated and submerged beneath the sea, altering the shape of the land forever.

The Second Age

Once the realms of the West-elves were swallowed by the Sea, the Valar once again summoned the Exiles and the Grey Elves to the West: not to Valinor, which they had forsaken, but to the Isle of Erëssea off its coast: there they could live in peace and enjoy the blessings of Eldamar. Many accepted their invitation and sailed on grey ships. Some, however, refused this compromise: most of those settled in Lindon, and Gil-galad became their High King and built a palace on the Firth of Lune.

Other Elf-lords desired to rule their own domains and travelled further east: Celeborn and Galadriel dwelt for a time on the shores of Lake Evendim and eventually joined Celebrimbor near the Dwarven realm of Khazad-dûm, in Eregion. Others crossed the Misty Mountains and established their kingdoms under the eaves of Greenwood and Lórinand.

THE MAKING OF THE RINGS OF POWER

The Elves who resisted the Call of the West desired to build their own Blessed Realm in Middle-earth, and fight the tide of time and change. First in this ambitious pursuit were the Elven-smiths of Eregion, and the chief among them, Celebrimbor. Blinded by their thirst for knowledge, they accepted the aid of Sauron, who offered them his aid disguised as a master jewelsmith. Under his influence they grew mighty in craft, and began the forging of the Rings of Power. Many were made, of various kinds, some more potent and some less.

But as the Elven-smiths indulged in their ring-making, the Dark Lord acted on his own secret stratagem — the creation of a Great Ring to rule over all the others. Fortunately, Celebrimbor became aware of Sauron's plan, and hid the Three Rings which he himself had forged.

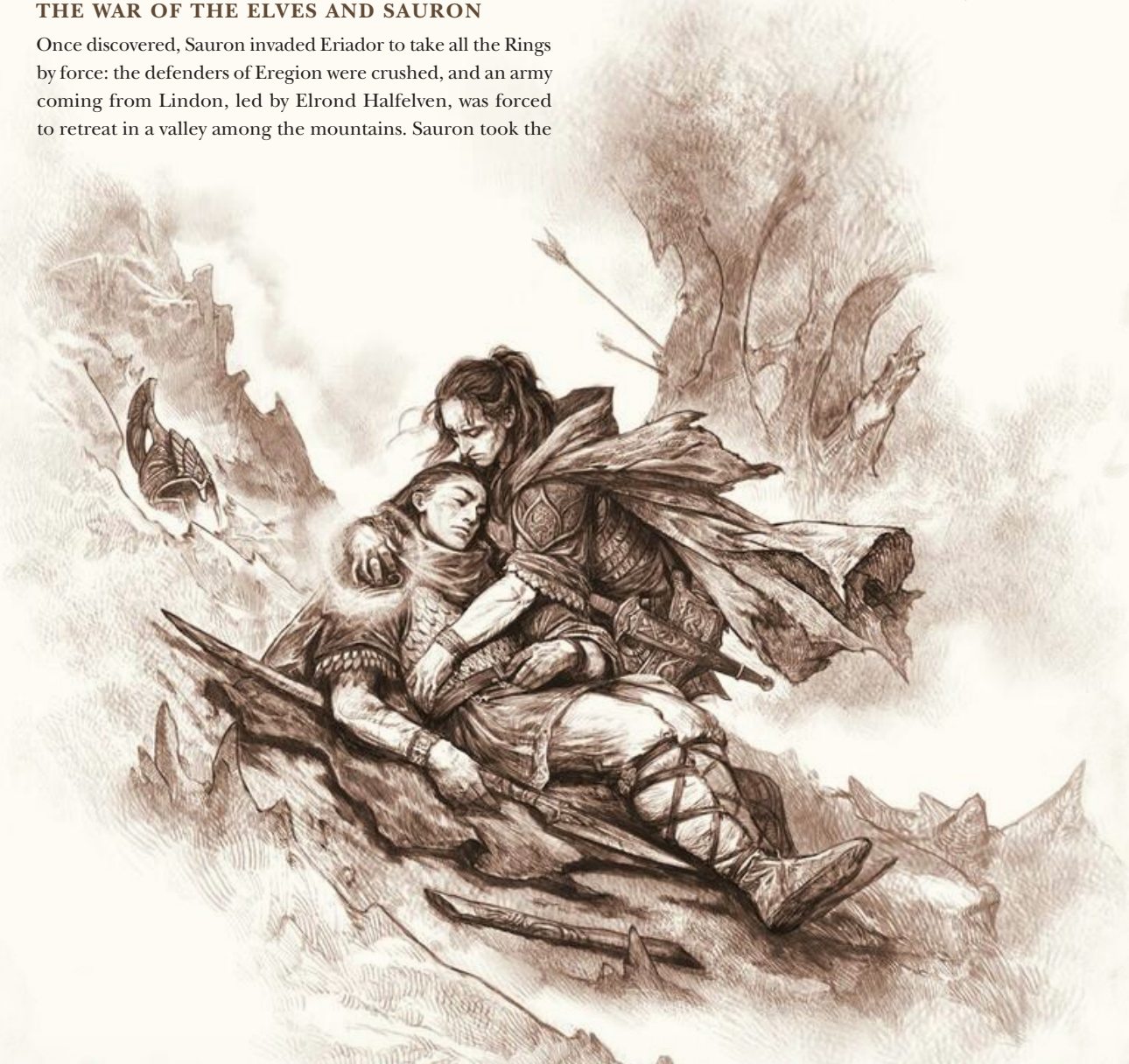
THE WAR OF THE ELVES AND SAURON

Once discovered, Sauron invaded Eriador to take all the Rings by force: the defenders of Eregion were crushed, and an army coming from Lindon, led by Elrond Halfelven, was forced to retreat in a valley among the mountains. Sauron took the rings later known as the Seven and the Nine, but could not discover who held the Three.

For six years the hosts of the Dark Lord rampaged throughout Eriador. Vast regions were laid to waste, before a fleet of the Dúnedain finally landed in Lindon, routing Sauron's forces and putting an end to the war.

THE DOWNFALL OF NÚMENOR AND THE LAST ALLIANCE

An age of uneasy peace followed. Sauron's power grew in the East as he used Nine rings to ensnare mighty kings of Men, and the Dwarves accepted Seven more. These were the Black Years, the Days of Flight: wandering Elves fled the Great Lands and swelled the western havens, taking grey ships to sail over the Sea. For a time the Elf-kingdoms were safe, as the shores of Middle-earth were defended by the might of Númenor.



In time, even the Men of the West fell victim to their own pride and the seduction of Sauron — when they challenged the Powers of the West, their island of Númenor was drowned and the world itself was changed. Sauron lost his physical form in the Downfall, but in later years his ambition and power grew unchecked once again, and from the land of Mordor he prepared to take over Middle-earth. A Last Alliance of Elves and Men was forged to face the Dark Lord, and their host besieged him in his own land and ultimately defeated him.

Victory came at a high cost though — the High King Gil-galad died by the hand of Sauron and no successor would claim his crown. The rings he held, two of the Three, were not lost, but secretly passed on: one to his herald Elrond, now Lord of Rivendell, and the other to his lieutenant Círdan, Master of the Grey Havens. The third Ring was always kept by Galadriel.

The Third Age

Following the end of the Second Age, many Elves answered the call of the Valar and sailed to Tol Erëssea. Contacts with mortals diminished, and large parts of Lindon were abandoned. It was only thanks to Círdan and the power of the Ring of Fire that the realm remained unified, ruled by a Council of Lords. Elrond kept watch over Eriador from Rivendell, now a refuge of strength and wisdom, defended by the Ring of Air. Galadriel wore the Ring of Water and chose to dwell with Celeborn in Lothlórien, to the east of the Misty Mountains.

The long sunset of the Firstborn had begun.

THE LAST BATTLE APPROACHES

Near the turn of the millennium, a shadow fell on Greenwood the Great, and many started to call it Mirkwood. Around the same period, the Istari, emissaries from the Powers of the West who would later be known as the Wizards, arrived on the shores of Lindon.

Círdan welcomed them, surrendering the Ring of Fire to Mithrandir, for the Shipwright foresaw that the Grey Pilgrim was destined to kindle the hearts of the Free Peoples opposing the Enemy. This left Lindon without its support, and that ancient realm began to fade. Still, the Grey Havens endure to this day, a light of hope on the shores of the Sea, a place where no evil dares to enter, yet.

By the end of the second millennium, the Shadow lengthened when the northern realm of Arnor was destroyed by the Sorcerer King of Angmar. The region became a lawless wasteland, making Rivendell truly the last Homely House in Eriador. On the other side of the mountains, Celeborn and Galadriel assumed the titles of Lord and Lady of Lothlórien, and with the power of the Ring of Water, they turned their domain into a bastion of light to stand against the darkness of Dol Guldur.

Even though the time of the Elves is almost over, the Three Rings remain hidden from the Enemy, and those who bear them are tirelessly working to combat the rising tide of Darkness. Will they make a difference in the final battle?

Staying in an Elf-land

It seemed to them that they did little but eat and drink and rest, and walk among the trees; and it was enough.

It is said that no one can visit the abodes of the Elves and return unchanged. Elf-lands are indeed magical places, especially by mortal standards. The mere presence of the Immortal Folk is often enough to influence any location. However, the regions where the Rings of Power once resided, or are still in use, are so profoundly different that they may be said to have absorbed the very essence of Elven hopes and desires, along with their memories of the Undying Lands to the west of the Sea.

In the game, visiting an Elven realm should always be a remarkable experience, able to deeply affect the lives of the Player-heroes. Rivendell, Lindon and Lothlórien are not simply safe havens, comfortable refuges where a Company may find sanctuary and advice. They are the last vestiges of the ancient kingdoms of the Eldar in Middle-earth, places that are closer than any other to the perfection of the Blessed Realm.

Entering an Elf-land, especially for the first time, invariably evokes an almost unearthly feeling of peace and wonder. Once left behind, its memory never fades and yet feels remote, a vision of a place which the flowing streams of time have already left far behind.

The Power of the Three Rings

The primary function of all rings made by the artificers of Eregion was to prevent or slow decay, serving as a ward against the unwanted *change* feared by most Elves in Middle-earth. However, the rings also enhanced the natural abilities of their bearer, a temptation that could easily lead to a desire for domination. With the Rings of Power, Celebrimbor aimed to create something that could preserve beauty, and succeeded in crafting devices capable of resisting ruin and decline, while also enhancing their bearers' abilities in understanding, creation, and healing.

Each of the realms of the West-elves leaves a distinct impression on travellers, yet they all share common elements influenced by the nature and purpose of the Three Rings. Perhaps the most obvious is the inability for outsiders to perceive the passing of time while in an Elf-land in the same way as beyond its borders. It is easy for visitors to fall into a routine of idleness and contemplation, forget any urgency and become oblivious to the passage of days and weeks. The Elves living there seem to engage in little more than singing, dancing and celebrating. But if someone makes an effort to observe them carefully, they can be seen involving themselves in many endeavours, like writing, smithing, creating art, or holding councils. Yet, they often seem to perform such activities with a casual and carefree attitude, unless some urgent matter is at hand.

If engaged in conversation, and pressed to discuss their priorities in life, the words of most dwellers of an Elf-land are often bewildering — for example, they seem to care little for the future and put almost no value in worldly wealth. Some may love gems and pearls, and prefer silver over gold, but simply for their aesthetic qualities. Their attitude can be infuriating to mortals, as they have a tendency to treat them as if they were little more than children — unworthy of being involved in discussions of deep or complex matters. Among themselves, however, and with those outsiders they have learned to trust, Elves may open their heart to share the weariness of their long lives and the perilous change they perceive in the world outside their guarded borders.

As foreigners spend more time among the Fair Folk, they may perceive a change within themselves, a heightened sensitivity and communion with nature that may well be surprising for the most hardened and disillusioned adventurer. As they adapt to the Elvish pace, they find themselves moved by songs, views or little everyday experiences they never really cared for before.

For outsiders, visiting the Elves is a time of introspection that may reveal more than they wished about their own nature and hopes. Most are likely to experience moments of exceptional clarity about their true desires, and develop a sincere love for the Eldar and their ways; others find themselves unsettled and, later, may come to doubt their memories as waking dreams.

The following paragraphs present a series of special rules designed to capture the experience of spending time in an Elf-land in game terms.

TIMELESSNESS

A Company that enters an Elf-land cannot really anticipate how long they will stay there. They will realise this fully once they leave — it is up to the Loremaster to determine how much time has passed since they set foot in the Elf-land (usually, such a visit lasts between one and several weeks, though longer stays are not unheard of).

In game terms, a visiting Company initiates an automatic Fellowship Phase. All rules presented on page 118 of *The One Ring* apply normally: Player-heroes can Perform Updates (train, grow, recover spiritually) and Choose Undertakings. Since the duration of the Phase is going to cover a period of at least a week, Player-heroes should also be able to recover all lost Endurance points, cancel any accumulated Fatigue, and see their Wounds fully healed.

What happens when a Company intends to visit an Elf-land only briefly, possibly just to pass through? This may be allowed, but only in the case of matters that are considered of great urgency by the ruler of the land. When this happens, the Player-heroes will be permitted to leave in a matter of days and won't initiate a Fellowship Phase (forfeiting all benefits coming from a longer stay).

SPEAK NO EVIL

Player-heroes spending a Fellowship Phase in an Elf-land may remove 1 Shadow Scar, as if they chose the *Heal Scars* Undertaking at Yule. They may do this by spending 5 Adventure points, plus 1 point for each Flaw they have developed so far (see *Shadow Paths*, on page 140 of *The One Ring*).

This is not an Undertaking, but an additional benefit available to all Player-heroes staying in an Elf-land.

YULE IN AN ELF-LAND

Under most circumstances, only Player-heroes who are native to an Elf-land can choose to spend their Yule Fellowship Phase there — Elves of Lindon at the Grey Havens, High Elves in Rivendell, and Elves of Lórien in the Golden Wood.

Guests who have been granted permission to stay indefinitely may also do so, or Companies tasked with a mission in times of great peril.

ost
BRENIELLIN
EDROLLON
ioReithel
little lune
PALACE OF
THE SEA-BIRDS
BLUE MOUNTAINS
MT. RAINYHEAD
VALLEYS OF
THE DWARVES
FORELAND
PORTLAND
Lune
HAELOND
ARTHEDAIN
NEVLOND
WHITE TOWERS
ELOSTIRION
GULF OF LUNE
TOWER HILLS
HARLOND
HARADRIM
HARONDOR

LINDON

At the Grey Havens dwelt Círdan the Shipwright, and some say he dwells there still, until the Last Ship sets sail into the West. In the days of the Kings most of the High Elves that still lingered in Middle-earth dwelt with Círdan or in the seaward lands of Lindon.

Lindon is what remains of ancient Beleriand, now mostly sunken beneath the waves. Its coastline suffered further loss in the tumult of winds and sea that followed the drowning of Númenor. During that time, great storms battered the shores of Middle-earth, with the sea encroaching upon the land in many places, while in others it piled up new coasts. When the upheaval ended, the extent of the realm of Lindon was greatly diminished.

Yet, the realm founded by Gil-galad endured. It was from its fortresses and havens that the army of the Last Alliance marched south to join the forces of Elendil, and again to ride against Angmar and besiege it a thousand years ago. For the Elves of Lindon remember: they remember the iron-shod shoes of Orcs trampling the fair grasslands and Dragon-fire setting ancient woods ablaze, and the battles, the routs and the charges of the Elder Days, those who perished, and those who escaped with their lives out of lack or courage. More than other Elves in Middle-earth, they know that peace relies on sharp swords and strong hearts. Even if Elven armies will never again march out of Lindon, war may well come to them, and will not find them unprepared.

Lindon includes all the lands west of the Ered Luin, both north and south of the Gulf of Lune, and the country between the Blue Mountains and the river Lhûn. Even when there was a High King of the Elves of the West, the realm was divided into several lordships. In the Third Age, each of these domains is virtually independent. Círdan has gathered the greatest five lords into a Council of Lindon, meeting to address common issues. Yet, most of the concerns of the Elf rulers are related to the preservation of their own lands and people, and the keeping of the memory of the past.

As the Third Age draws to an end, Lindon increasingly becomes a departure point, a temporary home for those about to cross the Sea and leave Middle-earth behind.

ENTERING LINDON

The land of Lindon is protected by the river Lhûn, the Blue Mountains, and the Sea. The gaps between these natural barriers are guarded by Elf-wardens, who watch the borders for trespassers and send them back their own way, with kindness or severity depending on the situation. Few foreigners are ever admitted in Lindon, and only by leave of the local Lord or Lady and with a specific purpose. In this case, they are likely to be escorted at all times and be lodged in a safe place until they are released.

Mithlond enjoys a special status: Círdan has decreed that the Grey Havens must welcome all among the Free Peoples who journey there. Elves from other realms are the most frequent outsiders, with occasional visits from Dwarves of the Blue Mountains. The Dúnedain of Eriador also visit, and some brave and adventurous Hobbits have been known to pass the Tower Hills to reach the Elven ports.

Outsiders, however, remain a rare sight in the twin harbours. Despite Círdan's instructions, the Elves remain wary of those they do not know and are conscious of the Enemy's deep hatred for the Eldar. Mithlond holds a vital role for all the Elven realms east of the Sea, and should the Havens be threatened or harmed, all the Eldar would suffer greatly.

NARYA, THE RING OF FIRE

Set with a red ruby, Narya the Great was forged by Celebrimbor of Eregion, when he succeeded in creating three Rings of Power. It was entrusted to Círdan the Shipwright, who perceived in it an enduring flame capable of kindling courage and uplifting spirits. The Shipwright held on to it for thousands of years, profoundly affecting the history of the Grey Havens and the lives of its inhabitants. In the early days of the Third Age, recognizing the wisdom and purpose in the arrival of the Istari, Círdan passed Narya to Gandalf the Grey.

Consequently, the guards and wardens are so suspicious that they are often considered unwelcoming. Any doubt about a traveller's motives ensures a thorough investigation before any stranger is allowed within or even near the city walls.

Visitors who are granted permission to enter are assigned a domicile. Those who have been invited share a residence with their patrons, who assume responsibility for them. If travellers lack a host, they are accommodated at the Dwarven House outside Nevlond's Main Gate. Edrain, the Steward, carefully screens newcomers and ensures they are supervised. Only those counted among the Elf-friends are free to wander without supervision.

Forlindon

In the northern part of Forlindon, the western side of the Blue Mountains is marked by deep and shadowy dells, covered by forests of firs and pines. Cold and rainy winds from Forochel and the Great Sea batter the rocky grasslands closer to the shores. The descendants of Fëanor, greatest of the ancient Elves, rule these lands. Renowned for being skilled smiths and great mounted hunters, they are proud and stubborn.

Southern Forlindon is a gentler land of rich meadows and wide forests of beech, ash, and oak. It was settled by Elves from western Beleriand, a mix of Exiles and Grey Elves, once followers of Fëanor's second brother. They are hardy and valiant warriors and great riders. Their lord dwells in the haven of Forlond, famous for its tall walls and slender towers, each raised by an Elf-lord of ancient blood. By day the towers of Forlond fly their flags, and by night they shine with colourful lights. Once a year, on the Day of Glory, all the mighty warriors of Lindon meet for a great tournament and their banners cover the city and the surrounding plain like radiant flowers.

DOR LIRRENDIR

The land between the Blue Mountains and the river Lune has been inhabited by Elves since ancient times, and the kings of Arnor never laid claim to it. This country belonged to the kingdom of Gil-galad, and the Fair Folk ranged across its hills and valleys from spring to autumn, filling the woods with the sound of music. In winter, a handful tarried behind, gathering in hidden caves or well-defended mansions.

In the Third Age, only ruins remain of these retreats, but roving Elves still give this country the name Land of the Singing Wanderers.

Harlindon

The northern shores of Harlindon are rocky and covered in elm woods, oaks, linden, and poplars. Here, followers of Fëanor's third brother, Finarfin, found their homes — a mix of Exiles and Grey Elves from Nargothrond and Dorthonion. They are skilled scouts and hunters on foot, able to move unseen across any terrain.

The harbour of Harlond is the only visible settlement on these shores, a city of low stone houses with flat roofs covered by gardens. The greater part of the city is delved into the rocky cliffs and lit by a thousand Elf-lamps. The Elves of Harlindon are fond of flowers, which they grow all over the upper city, and their crafters weave and embroider colourful floral images on fabrics. On the Feast of Blooming, the Elves of Harlindon don their brightest floral garments and wear crowns of fresh blossoms to welcome the arrival of spring.

The descendants of the Grey Elves of Doriath and the original Green Elves of Ossiriand live further south, dwelling in caves among woods of birch, willow, and alder. They guard the southern marches of Lindon, near the borders with Eriador. They are a shy folk, seldom seen and more often heard in songs and pipes echoing through the woods.

The Grey Havens

Mithlond, the Grey Havens, is the only location in Lindon that mortals are likely to visit. It is the gateway that connects the Elven shores with the rest of Middle-earth and the beacon of light from which the power of the High Elves still shines in the West.

The Havens consist of two twin harbours: the western haven of Haelond and the eastern haven of Nevlond, each of which is detailed in the following sections.

Haelond

Upon founding the realm of Lindon, the High King Gil-galad erected his capital city on a rocky promontory on the Firth of Lune. It was to be a bulwark against any threat from the East, but also a lodestar for the Elves of Middle-earth who heard the call of the West. *Arallond* it was called, the King's Haven, but in time the city also came to be called *Goncair*, the Stone Ship, since to those on the sea it looks like a great ship with its prow as the Gardens of the West, its stern as the King's Palace, and its masts as the many towers vying for height. Today it is simply known as *Haelond*, the Farther Haven, as it stands on the western shore of the Firth of Lune.

Haelond is built of stone and marble, with tall palaces crowding narrow streets that suddenly open onto wide squares embellished with trees and fountains. Although originally

larger, in the late Third Age Haelond is smaller than its twin haven across the water, its population mostly consisting of long-term residents. The Elves of Haelond are renowned as smiths and lore-masters, and traditionally have stronger ties with the rest of Lindon than with the lands to the east. It may be striking to visitors that a great number of houses and shops are empty — not ruined, but simply silent and uninhabited, their former owners having gone over the Sea.

1 ~ the Arantarion
2 ~ the Forge of the Smiths
3 ~ the Court of the Two Columns
4 ~ the Markets of Haelond
5 ~ the Fountain of the Powers
6 ~ the Harbour
7 ~ Crab's Shallows
8 ~ the Causeway Gate
9 ~ the Bridge Gate
10 ~ the Stone Garden
11 ~ the Gardens of the West
RINGÏK
HAELOND

1. THE ARANTARION

Often referred to by its Sindarin name, the palace of the high king occupies the highest point of the city, offering a spectacular view of the Firth of Lune and the surrounding lands. Built by Gil-galad as the heart of the realm of Lindon, it was crafted in the likeness of the ancient royal mansions of Tirion and Gondolin. Its halls are wide, lit with many lamps

and decorated with silver, ivory and pearl, its treasures innumerable. It is said that the wealth amassed within Arantarion surpasses that of all the kings of Middle-earth combined.

Its vaulted ceilings are covered with frescoes. Suits of armour and weapons of remarkable beauty and craftsmanship adorn its walls. Woven hangings recount the long history of the Eldar, showing many things that have occurred in Arda since its beginning, and shadows of things that are yet to be. Paintings and sculptures by the greatest artists of Lindon are displayed alongside pieces from Beleriand and even Valinor. Collections of gifts from Elvish monarchs of the East, the kings of Númenor, and the Dúnedain kingdoms are also found within these halls.

The palace's gardens, situated atop the walls, are carefully tended by ageless gardeners. Many exotic species bloom here, including a towering *thindolvorn* tree standing over 90 feet tall. It was planted by Círdan in the first year of the Third Age, to replace a *mallorn* tree that had withered following Gil-galad's passing.

On top of the Arantarion is the Tower of Lofty Light, the *Minas Targalad*, rising over 150 feet above the rest of the palace. Its top floor houses an ever-burning fire designed to guide sailors by using mirrors and glasses to signal the coast. Once fuelled by a grand lamp that captured and reflected light from the Sun, Moon, and the Stars, it was the beacon of Elvendom in Middle-earth, the flame of Gil-galad the High King. Today, cracked and no longer radiant, the Dimmed Beacon is just a relic of a bygone age. In the floors below, the tower accommodates the High King's living quarters, preserved as they were when Gil-galad departed for Mordor, as well as the armoury and the treasury holding the city's funds and certain restricted items better not displayed openly.

Located in the basement of the tower, yet still offering a view of the city from above, the library of the Arantarion houses the largest collection of books in north-western Middle-earth, easily rivalling those of Rivendell, Minas Tirith and even Annúminas at its peak. Primarily focused on Elvish literature, the collection also includes a dedicated section for Númenorean texts from the Second Age.

The administration of the palace is a task carried out by Aragar the Keeper, while the library specifically operates under the guidance of Galdor of the Quill.

THINDOLVORN

Native to Beleriand and Lindon and similar to a cedar, a thindolvorn tree may reach a height of up to 100 feet and a width of 60 feet. Its trunk is grey and straight, and its wood is valued for its qualities in shipbuilding. Since it is a rare tree that takes many years to grow into full size, Elves harvest it with care and use it exclusively to build their grey ships. In addition to its prized wood, thindolvorn trees produce pine cones and resin, which are utilised for creating fragrances and enhancing the flavour of wines and spirits.

Aragar, Keeper of the Palace

Born in Beleriand, Aragar is a kinsman of Gil-galad. Upon Gil-galad's ascent to High Kingship, he appointed Aragar as his Castellan, entrusted with the stewardship of the Palace in his absence. Following the High King's demise, Aragar continues to serve as the Keeper of the Arantarion and acts as the secretary of the Council of Lords.

Tall even for a Noldorin Elf, Aragar possesses deep blue eyes and locks of burnished gold. At the Palace, he is often seen wearing his official robes, a blend of blue and black decorated in silver. In addition to his prowess in warfare using spear and bow, he is a master falconer and maintains a collection of birds of prey as both pets and messengers to the Lords of Lindon.

OCCUPATION: Castellan

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Faithful, Honourable

Galdor of the Quill

Galdor was born at the end of the First Age, an exile from the northern kingdoms of the Eldar. His determination as an enemy of the Shadow earned him the trust of Círdan and Gil-galad as one of their most reliable aides. In the Third Age, Galdor serves as the Librarian of the Arantarion and leads the House of the Quill. Additionally, he acts as Círdan's secretary and envoy, undertaking journeys far and wide to visit the Wise and the Great, gathering news, and conveying his Master's counsel when sought.

Galdor has long silver hair and pale green-blue eyes. He is of slender build, and typically wears scholar's robes of blue and grey. Player-heroes can encounter him on the road, where he may act as a liaison with Círdan.

OCCUPATION: Counsellor, Herald

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Inquisitive, Fair-spoken

Galdor

2. THE FORGE OF THE SMITHS

The forges of Haelond were constructed directly beneath the Arantarion, utilising ventilation shafts to distribute their heat and warm the entire palace. The weaponsmiths of Mithlond continue to work here under the supervision of Gaethel, the esteemed leader of the House of the Anvil.

Adjacent to the forges stands the Fire Hall, a stone palace whose roof is covered in tiles of burnished copper — it is the residence of Gaethel and a gathering place for the members of his House.

Gaethel of the Anvil

Gaethel the smith is renowned as one of the finest mail makers in Middle-earth. He is admired not only for his dedication to his craft, but also for his fair judgement. A commanding presence, Gaethel is a tall and robust Elf with cropped dark hair, hazel eyes, and a ruddy complexion. Despite his imposing stature, he engages warmly in discussions, particularly about his craft, welcoming conversations with travellers.

Gaethel may serve as a valuable connection to craftsmen residing at the Havens and may offer valuable insight when studying ancient artefacts. Due to his demanding schedule and meticulous nature, persuading him to undertake commissions can prove challenging (at the Loremaster's discretion, the work of Gaethel can be used to integrate Rewards gained by the Player-heroes into the ongoing narrative, respecting the normal rules).

OCCUPATION: Smith, Master of the Forges

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Patient, Wilful

3. THE COURT OF THE TWO COLUMNS

From the main gate of Arantarion, a broad road descends the hill, leading to a cobblestone courtyard flanked by tall buildings. At the centre stand two marble columns sculpted in the early Third Age, each standing 30 feet tall, marking the entrance to the Palace Road. The left column narrates the events that led to the Last Alliance of Elves and Men, while the right column commemorates the Siege of Barad-dûr and the valiant sacrifice of the Elf and Dúnadan Kings. Once a bustling hub adorned with shops, the Court of the Two Columns is now a place of quiet contemplation, despite still witnessing most of the city's daily traffic.

4. THE MARKETS OF HAELOND

Haelond boasts two large covered markets — one catering to artisans and crafters, and the other to farmers. These vast, low buildings showcase a wide range of goods, drawing visitors from across Lindon. In particular, Haelond has earned a reputation for its masterful weavers, skilled in creating the finest garments woven with silver and gold threads, its weaponsmiths forging blades and armour sought after by kings from distant realms, as well as its wine-sellers offering the most refined vintages from Elven lands.

EXPLORING THE MARKETS

Player-heroes spending a Fellowship Phase at the Grey Havens may find time to visit the markets of Mithlond. They might discover shops offering exotic and rare goods, as well as memorable taverns and inns.

Roll once on the table below to determine what the Company finds of particular interest.

FEAT DIE ROLL	RESULT	DESCRIPTION
	Lost in Sadness	The Player-heroes walk along the stalls, observing the market crowd as if from a distance, caught by the melancholy of watching a vanishing world.
1	Grocers	The shop offers the largest and most delectable fruits or vegetables that the Player-heroes have ever sampled. Hobbits and Player-heroes possessing the Rustic distinctive feature may gain insight for their next attempt at farming or gardening.
2	Wine-makers	This venue purveys the finest of Elvish wines and ciders from all over Lindon. Here Player-heroes may have a chance to taste and buy *Yssiongorn*.
3	Tailors	A shop selling excellent fabrics made of wool, linen and cotton, and offering bespoke garments. Those with an interest in sewing and making clothes may acquire superior raw materials.
4	Smiths	The Elven smiths working in the Forges of Haelond are heirs of the traditions of Gondolin, Nargothrond and Eregion, and watching them work is an inspiring experience in itself.
5	Luthier	Elven minstrels do not only rely on their innate talents and skills, but also on superior musical instruments made from the finest materials.
6	Tanner	A purveyor of the finest leather, to be used for making shoes, boots, protective clothing, saddles and harnesses and bags. Player-heroes with the relevant Craft skill may purchase raw leather of superior quality.
7	Glass-blower	Like smiths, glass-blowers in Mithlond trace their traditions to the Noldorin cities of Beleriand and Eregion. They manufacture bottles, vials, vases, lenses, window panes and lanterns that are both functional and beautiful, or simply jewels and works of art.
8	Potter	The potters firing their creations in Nevlond's Furnace are masters of ceramics and porcelain, and particularly renowned for *celadon* wares that mirror the many hues of the Great Sea. They sell a variety of containers for liquids, vases for flowers, or even jewellery to be worn at all times.
9	Book-seller	The Library at the Arantarion is a lore-master's dream, but not enough is said about the booksellers of Mithlond, who offer copies of books written on the finest vellum, decorated by master illustrators, and bound in exquisite leathers. These venues also offer writing material of superior quality such as parchments, ink, styluses and pens.
10	Tavern	Elven taverns boast exceptional cuisine and beverages, complemented by the captivating tales and songs of patrons who have experienced far more than mere Mortals. Mithlond is known for having the best venues, whether one is looking for eating, gossiping or simply having a good time. The most lively taverns are located near the harbours, whereas those in the upper quarters tend to be more elegant establishments where one can sip fine wines on a terrace overlooking the sea (in summer) or in an armchair in front of a dancing fire (in winter).
	Seers	The Eldar are skilled astrologers who are able to foresee one's future through talents that mortals may refer to as 'magic'. Should a Player-hero choose to have their future revealed, they will gain an understanding of what lies ahead.

5. THE FOUNTAIN OF THE POWERS

This circular court is where the Central Road and the Bridge Gate Road meet. At its centre is a grand fountain, a favoured gathering spot for the inhabitants of Haelond. It is decorated with plates of bronze, wrought with figures portraying the deeds of the Powers of the World. Encircling the fountain are the city markets, the Hall of the Warriors, and the Palace of Plenty.

The Hall of the Warriors, a grand palace with a stone facade adorned with the heraldic devices of legendary heroes from the Second Age, serves as the headquarters of the House of the Starry Shield and is the residence of Argond, its leader. Nearby, the Palace of Plenty stands as the guildhall of the House of the Vine, and home to its leader, Rían. The building is draped with an array of grapevines, ivies, and honeysuckles, from which beautifully crafted statues of dancing Elves emerge.

6. THE HARBOUR

Haelond's harbour is carved into the rocky shores of the Ringîr stream, with quays and piers of stone extending into the serene waters. Its entrance is watched by two towers, manned by far-sighted guardians. Smaller than the haven of Nevlond, the harbour of Haelond is shielded by tall, ancient hedges rather than stone walls, as the western side of the Lhûn has never seen threats from enemies.

A single shipyard remains active in Haelond, focusing solely on the building of great ships. The southern part of the harbour serves as a fish market, where, every day, fishing boats deliver their catches to be sold at various stalls and shops.

7. CRAB'S SHALLOWS

The southern walls of the city overlook a bay known as Crab's Shallows, where the water depth varies from 3 to 7 feet depending on the tide. At night, when the stars are covered, the waters of the bay shimmer with a faint glow, caused by the presence of thousands of luminescent crabs. At the northwestern end of the bay, a wooden bridge spans the waters and leads to a sandy beach. A canal has been dug to connect the shallows with the harbour, ensuring access between these areas.

8. THE CAUSEWAY GATE

The main gate of Haelond is accessed via a causeway that spans the canal linking Crab's Shallows to the harbour. This formidable brazen gate is flanked by two round towers and is open at all times, yet under the constant vigil of armoured guards.

9. THE BRIDGE GATE

This is a smaller gate facing a wooden bridge that can be destroyed in case of danger. It is less fortified or guarded than the Causeway Gate and it remains closed from sunset to sunrise.

10. THE STONE GARDEN

The Stone Garden is a wide square with a spectacular view of the entire Firth and, on clear days, the eastern shore and the Tower Hills beyond it. It is paved with intricate floral patterns made from marble, serpentine, and blue stone, giving the square its name. It is flanked by the city Markets and other commercial venues, each featuring grand facades. The upper floors of these buildings boast wide balconies used to accommodate audiences during musical and theatrical performances. This square is one of the rare places in Middle-earth where timeless classics are performed, and one might encounter their original authors.

Performances are typically scheduled at dawn or sunset, to profit from the dramatic backdrop of the square. The area remains lively at all times, as Elves gather here to chat and conduct business.

11. THE GARDENS OF THE WEST

To the south, the terrain gently rises into a rocky ridge before descending steeply into the water. This part of Haelond has remained untouched by construction or habitation; instead, the Elves have transformed it into a well-tended garden that offers breathtaking views of the city, the Firth, and the western lands. Elves gather here both day and night to share stories or play music.

A winding path of stone steps leads up to the top of the ridge, where one of the rare shrines dedicated to the Lords of the West is located. Called the *Iaun Belain*, it features nine columns, each carved with the likeness of one of the Guardians of the World, and is capped with a dome adorned with silver and gold geometric patterns symbolising the light of the One. This secluded part of the garden is never crowded, visited mainly by Elves preparing for their westward passage. It is believed that those who seek communion with the Valar by meditating here — if their heart is pure and their need great — may receive a vision offering counsel or comfort.

Nevlond

Nevlond nestles between the Firth and the natural harbour formed by the Negirion stream, clustering around a rocky hill crowned by Círdan's Tower. The harbour was established at the beginning of the Second Age by Celeborn and Galadriel, who constructed a fort named *Tharlhúnost*, the Fortress Across the Lhûn. Despite their aspirations for an independent domain, the harbour's proximity to Gil-galad's capital city proved too compelling, with boats and ships continually traversing between the two havens, ferrying people and goods. This constant movement gradually transformed Tharlhúnost into a dependency of the northern haven. Disappointed by this outcome, Celeborn and Galadriel, along with many of the Exiles who had built the fort, decided to leave. Before departing, the Lord and Lady entrusted the harbour to their kinsman, Círdan.

Strategically positioned on the border of Lindon but not entirely within it, the harbour naturally evolved into a meeting point for both Elves and mortals. Above the original fortress, a tower was constructed, and the shipyards were expanded to utilise the broader natural harbour. Tharlhúnost was officially integrated into Lindon during the War of the Elves and Sauron, when the armies of Mordor advanced to within sight of its walls. In the subsequent Black Years, it became a sanctuary for fleeing Elves, earning the name Nevlond, the Hither Haven.

Compared to Haelond, Nevlond is larger and more cosmopolitan. Approximately two-thirds of its population are long-term residents, while the remaining third consists of pilgrims from various Elvish realms of western Middle-earth. It is common for these pilgrims to linger by the shores for a few years before crossing the Sea. During this time, they form Companies and reside together in one of the many abandoned buildings, which they restore to suit their needs. It is thanks to this influx of temporary inhabitants that Nevlond feels less empty than its sister harbour, Haelond.

The architectural styles seen in Nevlond reflect its long and complex history. Its centre, perched on the hill, showcases strong High Elven influences, with tall stone palaces crowned by elegant towers and separated by narrow, winding alleys. As one descends towards the harbour, the buildings become lower and are predominantly constructed of bricks, plastered in white. In the outskirts of town, it is not uncommon to find cottages or villas with inner courtyards. What

unifies the city is the ubiquitous presence of greenery. From tall trees to lush shrubs, potted flowers, and fragrant herbs, the Elves of Nevlond share a profound love for growing things, which are beautifully arrayed and displayed at every corner and on every windowsill.

To this day, Nevlond is often perceived by the Elves of Lindon as not entirely part of the realm. Its inhabitants frequently include artists and sailors, traders, and wanderers on journeys that lead eastward, away from the Sea.

1. THE TOWER OF THE SHIPWRIGHT

Perched atop Nevlond's rocky hill, the Tower of the Shipwright is one of the most prominent landmarks of the city, visible from any point in the Firth of Lune. The tower's pinnacle stands a mere 30 feet below the height of Minas Targalad in Haelond and is crowned by a perpetual flame that guides sailors through the night and in poor weather.

Called the *Minas Círdan* in the language of the Grey Elves, the building's history perfectly encapsulates that of Nevlond itself — its foundations and the octagonal lower two floors were laid out by builders following requests from Galadriel, while the round upper floors and bronze dome were designed by the architects of Gil-galad. The exterior decoration reflects the tastes of the Shore-elves, featuring geometric patterns evoking waves, fish, shells, and birds.

The Minas Círdan houses the garrison of Mithlond, along with its armouries and treasures, which are notably smaller than those kept in the Arantarion. It also contains the living quarters of Círdan and his closest advisors, as well as their offices (see *Círdan's Hearth*). Its doors, crafted from heavy oak and bronze by the smiths of Eregion in their younger days, have no lock or bolt and open only at the command of Círdan or one of his attendants.

2. THE FURNACE OF CELEBRIMBOR

In the depths of Nevlond's hill, beneath the original fort of Celeborn and Galadriel, the Elven-smiths who would later establish Eregion constructed a magnificent forge. A cunning feat of engineering, it was smaller than that of Haelond, but it possessed the capability to reach higher temperatures, enabling the crafting and manipulation of a wider array of elements. Once Celebrimbor and the other smiths left the city, the forge was repurposed and is today dedicated to the production of ceramics, glass and crystals.

3. THE HIGH SQUARE

Surrounded by a broad stone-paved street on all sides, the Tower of Círdan sits next to a beautiful square overlooking the sea. The High Square is paved with fish scale-shaped granite blocks and shaded by fragrant *thindolvorn* trees. On two sides it is flanked by two notable buildings: to the north is the Hall of Tern and Gull, seat of the House of the Sea-birds — this is where the sea-captains of Mithlond meet after their travels to share their tales of adventure; many even find lodging here when they are in town. On the southern side lies the Hall of Shells, an elegant abode with seashells and corals embellishing its outer walls, serving as the headquarters of the House of the Leaping Fish.

The High Square is a charming and peaceful place, a sanctuary where Elves can be found at any hour engaged in conversation, storytelling, or music.

4. THE CRAFTER'S MARKET

Nevlond's markets are notably busier than those of Haelond. Here, one can sometimes spot visitors from other lands perusing the various stalls. The Crafters' Market, perched on the hill, although relatively small, is renowned for its exquisite glass vessels and the rare sun- and star-stones. These unique crystals have the remarkable ability to capture and reflect the light of celestial bodies even on cloudy days. The market also offers a wide variety of excellent leatherware and fishing tools.

1 ~ the Tower of the Shipwright
2 ~ the Furnace of Celebrimbor
3 ~ the High Square
4 ~ the Crafter's Market
5 ~ the Harbour
6 ~ the Grey Shipyards
7 ~ the East Gate
8 ~ the North Gate
9 ~ the Southern Postern
10 ~ the Market Square
11 ~ the Gardens of the East
12 ~ the Hall of the Hunt
13 ~ the Dwarven House

CÍRDAN'S HEARTH

For many centuries, Círdan the Shipwright was the secret bearer of Narya, the Ring of Fire. With the power of the Elven Ring, the Master of the Havens managed to preserve the unity of Lindon following the fall of the High King. He stirred the Elf-lords from their listlessness, gathering them together at the Council. At the same time, the Shipwright offered solace to the hearts of the despairing Elves fleeing from the East, rekindling a spark of enduring hope within them and inspiring many to stand firm in the face of their fears rather than flee.

As the Shadow in Middle-earth lengthened, Círdan came to understand that it was not the role of the Eldar to directly confront it. Therefore, he entrusted Narya to the Wizard Mithrandir. Although the Grey Pilgrim has indeed kindled a new hope among the Free Peoples opposing the Enemy, the fire of Mithlond and Lindon has gradually waned.

Nevertheless, a lingering trace of the Ring of Fire's magic endures at Círdan's Hearth, where its flickering flames warm not only the bodies but also the spirits of those who stand against Sauron. In a chamber high within the Tower of Nevlond, Círdan gathers his trusted friends and allies to discuss challenges, share stories, and devise strategies. It is here, by Círdan's fireplace, rather than in the formal setting of the Great Hall of the Council at the Arantarion in Haelond, that some of the boldest and most consequential decisions of the Age have been forged.

If the Player-heroes have Círdan as their Patron and choose the Meet Patron Undertaking during a Fellowship Phase, they may immediately remove 1 point of Shadow.

5. THE HARBOUR

Nevlond's natural harbour stretches along both sides of the Negirion. Its banks are rocky and marked by natural coves, and many piers and quays extend into the water. A few miles to the east of the city, where the Tower Hills begin to ascend, the river waters become fast and shallow and only a few inches deep, limiting navigation to small boats.

Círdan the Shipwright

One of the oldest living Elves in Middle-earth, Círdan predates the rise of the Sun and Moon. A kinsman to Thingol Grey-cloak, the great king of the Grey Elves, he is also related to Celeborn and Galadriel. He learned the art of shipcraft from the Maia Ossë himself, hence earning his epithet — *Círdan*, which means the Shipwright.

Despite maintaining a modest presence among the Elven rulers, Círdan played a significant role in Elven history. He acted as a mentor to Gil-galad during his early years, provided refuge to numerous exiles and war refugees from conflicts with Morgoth, and crafted the ship that carried Eärendil to the West.

Although Círdan holds the title of Master of the Grey Havens, he possesses little desire for wielding power. His primary focus is to maintain the harbours open for all Elves journeying towards the West, and to construct the grey ships that transport them across the Sea. For many years he bore Narya, the Ring of Fire. Regarded as one of the Wise in Middle-earth, Círdan is reputed to have the gift of foresight.

Círdan appears ancient even by Immortal standards, with silver hair and a flowing silver beard. His eyes, weathered yet sharp, gleam like stars. Typically attired in the garb of a craftsman, he wears a long grey-blue cloak elegantly draped over his shoulders.

Círdan's personal emblem is a grey swan-ship over a field of sunset gold.

OCCUPATION: Master of the Havens, Lore-master

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Courteous, Lordly, Wise

Círdan

6. THE GREY SHIPYARDS

While both Haelond and Nevlond have shipyards, it is in Nevlond where all the grey ships are built. Two specialised shipyards are situated along the southern bank of the Negirion — one of them is constantly active, while the second one is used only in times of great need. Traditionally, only one ship is built every year, and set to leave the Havens at the end of Summer (see *The Mereth Bantiel* box). However, there are occasional years when an additional ship is built and leaves in the spring. The expression "a three ship year" is used by those who dwell in the Havens to refer to particularly troubled times, when Elves flock to Mithlond in search of passage across the Sea.

The supervision of the shipyards falls under the capable hands of Círdan himself, with the assistance of Regerdir, head of the House of the Swanship.

7. THE EAST GATE

The main gate of Nevlond is protected by twin round towers and a double set of bronze doors, decorated with bas-reliefs portraying ships and travellers. The guards manning the fortification rarely question any Elf approaching the gate, but stop and interrogate everyone else thoroughly.

Adjoining the gatehouse is a small prison where unruly travellers may find themselves reflecting on their transgressions for a night. From the East Gate, the Great East Road travels across the Tower Hills, towards the distant reaches of Middle-earth.

8. THE NORTH GATE

The North Gate of Nevlond is noticeably smaller than the East Gate, primarily serving as a fortified postern for farmers travelling between the fields and the city. The small garrison

THE MERETH BANTIEL

The most important festival celebrated in Mithlond is the Feast of Completion, which takes place at the end of Summer. During those days, a warm wind blows from the West, carrying sweet scents that are said to originate directly from the Blessed Realm. This wind brings a rise in temperatures and, in some years, a second blooming of many scented flowers such as honeysuckle, wisteria or jasmine. At this time the people of Mithlond celebrate the harvest with songs and dances by day and night, and on the last day, at sunset, the Lords of the Havens offer flowers to the Sea, to mark the passage of Summer.

Customarily, the grey ships sail the day after the end of the Mereth Bantiel, and for pilgrims the festival carries a strong feeling of happiness mingled with sadness. Before their departure, it is customary for them to greet their closest friends with parting gifts, personal items that they will no longer need in their new life in the Undying Lands.

ULMO'S BLANKET

The Firth of Lune enjoys a mild climate, similar to that of the Shire, but it is notably shaped by the damp Western Wind sweeping in from the Sea, causing days to often shift between sunshine and rain. This West Wind blows steadily year-round, occasionally draping the Firth in dense mist.

Around Yule, a heavy fog known as *Guiartôl*, or Ulmo's Blanket, descends upon the city. It is said that during this time, the Lord of Waters, Ulmo, wraps himself in this mist as he takes his rest.

During the days of Guiartôl, the Elves avoid using boats and limit their travels, choosing instead to stay indoors, warmed by hearth fires, sharing tales. Climbing to the summits of the King's Tower or Círdan's Tower during Guiartôl, an observer emerges above the mist, as a ship sailing across a sea of clouds. From this vantage point, distant landmarks such as the Ered Luin and Emyn Beraid appear as isolated islands amidst the sea of mist.

allows entry exclusively to recognised Elves, redirecting all others to the East Gate for access. From the North Gate, a path veering to the left heads north, eventually tracing the course of the river Lhûn, while a path to the right links up with the Great East Road.

9. THE SOUTHERN POSTERN

The section of the walls surrounding the city of Nevlond that protects the southern part of the harbour is built along a narrow artificial hill. The only passage through the stone curtain is a discreet, hidden postern door that leads to a steep path. This gate is normally unguarded as it can only be unlocked by speaking a magic word known to the Elves of the Harbour.

10. THE MARKET SQUARE

The largest square of the city is built close to the Harbour. Paved in simple cobblestones arranged in a fish scale pattern, it is overlooked to the north by the Swan-hall. The lower floor of the Swan-hall is an open arcade where sea-captains and merchants make deals, and hire sailors or craftsmen. The upper floor houses a tavern.

The stalls of the Fish Market occupy a large part of the square during most days of the week, and the place is always bustling with fishmongers selling their wares.

YSSIONGORN

Yssiongorn, also known as Ossë's Courage, is a local liquor whose recipe dates back to the first Shore-elves who settled by the Great Sea. It is distilled from several herbs and seaweeds, but its main ingredients are the pine cones and resin of the thindolvorn tree, which grant it a very intense aroma. Yssiongorn is traditionally favoured by seafarers, and a glass is offered to the Lords of the Inner Seas whenever a ship sets sail. There are specific mariners' songs associated with Yssiongorn that talk about the dangers of the seas and the hope for a safe return home.

Yssiongorn can easily be obtained in Mithlond, although the Elves only gift it or sell it to those who, in their eyes, understand the beauty and danger of the Sea.

> When player-heroes drink Yssiongorn, the first skill roll they make during their next sea journey becomes *Favoured*.

11. THE GARDENS OF THE EAST

The northern side of the hill of Nevlond is covered in greenery: the Gardens of the East, unlike their western counterpart in Haelond, tend to be wilder and feature local plants over exotic varieties, making them resemble a natural forest of oak, elm, and thindolvorn trees, paved with colourful wildflowers almost all year round. Some corners are so secluded that it is easy to forget that such a place exists within the walls of a city and not in the great woods of Lindon. The Gardens of the East attract both locals and pilgrims, especially at night when there are always music and stories to be shared in shady groves or open glades. One may also sit and enjoy the views over the walls, looking at the Sea, the Mountains, the Tower Hills, or the valley of the Lhûn to the north.

12. THE HALL OF THE HUNT

Not far from the Gardens of the East stands a large two-storied wooden hall, encircled by ancient yews. This is the seat of the House of the Yew and Falcon and the residence of Nosfaroth, its esteemed head. Typically, it is a place of tranquillity, except on special days when its members gather for important discussions. Each spring, for one week, the wool market comes alive in front of the hall. Shepherds shear their sheep, and the fleeces are sold to be scoured, carded, spun, and woven by the skilled artisans of Nevlond.

13. THE DWARVEN HOUSE

Dwarves from the Blue Mountains travel to Nevlond to sell ores and tools and purchase salted fish, wine, and other food supplies. They also come to the Havens to acquire pearls, which they favour greatly. Despite this commerce, past misgivings between the Dwarves, particularly the Firebeards, and the Grey Elves are still keenly remembered, and this lingering animosity has occasionally led to unpleasant incidents. To mitigate tensions, Círdan, in agreement with the Dwarven kings, commissioned the construction of a three-storied inn a hundred paces away from the Main Gate, providing a neutral meeting place for both communities.

At the tavern, travelling Dwarves can find lodging and enjoy a warm, hearty meal for a token cost. The inn is

Mellind the Minstrel

Originally hailing from Lothlórien, Mellind spent her long life wandering across Middle-earth, until the longing for the sea called her to the Havens. Seven years ago, she settled with friends in a house in Nevlond, yet she has continually postponed her departure, choosing instead to spend her days engaging with travellers through music and conversation (see also *The Westward Journey*, page 55).

Player heroes are likely to encounter Mellind amidst the serene beauty of the Gardens of the East or at the High Square, where she is often seen at sunset, basking in the day's fading glow.

Mellind is exceptionally talented, and her performances draw many Elves eager to listen to her songs. After a show, she is always delighted to converse with travellers, exchanging tales and rumours. As a minstrel deeply versed in the history of the Elves, she can assist others in unravelling ancient stories or solving riddles. Although she was born well into the Second Age, Mellind is acutely aware of the wrongs endured by her kin, particularly at the hands of the Dwarves from the Blue Mountains and the Exile kinslayers.

Mellind is fair-skinned and dark-haired, with deep blue eyes. She dresses in grey and green clothes and wears flowers or leaves in her hair, according to the season.

OCCUPATION: Minstrel

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Proud, Resentful

Edrain, Steward of the Dwarven House

Small by Elvish standards, Edrain spent his youth in the Second Age of the Sun travelling extensively and forging friendships with mortals. It is said that he once saved the life of a Dwarf-king's son, earning the title of Dwarf-friend and the privilege of learning their secret tongue. Rumour has it that Edrain has visited all the long-lost cities of the Naugrim and remembers them vividly, such that even Dwarvish lore-masters consult him on matters of history. Following the War of the Elves and Sauron, the traveller retired and now serves as the steward of the Dwarven House.

Always merry and curious, Edrain is the ideal host, befriending everyone and anticipating his guests' needs. He is an endless source of stories and anecdotes from every corner of Middle-earth. Though often underestimated, the cheerful innkeeper possesses a keen eye for trouble and has been tasked with keeping watch on all newcomers until they are better known. His house staff, a mix of Elves and Dwarves, also serve as informers, reporting any suspicious behaviour to him, which may ultimately reach the ears of Círdan himself.

OCCUPATION: Master of the Dwarven House

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Merry, Curious

furnished with spacious rooms, stables, and warehouses. While the managing staff is predominantly Dwarfish, several Elves are also engaged in the administration of the establishment. The steward of the Dwarven House is Edrain, a Dwarf-friend and one of the very few Elves to have ever learned Khuzdul.

The Nine Houses of Mithlond

The Nine Houses of Mithlond are ancient institutions, akin to guilds found among Men, that are open to all citizens of the Grey Havens. These houses organise labour, regulate professions, sponsor festivities, and ensure the safety and reputation of their members. People can join a House either through hereditary ties or by choice, depending on their trade. Each House is led by a Head, elected by its members, who remains in charge until death or departure to the West. The Head is responsible for settling disputes and must appear before Círdan when summoned as a representative of their House.

Most Houses have a hall in Mithlond that serves as their headquarters. These halls provide members with a place to train, share knowledge, and find sanctuary when passing through town or in times of need, such as when they are impoverished or unable to practise their profession. House leaders typically reside in these halls with their families.

Within these halls, crucial decisions regarding the House and its trade are made, and alliances are forged as the most prominent members convene to address the needs and aspirations of their community. In addition to their administrative functions, these halls often host gatherings and festivals. During these events, members come together to partake in feasts, share stories, and celebrate their trades.

Finally, all Houses play a key role in the preservation and development of the many arts cherished by the Eldar. Many famous masterpieces, such as paintings, sculptures, and dramatic performances, have been commissioned by House members, who also patronise numerous musicians and composers.

PLAYER-HEROES FROM LINDON

Players who have created Elves of Lindon as their characters have the option to choose Mithlond as their place of origin, allowing them to belong to one of the nine houses of the Grey Havens. While it doesn't have a specific effect in game terms, this affiliation may provide the character with a sense of community, purpose and access to the support and protection that their house offers.

THE HOUSE OF THE LEAPING FISH

The Leaping Fish brings together all Elves whose trades are directly linked to reaping the bounty of the sea; Fishermen, Net-makers, and Shell-gatherers. Most of them trace their ancestry to the Shore-elves. The seat of the House is the Hall of Shells in Nevlond, the residence of Lady Gladwen, its leader.

The emblem of the House is a leaping white fish on a field of deep blue.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEA-BIRDS

The members of this House are sailors and mariners and all those who navigate the waters transporting goods or people, including Ferry-elves and Raft-elves. Even among the Shore-elves, they are celebrated for being masters of all tongues of birds. They meet at the Hall of Tern and Gull, in the presence of their leader, Gandran, a renowned sea-captain.

The House's emblem is a white seagull and a white tern, their beaks open, on a light blue field above waves.

THE HOUSE OF THE SWAN-SHIP

This House brings together all those whose trades involve the building and fitting of ships, including shipwrights, sailmakers, ropers, and carpenters, most of whom are descendants of the ancient Shore-elves. Their leader is Regerdir the Old, and their gatherings are held at the Swan-hall in Nevlond, one of the city's most renowned taverns.

The House's emblem is a white swan-ship set against a field of grey.

THE HOUSE OF THE VINE

Members of this House are Elves whose trades are connected to the earth and its bounties, including farmers, brewers, and bakers; they oversee the city markets. The head of the House is Lady Rían, who resides in the Palace of Plenty in Haelond with her husband, Galahael.

The House's emblem features a lush green vine entwined around a golden grape, set against a deep burgundy field.

THE HOUSE OF THE YEW AND FALCON

This House unites hunters and shepherds, most of whom are descendants of the Grey Elves who once dwelled in the mountains and forests of Beleriand. Their leader is Nosfaroth, who resides in the Hall of the Hunt in Nevlond.

The House's emblem features a grey falcon soaring above a green and grey yew tree set against a field of ochre yellow.

THE HOUSE OF THE QUILL

This House is home to scholars and loremasters, welcoming all professions connected with knowledge and books, including paper-makers, scribes, copyists, healers, and minstrels; many of its members are descendants of the Exiles. The head of the House is Galdor of the Quill. Traditionally, meetings are held at the Library of the Arantarion, the ideal place for the exchange of wisdom and stories among its members.

The House's emblem features a white quill set against a royal purple field.

THE HOUSE OF THE ANVIL

This House originally consisted solely of smiths of all kinds — blacksmiths, jewelsmiths, and weaponsmiths — but over time it has embraced other crafts, including potters, glass- and crystal-makers, weavers, and tailors. The current head of the House is Gaethel, who resides in Haelond at the Fire Hall.

The House's emblem is a black anvil set against a field of red.

THE HOUSE OF THE LOFTY LIGHT

This House brings together architects, masons, stonecutters, toolmakers, and all professions connected to the construction of structures. Some carpenters also join this House when their trade is more closely related to building than to shipwrighting. The head of the House is Lady Maltien, one of the original architects of both the Arantarion and the Minas Círdan.

The emblem of the House is a grey mountain with a bright light shining at its peak, set against a field of true purple.

Lady Maltien, Architect

Lady Maltien is the leader of the House of the Lofty Light, an architect celebrated for her daring designs that have profoundly shaped the landscape of Mithlond. Fiercely dedicated to her craft, she has spent long centuries striving to blend the organic forms of nature with the most intricate artificial structures. Among her early projects are grand House halls modelled after sea-carved crags and slender towers that rise above the city roofs like solitary trees.

In recent years, Maltien has shifted her focus to creating smaller, more intimate locales, such as enclosed gardens and remote shrines, fostering spaces for reflection and connection with nature. In a decision that faced some opposition among her guild members, she decreed decades ago that the House of the Lofty Light would not maintain a fixed headquarters, instead choosing to hold their gatherings in public places that reflect the beauty of their surroundings. Since that time, she has steadfastly upheld this choice, believing that true creativity flourishes in open and accessible spaces.

Maltien has flowing golden hair and bright green eyes that seem to glow with an inner light. Player-heroes may encounter her among the trees of the city gardens, where she shares her centuries-worth of wisdom with young apprentices, teaching them the art of architecture and the importance of harmonising structures with nature.

OCCUPATION: Architect, Teacher

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Commanding, Wise

THE HOUSE OF THE STARRY SHIELD

This House unites all those whose trades are related to combat and war. Members include guards, warriors, captains and admirals, and they meet at the Hall of Warriors, in the presence of Argond, their leader. There, seasoned fighters share their knowledge of the arts of war and the ways of the Enemy.

The House emblem is a dark blue shield studded with white stars, set against a field of black.

Argond of the Starry-shield, Captain of Mithlond

Argond was among the founders of Mithlond. He is the head of the House of the Starry Shield and the Captain of Mithlond, responsible for the guards, the militia, and the wardens of the Havens. In this position, he has fought in many wars, from Mordor to Angmar, and he is considered a veteran even among the Immortal Folk.

Argond has dark hair and grey eyes. Tall and vigorous, he is a warrior at heart, and likely to respect deeds more than words.

OCCUPATION: Captain of Mithlond

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Stern, Swift

Erien, Captain of the Wardens

A skilled hunter and traveller, Erien is a member of the House of the Starry Shield and the Captain of the Wardens who protect the borders of Mithlond.

Tall and lean, she has dark blue eyes and shoulder-length dark hair; she is an Elf of few words but her eyes and ears are extremely keen. Although she has a reputation for being stern and surly, she is well-respected by her own men for being perceptive and fair.

Erien spends most of her time away from Mithlond, guarding the borderlands. She only returns to the Havens to report to Argond and Círdan. The Player-heroes have a good chance to meet her in the company of other wardens as they travel east of Mithlond. Erien is never friendly and, unless the Player-heroes are Elves or Elf-friends, she observes or questions them extensively before accepting that they are not a potential threat to the Havens; once convinced of their goodwill, she may ask the Player-heroes to help the wardens in investigating dangers or strange events.

OCCUPATION: Captain of the Wardens

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Stern, Inquisitive

RIVENDELL

They stayed long in that good house, fourteen days at least, and they found it hard to leave.

The Hidden Vale of Imladris, or Rivendell as it is known in the Common Tongue, is a place of counsel, rest and healing between the lone and perilous lands of eastern Eriador and the Misty Mountains. It is the last dwelling of the High Elves east of Lindon, a bulwark against evil and despair: but whereas Lindon defends itself by strength of arms, Rivendell relies on secrecy.

Far now are the days when Elrond Halfelven led the survivors of the War of the Elves and Sauron here, and the High Kings of Elves and Men of the West met by the laughing river to march against Mordor. Most of the Elves who witnessed those times have perished or gone over the Sea. And yet, in the House of Elrond, all those who oppose the rising power of the Shadow are welcome to sit around the table, beside the wise and mighty among the Immortal Folk.

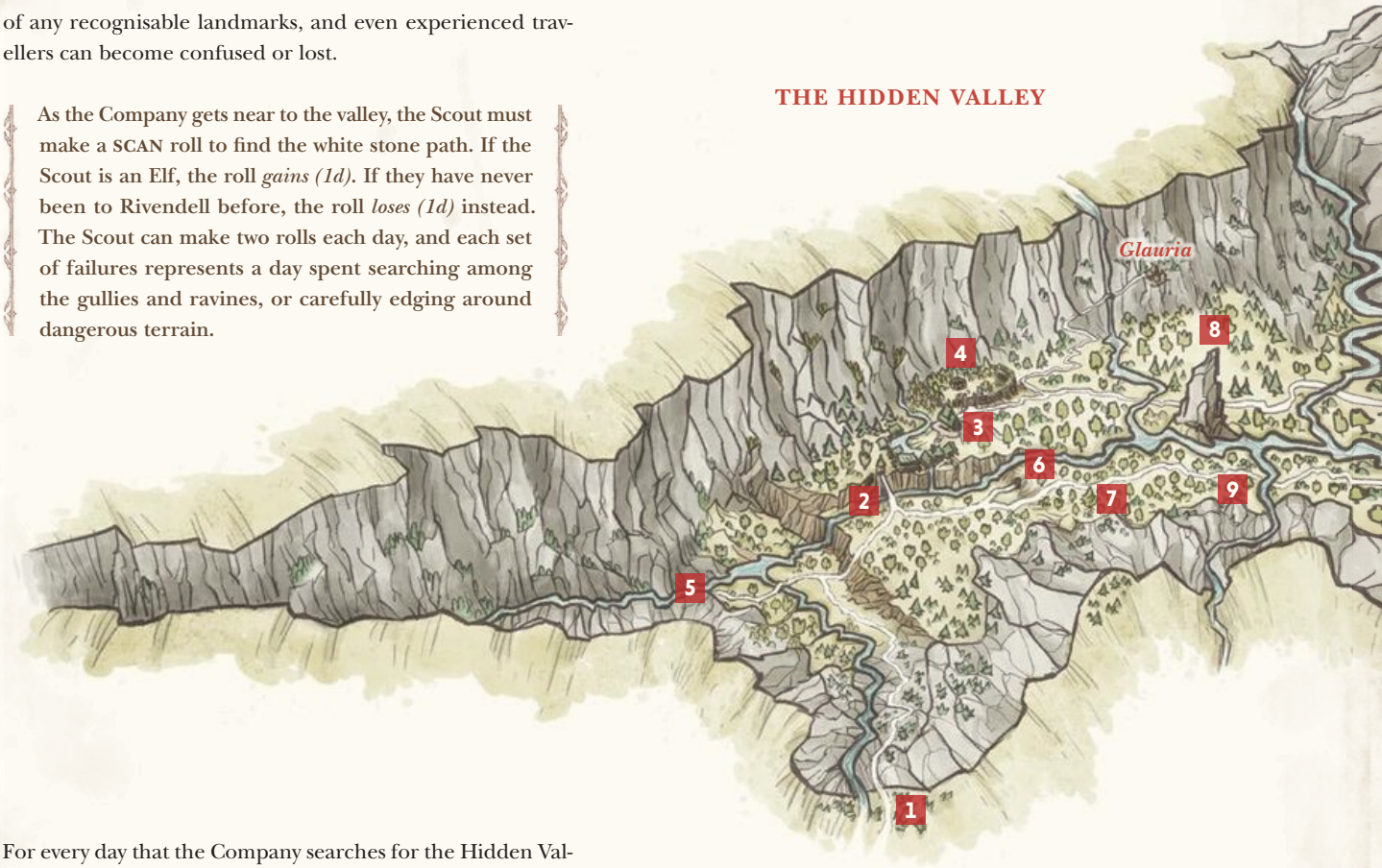
FINDING IMLADRIS

Travellers on the East Road towards the Misty Mountains eventually must pass the Ford of Bruinen. The river Loudwater (as the Bruinen is known in the Common tongue) runs out of the valley of Rivendell, though many travellers cross it without any knowledge that an ancient Elven kingdom lies so close at hand. Elrond has command over the waters of the Bruinen, and can cause it to flood if he has need to bar the Ford.

The enchantment of Rivendell and its master also turns aside unwanted visitors, making it nearly impossible for the Enemy's servants or casual wanderers to discover the valley itself, much less the single safe path into it — Those wishing to reach Rivendell without Elrond's leave, or without a proper guide, will find it extraordinarily difficult to locate the valley. To the eyes of the average traveller, the terrain seems devoid

of any recognisable landmarks, and even experienced travellers can become confused or lost.

> As the Company gets near to the valley, the Scout must make a **SCAN** roll to find the white stone path. If the Scout is an Elf, the roll *gains (1d)*. If they have never been to Rivendell before, the roll *loses (1d)* instead. The Scout can make two rolls each day, and each set of failures represents a day spent searching among the gullies and ravines, or carefully edging around dangerous terrain.



For every day that the Company searches for the Hidden Valley, there is a chance that they may be spotted by Elf wardens, at the Loremaster's discretion. Characters of dubious outlook may be lured away by calls and hidden snares. Otherwise, the wardens might choose to reveal themselves and question the travellers. Elves and Elf-friends are easily accepted and led into the Valley (no further **SCAN** rolls are required), but others may gain entrance only by being introduced by a known person or by convincing the wardens of their good intentions and dire need. The Loremaster may wish to include Glorfindel, Elladan, or Elrohir among the wardens and play the interaction as a Council.

Once in the Valley, new Player-heroes are received by Lindir the Seneschal or by the Master himself and led to the House of Elrond. If they are deemed worthy of trust, they are allowed to wander the House and its immediate environs freely. If not, they will be secretly watched by Lindir and his attendants, which include various birds and friendly beasts. Any suspicious behaviour will be immediately reported.

Only Elves and Elf-friends may explore the wider valley, and even they are forbidden from entering certain locations, such as the Caves of Naurdarthol and the Gates of Bruinen, where only vassals of Elrond are granted entry.

The Hidden Valley

The valley known as Imladris (Elvish for "deep valley of the cleft") is one of the many gullies and ravines dug by the river Bruinen, the Loudwater, as it flows from the Misty Mountains to the east. Its many tributaries are born high in the jagged peaks of *Eithelram*, known as the Wall of Springs, and the majestic *Glânaran*, the Shining Lord. These waters tumble down to the valley floor in dozens of majestic waterfalls.

The waters of the Bruinen are cold and clear; in the high valley, they can be easily crossed, but below they swell into a fast-running and impassable torrent. While the lands surrounding Rivendell are characterised by barren scree dotted with the occasional thorny bush or wind-twisted pine, the valley itself is green with woods and meadows full of flowers, and as beautiful as only Elf-lands can be.

1. THE PATH OF WHITE STONES

Travellers approaching the Misty Mountains from the lands of Eriador may find themselves marching across a high moor. This vast slope leading up to the heights is only broken by

sudden and steep valleys carved by running water, with trees growing along their slopes. Avoiding these deep gullies and ravines sends travellers leagues out of their way, if they don't know the proper route. Those that do know seek a path marked by small white stones, running to the edge of a sheer drop. Far below lies the valley of Rivendell, reached by a path that switches back and forth as it descends towards the river at the bottom. At the top of the slope the air is filled with the scent of pine-trees, and it grows warmer as you climb down. The trees soon change to beech and oak, and the path ends in an open glade not far above the banks of the river Bruinen. The path is steep, and wanderers travelling with ponies should lead their animals on foot.

If the weather is good, the Elves of the valley are likely to be out, singing amongst the trees. They will stay out almost all night, especially if the sky is clear and the stars can be seen. Visitors might think their songs are silly, since they are full of wonder and merriment, but those that know them well might realise that many of these Elves have suffered terrible tragedies over the course of their long lives, and now sing of simple delights to keep the darkness away.

Those who wish to see Elrond are sent towards the bridge leading to the Last Homely House, while those who desire to join in the singing are invited to stay. Elven songs are not something to miss, especially on warm Summer nights. And if one can get advice from the Elves, that is even better — they sometimes seem to know everything about a person, even if they've never met them before. It is said that they know what is going on in all the lands, as quickly as the waters flow, or even quicker.

2. THE BRIDGE

A slender stone bridge, without kerb or rail, once spanned the breadth of the Loudwater in one graceful curve. Dating back to the early days of Rivendell's settlement, it was conceived as a first line of defence against invaders, allowing only single-file passage. Elves took great delight in watching outsiders struggle as they led their steeds by the bridle, carefully avoiding the view below.

In recent years, the narrow bridge has been replaced by a wider structure, accommodating a more comfortable crossing. It is now defended by a stone turret at one end. Below, the waters of the cold mountain stream rush swiftly in a noisy tumult.

3. THE HOUSE OF ELROND

The house of Elrond is a large mansion, comprising many halls, open porches supported by pillars, passageways, and rooms dedicated to diverse purposes, not the least of which is lodging guests comfortably.

A full description of the house begins on page 34.

4. THE WALLED GARDENS

Behind the House a garden lies enclosed by stone walls covered in vines and topped with flowers. Once through its latticed gate, a visitor steps into a different world and finds whatever they seem to desire — be it lawns shining gold with tiny flowers, where one could sleep away all cares while listening to the hum of bees, or a quiet corner to meditate on the passage of time, while sitting on a carved stone salvaged from the ruins of Eregion. Groups of Elves gather in green-roofed arbours to make music or listen to the tunes and chatter of birds. New guests often relish the pleasure of getting lost and found again along the endless lanes and alleys lined with hedges. The Gardens of the House of Elrond offer something

VILYA, THE RING OF AIR

Made of gold and set with a sapphire, Vilya is said to be the most powerful of the Rings of Power after the One. Its keeper is Elrond Halfelven, Master of Imladris. He received it from Gil-galad, the High King, and kept it secret and unused for centuries, for it risked being ensnared by the Ruling Ring of Sauron. When the One Ring disappeared from all knowledge, Elrond started to use Vilya to preserve the sanctuary of Rivendell and the ancient wisdom contained therein.

Vilya's influence on Rivendell is subtle, but by no means weak. The valley is blessed with favourable and mild weather all year round, as if peace and beauty are heightened by its presence. Yet Vilya's power extends beyond this: it shrouds the Hidden Valley from sight, so those who seek it seldom find it (see *Finding Imladris*). In times of peril, the same winds, mountains, and waters that are kept at bay by Elrond's will may be let free to unleash their wrath upon any invading foe.

for everyone: together with the Hall of Fire, they are among the most magical places in Rivendell, where the power of the Ring of Air is more manifest, and those who enter rarely forget the pure and pristine joy their hearts experienced.

The Gardens are well-loved by all the inhabitants of the House of Elrond, but Erestor maintains a special space of his own in a secluded corner, where he tends a medicinal garden and a small greenhouse with rare flowers and plants, some said to originate from as far as the Undying Lands. Here, he can be found every day at dawn and evening.

5. THE GATES OF BRUINEN

Towards the west, the steep cliffs of Rivendell come close together into a narrow ravine, through which the waters of the Loudwater foam and rumble. Passage is all but impossible, and deep shadows envelop the gorge at all times except at noon on summer days, when a few rays of light shine on the roaring spray.

Almost a mile downstream, the ravine opens again, and the river drops into a shallow pond, surrounded by tall rocks and shady beeches. It is a secret known only to the Elves of Rivendell that behind the *Lanthir Lómin*, the Waterfall of Echoing Voices, a passage has been dug over the ages. The tunnel is wide enough for a cart to pass through; it was delved when the army of Rivendell was preparing for war in times long gone. Today, it is seldom used, but it is still guarded by three gates. The first is the Gate of Stone, fashioned to appear as a natural wall of rock. The second is the Gate of Water, opening on a submerged section of the dark tunnel that can only be traversed by walking on a stone bridge resting one foot beneath the surface. The third is the Gate of Iron, leading to the vale of Rivendell, hidden by stones and trees on the northern side of the Loudwater. All three gates are always watched and only open when the correct password is spoken.

6. THE CAVES OF NAURDARTHOL

The entire vale of Rivendell is riddled with caves, both natural and delved by the patient hands of the Elves. The largest complex lies south of the Bruinen and is known as the Caves of Naurdarthol. Here were the war smithies of Rivendell at the time of the Last Alliance. In those days, part of the valley of Imladris was stripped of all trees to fuel the furnaces of the Elven weaponsmiths, who laboured to arm the host of Gil-galad and Elendil.

Today, only a handful of smithies are still operational — three large water wheels operate their bellows and trip-hammers, and charcoal needed for the production of finer steel is made in the nearby woods all year round. The chief of Rivendell's smiths is Damron, one of the last of the Elven-wrights of Eregion.

The caves of Naurdarthol also house the distillery of Erestor. In a number of small chambers filled with glass vessels of many shapes and sizes, the counsellor of Elrond prepares Miruvor, the precious cordial of Imladris. The wise Elf distils it using more than one hundred different herbs and plants, in a formula known only to himself. Erestor leaves the House of his Master twice a year for several days, when he goes about the mountain dales to search for the ingredients he needs.

Actually, Erestor concocts several types of Miruvor, and is always eager to experiment with new substances and processes. The most popular is his travelling cordial, a strong liquor to be drunk in small sips and known to invigorate the heart, body and spirit. Another is a medicinal tonic used by Elrond when his skills as a healer are required. This version of the cordial requires a more complex preparation, and a much longer ageing time. Another simpler version of the drink is a less potent spirit, served at the high table in the Great Hall at the end of most meals.

Some among the Elves of Rivendell say that all versions of the cordial of Imladris share a fundamental constituent: a small measure of a nectar distilled of old from flowers that

once blossomed in the Undying West. This is said to be a bright yellow liquid contained in a crystal vial, kept safe in Erestor's most private reserve. It would be a great misfortune if the invaluable substance were to run out and be found to be irreplaceable, or be lost or stolen.

7. THE HOARY OLD CHESTNUT

At the heart of a small grove of chestnut and oak lies an ancient tree. Named the Hoary Old Chestnut, it was planted by none other than Elrond himself when he first came to the valley, using seeds harvested in Eregion before fleeing. Although none but one took root, it grew to become a massive tree whose canopy can easily provide shade for a large gathering.

Elves and guests of Elrond love to convene here to share stories and play music. The Wizard Gandalf, in particular, enjoys sitting at the tree's feet, as he says that sometimes, when the Old Chestnut is in the mood, it whispers in his ears, awakening memories that the Grey Wanderer had long thought forgotten.

MEMORIES OF GREEN

Player-heroes spending time around the Hoary Old Chestnut may rouse the curiosity of the ancient tree.

Player-heroes with a rating of WISDOM equal to 3 or more may hear words, soft words, bringing up memories of wind, snow, and sun on the grass. This may grant the Player-hero a Rumour, or Inspiration on their next LORE roll, at the Loremaster's discretion.

THE THREE PRAYERS

The Elves have no formal worship of the One, yet they still observe three moments of thanksgiving, following a tradition established by the Valar in the Blessed Realm. Thus, three times a year — at the beginning of Spring, Midsummer, and the end of Autumn — they climb the Pinnacle of Eagles to offer garlands of flowers and songs to the One, while Eagles soar overhead. All those present observe the celebration silently, their faces turned west toward Elvenhome and beyond. The prayers are typically followed by merry celebrations at the House of Elrond, where everyone in the valley is invited.

8. THE PINNACLE OF EAGLES

Walking east from the House of Elrond, one traverses quiet woods of oak and birch, punctuated by shady glades where ferns and hemlocks bloom, until reaching the Pinnacle of Eagles — a spike of stone that suddenly rises over 200 feet into the sky from the valley floor. The ascent of the nearly vertical walls of the Pinnacle would be impossible but for a flight of carven steps winding around and inside it.

When Elrond wishes to speak with Gwaihir, the Lord of the Eagles, he sends a messenger bird to the Eagles' Eyrie. If the summons is answered, an envoy from the Windlord lands here, awaiting Elrond or Erestor. The Pinnacle is a hallowed place for birds, and none nest on its walls; Elves consider it inappropriate to climb it while armed.

9. ANCIENT RUINS

The valley of Rivendell is dotted with many empty buildings that once served a larger population. Overgrown paths wind between these abandoned structures and gardens, and vine-covered terraces with stone seats rest along the riverbank. The oldest buildings have fallen into ruin over the millennia since they were last used. Elves from the Wandering Companies of Eriador occasionally restore some of these ruins to spend the summer or even winter there, before resuming their travels in spring and autumn.

10. THE PINNACLE OF CHOUGHS

This rock spire is inhabited by a large colony of choughs, which can be seen flying around the spire in complex manoeuvres, while trilling and whistling among themselves. The Elves of Rivendell love the chatter of choughs and believe that killing one brings misfortune. Some among them hold that the day these red-billed and red-legged birds desert the pinnacle will signal the fall of Imladris.

Steps are carved into the Pinnacle of Choughs; in ancient times, an Elf-maiden lived near the birds as their friend, but since she passed over the Sea, her stone cottage has fallen into ruins.

11. THE HIGH PASTURES

The southern side of the Shining Lord peak is a lush, grassy slope where Elves allow horses to graze freely during the summer months. The steeds of Rivendell descend from those brought from the Blessed Realm by the Exiles: majestic and long-lived, they are also sturdy and sure-footed, even on mountain slopes. Asfaloth, Glorfindel's horse, is the greatest among them, but he has many brothers and sisters. Player-heroes wandering in this area may easily find the horses unattended — Elven horses are very intelligent and, in case of danger, can easily call for aid from nearby guardians.

12. THE SECRET PATH

All those who dwell in Rivendell know about the existence of a passage leading out of the valley, though only a few know the location of its entrance, or where it leads. This passage was created soon after the end of the War of the Elves and Sauron, to be used should Rivendell ever be overrun by enemies.

The entrance leading to the path is entirely concealed under a slope covered with scree, and to access it, one must know where to dig. However, if the proper words are uttered in the vicinity of the buried opening, a controlled rockslide will occur, revealing the entrance. Only Elrond, Erestor, Lindir, and Glorfindel know the precise location and the correct words to use.

The passage itself is a winding tunnel that descends into the earth before it starts climbing again. It leads to a cave high in the moors, with an entrance so cleverly disguised that it looks like a narrow cleft in the rock wall.

THE PIPER IN THE WOODS

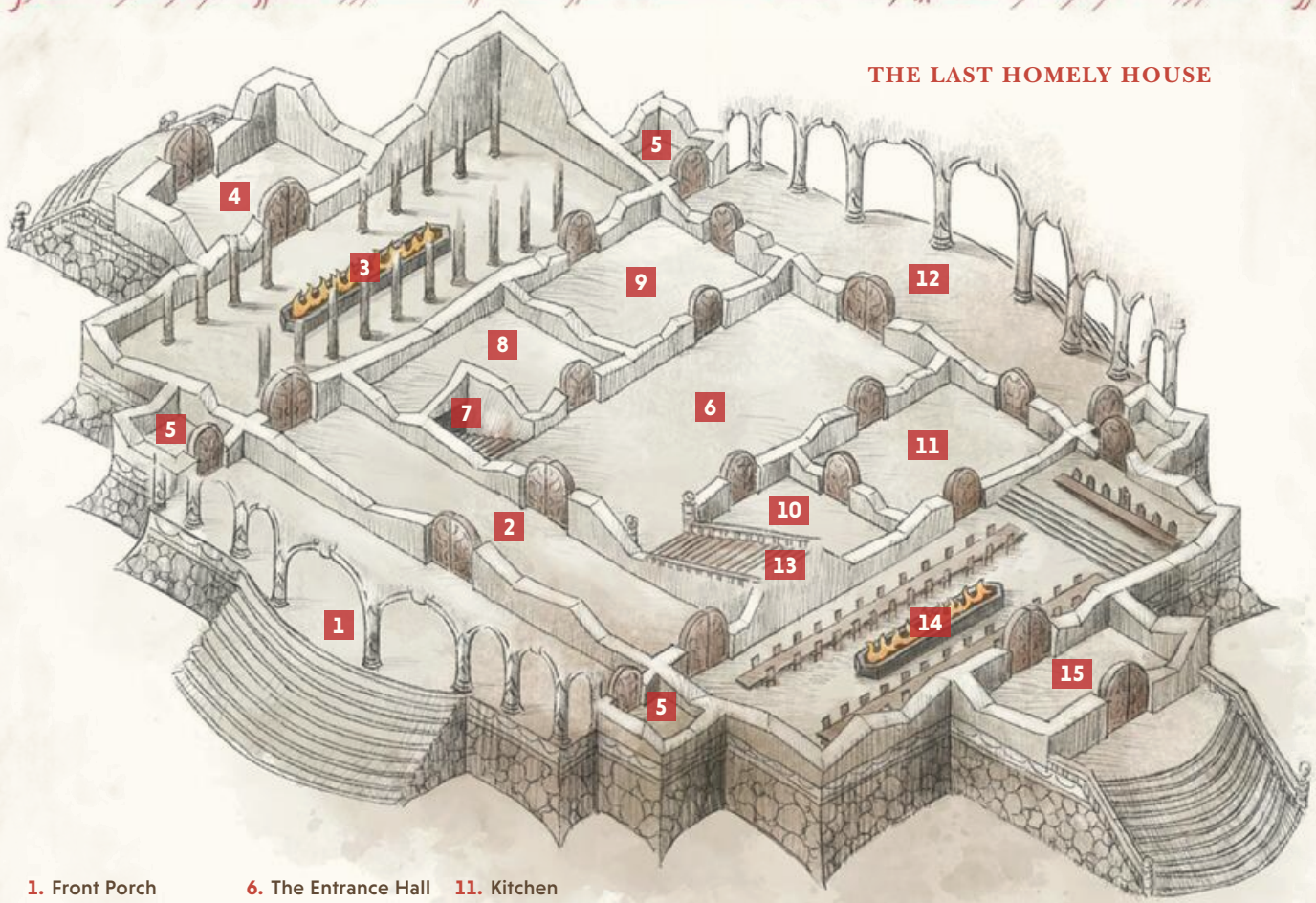
On summer nights, it is common to hear the sound of a distant pipe echoing through the valley. The music is enchanting and beautiful beyond measure, but those who attempt to follow it find themselves wandering aimlessly among the trees, only to be lost at dawn. The Piper in the Woods is a well-known presence in Rivendell and has been ever since the Elves arrived, or possibly even before them. A spirit of the woods and dells, the Piper is shyer than a fawn and swifter than a vole.

There are many stories about the Piper, and it is said that those who manage to trick or charm him into revealing himself are rewarded with secret tunes or pipes made of enchanted wood. However, this is considered by most to be an impossible task, perfectly suited for amusing and humbling mortals.

At the Loremaster's discretion, Player-heroes may find the Piper with a Magical Success in **HUNTING** or **SCAN**. He appears as a thin, old man with a long white beard and a pointed hood, speaking in rhymes and riddles. If the Player-heroes are able to endear themselves to him, the Piper regales them with a tune or story from the Elder Days, chosen with a roll on the *Elf-minstrel Songs* Table (see page 47).

RIVENDELL OVERVIEW

1. Elrond's House
2. Stables
3. Sanctuary
4. Smithy
5. Residence
6. Infirmary
7. Glorfindel's House
8. Training Grounds
9. Armoury
10. Outbuilding
11. Erestor's House
12. Bathhouse
13. Bridge



1. Front Porch
2. Corridor
3. The Hall of Fire
4. North Vestibule
5. Storage
6. The Entrance Hall
7. To the Vaults
8. Butler
9. Armoury
10. Pantry
11. Kitchen
12. East Porch
13. To the Upper Floors
14. The Great Hall
15. South Vestibule

The Last Homely House

What is it that earned the Last Homely House, west of the mountains, its title? It is said that the house of Elrond Half-elven is perfect, "whether you like food, or sleep, or work, or story-telling, or singing, or just sitting and thinking best, or a pleasant mixture of them all." Beyond its doors are libraries, solars for sitting and thinking, covered walkways and gardens, council chambers for meetings, bannock bakeries and kitchens, and a great many other rooms besides. Bells ring in the house at different hours of the day, signalling when meals are ready, the arrival of someone unexpected, or that the master of the house is ready to meet his guests.

The Front Porch

The front porch is a vast portico, large enough to shelter many horses, should visitors be in need of haste. It is adorned with a silver fountain in the shape of a slender tree drooping over a marble basin. Many stained glass windows open on the porch, at both sides of the front doors of the House of Elrond.

The wide wooden doors are solidly built using wood from a single holly tree. Their white, smooth panels appear devoid of any decoration, but are actually set with hundreds of tiny white beryls, cunningly cut thousands of years ago by the jewel-smiths of Eregion; the small stones glitter with innumerable sparkles when they reflect and multiply a source of light.

The Entrance Hall

On pleasant summer nights (or when visitors are expected, or both circumstances are true) the doors to the entrance hall are flung wide open. The floor is paved with flagstones quarried from the Misty Mountains to the east, and lanterns hang from carven beams that support the vaulted ceiling. Many tapestries hang between the lanterns — banners, flags, and pennants. Imladris has been host to many warriors and has seen many desperate battles and fruitless victories. Long ago, Elrond himself was the herald of Gil-galad, King of the Noldor, and marched with his host to the land of Mordor to overthrow Sauron.

In the centre of the hall, one lantern is given a place of honour, and hangs low from the ceiling. Dwarven visitors will recognise it as a gift from the smiths of Khazad-dûm to Celebrimbor of Hollin, given long ago. Its reddish light makes the chamber seem like it is deep under the earth, and it always seems cool in this room, no matter how high the sun is in the sky.

From the hall, smaller passages head left and right — towards the Hall of Fire and the Great Hall, respectively, as former guests will recall — while a flight of stairs on either side leads to the upper storeys.

A great tapestry hangs on the wall over the long table. It shows an Elven ship sailing into the High Sea, heading West. The craft of its makers is such that whoever looks at the tapestry experiences something different, depending on the wisdom of the viewer: some feel a sea-breeze gently blowing, some smell a sweet fragrance on the air, or hear the sound of singing as if it came over the water; others swear they can see distant white shores appear over the horizon, beyond the rolling waves…

THE GREAT HALL

This is the main hall of Elrond's house, where formal meals are taken and high feast days celebrated. It is a tall room, three times longer than its width, and is found on the right side of the entrance hall. Guests enter it from the corridor through a screened passage into the hall itself. Above the passage is a balcony alcove, where the Elven minstrels of the house play their music.

The high table stands on a dais at the opposite side of the hall. Tables to accommodate all the folk of Rivendell and guests are placed perpendicular to it, on either side of a great open hearth in the centre of the hall. Tall windows line the southern side of the hall, admitting as much light as possible during the winter. An open passageway leads to the terraces outside, while other doors allow access to the kitchens and pantry.

It is tradition for Elrond to sit in a great chair at the end of the long table, with the most distinguished of his guests or household to his left and right. However, the true place of honour is in the middle of the high table, where Elrond's wife, Celebrían, daughter of Galadriel, once sat, before she departed for the Undying Lands. Now, the canopied chair is reserved for Arwen, Elrond's daughter, when she is in Rivendell.

MANY MEETINGS IN RIVENDELL

Drink, fire, and chance meetings are especially pleasant when experienced under the roof of Master Elrond. It's a vast house, and there's no knowing who you might encounter around a corner — especially Elves, of course.

When the Company spends a Fellowship Phase in Rivendell, roll once on the table below to determine whom the Company has met of particular interest.

FEAT DIE ROLL	RESULT	DESCRIPTION
	Rival	The Player-heroes encounter an old acquaintance who holds a lingering grudge against one of them, possibly an Elf or someone dealing with Elves. If no suitable character is available, the Loremaster may introduce a new character and assign the strained relationship to a random Player-hero.
1	Weary Elf	An Elf consumed by profound grief is preparing to leave for the Grey Havens, recounting tales of sorrow as a cautionary message to the Player-heroes.
2	Carefree Elf	A youthful Elf brimming with enthusiasm for life approaches the Player-heroes with immediate curiosity, particularly drawn to one of them and forming a quick bond. This Elf is eager to exchange news, songs, and tales with the group.
3	Elf-lord	An Elf descended from a renowned lineage or a hero of old, is likely accompanied by servants, or loyal companions. Their demeanour towards the Player-heroes may range from welcoming warmth to cautious reserve.
4	Lore-master	An Elf versed in the books and songs of the Eldar, their knowledge extending to distant lands and histories. Intrigued by news and tales from far-off realms, they eagerly seek to exchange narratives and insights with the Player-heroes, offering valuable accounts and information on a broad spectrum of history and lore.
5	Emissary	An Elf from the Woodland Realm, Lórien or Lindon, is presently involved in affairs in Rivendell. They might be seeking companions to join in an adventure, or simply looking to share tales.
6	Dúnadan	Used to the wild woods and hills, the Ranger is a strange sight, clad in typical travel-worn clothes. Acquainted with outsiders more than other guests of Elrond, the Dúnadan engages easily in discussions with the Player-heroes concerning the latest news.
7	Elf-smith	This Elf takes great pride in their smithcraft and demonstrates exceptional skill. If prompted, they are inclined to expound upon the intricate technicalities of their expertise at length. They may also show interest in any insights and tips offered by the Player-heroes, particularly if they manage to impress them with their own knowledge and proficiency.
8	Warrior	This Elf is highly trained in combat and a veteran of ancient wars. Should the Player-heroes manage to earn their respect, they are willing to share war tales from bygone eras and might even consent to engaging in a friendly sparring match.
9	Elf-minstrel	The Player-heroes hear a clear voice rising in song, performing a song to Elbereth, or another song of the Blessed Realm. The music is enchanting, and the Player-heroes may have a chance to converse with the Elf-minstrel later in the evening.
10	Dwarf	Dwarves from the Blue Mountains or Erebor may be encountered in Rivendell, albeit rarely. They are always ready to exchange news about the roads and discuss business with strangers, if they appear respectable enough.
	Wise One	The Player-heroes meet one of the Wise or their messenger, who has come to Rivendell to converse with Elrond. This meeting may serve as the starting point for a new quest or mission.

MAKING MUSIC IN THE HALL OF FIRE

The Hall of Fire is the perfect place for composing music and discovering the right words for a song.

Player-heroes singing a song composed in Rivendell *gain (1d)* when performing it (see the rules for *Singing Songs* on page 123 of the core rules).

THE HALL OF FIRE

The Hall of Fire is as wide as the great hall of Elrond, but it is mostly empty, without a screened passage, nor tables or dais. On most days, the only source of light is a bright fire burning in a great hearth between two rows of carven pillars. The fire is fed all year round, and guests of Elrond come here to find comfort and peace, as merely being in the Hall of Fire seems like a cure for the spirit.

On high days the hall comes to life with the sound of many fair voices. Elvish minstrels play the songs they spent decades perfecting, and poems and tales of distant ages of the world are recounted for evenings on end.

Other folks fall easily under the spell of the Hall of Fire, and may find themselves spending many evenings sitting and thinking, or looking for (and finding!) the right words for a new poem or a song. And if they are skilful enough, or just lucky, the Elves might even recite their poems or sing their songs.

THE EAST PORCH

The porch on the east side of the house is Elrond's location of choice for important meetings. If possible, he calls for such councils to be held in the early morning, so that anyone who is invited may watch the sun rise over the mountains, and listen to the flow of the river and the trilling of birdsong. In short, Elrond wishes everyone to be reminded of the beauty of Middle-earth and the value of its preservation. It is customary for such meetings to be concluded in time for a noon luncheon, for, while it is said that Elves may thrive on speech alone, it is not so for other folk.

The porch itself is adjacent to the high garden, with the banks of the mountain stream below. Several pathways start from here, leading down the course of the Bruinen or further away north, towards the pine-woods at the top of the valley.

THE UPPER FLOORS

Stairs from the entrance hall lead to the upper floors. Guest rooms of various types and sizes can be found here, as well as the private quarters of Elrond, his family members, and those of his household who desire to live in the house itself (several individuals have chosen other buildings as their private residences). Most rooms have flat ceilings crossed by dark wooden beams. There are usually one or more windows, a comfortable bed, a mirror, and other bedroom furniture.

There is also a solar, situated above the great hall and looking south as well. This is a room for leisure, to sit and read, write, or just to think. There is a marble table next to the largest windows, chequered in dark and light colours. Wooden chess pieces stand at the ready on the window sill. Rumours say that the game set was a gift to Elrond from Elendil of Númenor, and that the King of the Men of the West often found a worthy opponent in Gil-galad, High King of the Elves.

THE LIBRARY OF ELROND

There is much lore in Imladris, and quite a bit of that has been recorded by Elrond himself. In the ground floor library are many maps and books that are available for perusal. Many concern the doings of the Elves in the Elder Days, and several are written in scripts and languages that have been forgotten by most scholars, in these days of twilight. Indeed, very little is recorded using the Common tongue, and it seems that Elrond's lore is still waiting for someone to unlock it for the average folk. It will be a long labour, something that probably couldn't be completed in a single lifetime — but there are many tales worth telling, gathered in these books and maps.

Elrond also keeps a personal library, on one of the upper floors. Only the most trusted among his advisors can enter this room. Not only does he possess irreplaceable manuscripts penned by Celebrimbor and others, he also has a small collection of dangerous knowledge — treatises written by the wise and erudite Wizard Saruman about the nature and power of the Shadow, passages of the Black Speech recorded from captured enemies, and the mad rantings of those who had learned too much of the Enemy's ways.

THE VAULTS

Beneath the great manor house are cellars, pantries, and other underground chambers. Directly accessible from the kitchens and upstairs larders are the vast stores of foodstuffs, wine, liquor, cisterns of water, and other supplies. Elrond remembers well that Imladris has seen siege before, and wishes to be well prepared if the Enemy returns.

In other, deeper and more hidden chambers, are the storerooms for the many worthy items recovered from the destruction of Eregion and other efforts over the long years. These chambers are sealed, or at least locked, and a careful inventory is kept. Despite these protections, there is little here that could aid in the open defiance of the Shadow. Rivendell has always been a place of healing and lore, and there are very few pieces of wargear kept here.

Those That Dwell in Rivendell

The Last Homely House is home to a great number of important personalities. The household of the Master of Imladris counts many Elf-lords of great renown, and since the time of Aranarth, son of Arvedui and first Chieftain of the Dúnedain, the Heirs of Elendil have been raised in Rivendell, to better defend and preserve the lineage of the kings of the Northern Realm. Gilraen the Fair, the mother of Aragorn, current chieftain of the Rangers of the North and Heir of Isildur, is a permanent guest of Elrond Halfelven.

Elrond Halfelven

The Master of Rivendell has dwelt in Middle-earth for thousands of years. He is called the 'Halfelven', for he can claim descent from some of the greatest among both Elves and Men. He was given the choice to either follow the path of the Firstborn or the fate of Men. Elrond chose to be of Elvenkind. Counted among the most powerful Elf-lords still in Middle-earth, he is one of Sauron's chief foes, and has the gift of foresight.

In the early years of the Third Age, Elrond wed Celebrían, daughter of Galadriel and Celeborn of Lothlórien. From their marriage were born the twins Elladan and Elrohir, and then their daughter Arwen. Alas, their union suffered an ill-fate — when Celebrían was returning from a journey to visit her parents across the Misty Mountains, she was captured by Orcs and given a poisoned wound. Rescued by her sons, she never fully recovered from the torments she suffered, despite Elrond's great skill as a healer, and she soon departed for the Undying Lands. Elrond did not accompany her. Instead, he strengthened his resolve and doubled his efforts to guide the folk of Middle-earth in defiance of the Enemy.

OCCUPATION: Ruler, Healer, Lore-master

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Fair-spoken, Lordly, Subtle

Elrond

Arwen Undómiel

Arwen is the daughter of Elrond and Celebrían. The Elves of Rivendell say that in her beauty is the likeness of Lúthien come again, and that is why she is called Undómiel, the Evenstar, signifying that the days of the Elves are coming to an end. While born in Rivendell, she often lives with her mother's folk in Lothlórien. As the only daughter of Elrond she is the Lady of Rivendell. She sits at her father's right hand, and counsels him with quiet wisdom.

OCCUPATION: Healer, Weaver

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Fair, Generous, Lordly

ELVEN BEAUTY

The first time a mortal Player-hero sees Arwen, they recover 1 point of Hope as her presence and grace encourages them. An Elven character can additionally convert a Shadow Scar into a point of Shadow — not all sorrow is evil.

Elladan and Elrohir

The sons of Elrond, Elladan and Elrohir, are counted among the most powerful Elf-lords of Rivendell. Twin warriors in the prime of their strength, they share their father's dark hair and grey eyes, resembling each other so closely that only those who know them well can tell them apart. Ever eager to fight the shadow, their enthusiasm has turned to vengeful fervour since their mother, Celebrían, was taken prisoner by the Orcs and tormented.

Elrond often sends Elladan and Elrohir together out on great scouting journeys or as messengers to distant lands, as they are hardy travellers, and have a deep knowledge of the lands on both sides of the Misty Mountains.

Elladan and Elrohir are discussed further in *Chapter 2*, on page 65.

OCCUPATION: Captains, Wardens

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Keen-eyed, Swift, Tall

Glorfindel

Glorfindel is a prince of the Elves, returned from the West to serve as the defender of Imladris, Elrond's chosen lieutenant and herald. He has served Rivendell for uncounted years, leading the forces of Imladris into battle against Angmar and other enemies, standing firm against even the Witch-king. He is one of the mightiest of the Firstborn, both Elven-wise and powerful enough to ride openly against the most fearsome of Sauron's servants.

When he must leave the valley, he rides the Elven steed Asfaloth. If Asfaloth is ordered to bear another rider he will do so at great speed but with no danger to his charge.

OCCUPATION: Captain, Herald

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Fair, Fair-spoken, Lordly

Lindir the Butler

Lindir is the seneschal of Elrond, entrusted with the stewardship of his household. He is certainly the most familiar face to all those who enter the valley, as he is usually the first individual they encounter on their arrival, and the last one they see upon leaving. Lindir seems to possess the uncanny ability to be found wherever his help is required, and whenever he is looked for.

Guests who think that Lindir is just the butler of the house should think again, though — the soft-spoken Elf is among Elrond's most trusted friends and his personal squire in times of war. He used to leave Imladris on errands and missions, but has refrained from doing so since the Lady Celebrían was seized by Orcs in the Redhorn Pass and he failed to rescue her before she was harmed by her captors.

When he is not attending to his duties, Lindir dedicates himself to the construction and perfection of musical instruments. Probably the most accomplished luthier east of the Sea, Lindir also possesses a most musical voice, but he is not easily persuaded to sing in the presence of listeners.

OCCUPATION: Seneschal, Luthier

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Fair-spoken, Merry, Wary

Erestor

Erestor is accounted as Elrond's closest friend and wisest counsellor. He has stood by his master's side for several millennia and was present when they first discovered the valley of Imladris. Holding the office of Librarian of Rivendell, he is a skilled scribe and illustrator of manuscripts. Among his most notable talents is the brewing of *Miruvor*, the cordial of Imladris, through a process known only to him.

OCCUPATION: Lore-master, Counsellor, Scribe, Brewer

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Cunning, Faithful, Secretive

MIRUVOR

The traditional cordial of Rivendell is a clear and colourless liquor, with a warm and pleasant fragrance. Flasks of Miruvor, containing up to ten draughts, are often gifted by Elrond to guests of Rivendell who are leaving for a long journey.

Here are the effects associated with Erestor's most popular Miruvor formulations:

- **TRAVELLING CORDIAL.** Player-heroes who drink the cordial gain 1 less Fatigue on the next journey event.
- **MEDICINAL TONIC.** Injured Player-heroes who drink the tonic recover all lost Endurance points and reduce the number of days required for a Wound to heal by 1.

Damron the Smith

Damron was born in Eregion and was counted among the Elven-smiths of that land at the time of their greatest power. He was still an apprentice when Hollin was overrun by Sauron, and he was rescued from its ruin by Elrond himself, who carried his badly burned body for many miles.

For centuries Damron could not forget the destruction of all the wonderful things that the Elves and the Dwarves created in Eregion and in Khazad-dûm, nor could he forgive. His spirit found some peace only at the time of the Last Alliance, when he helped arm the host of Gil-galad and Elendil.

Damron is a tall, strongly-built Elf with dark hair and piercing green eyes. An Elf of few words, he is in charge of the smithies within the caves of Naurdarthol, and he is seldom to be seen outside them.

OCCUPATION: Smith

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Secretive, Vengeful, Fierce

THE SECRET OF THE ELVEN-SMITH

Unbeknownst to most, Damron was an apprentice to Celebrimbor himself, and it is said he assisted him in the forging of the Seven and the Nine. The shame and anger over Sauron's treachery and the slaying of his master still burn fiercely in Damron's heart. His sole desire now is to serve Elrond and protect the realms of the Elves from the encroaching Shadow.

Damron's grievances intensified when his brother Arothir was killed by the weasel-spirit Cauthlin. Drawing on knowledge he acquired from Sauron himself, who had disguised himself as the Lord of Gifts, Damron forged the black blade Methacharn and enchanted it with curses of vengeance and death.

See *Memories of Ancient Wounds*, on page 61, for more on Cauthlin and Methacharn.

LOTHLÓRIEN

He was wrapped in some fair memory: and as Frodo looked at him he knew that he beheld things as they once had been in this same place. For the grim years were removed from the face of Aragorn, and he seemed clothed in white, a young lord tall and fair…

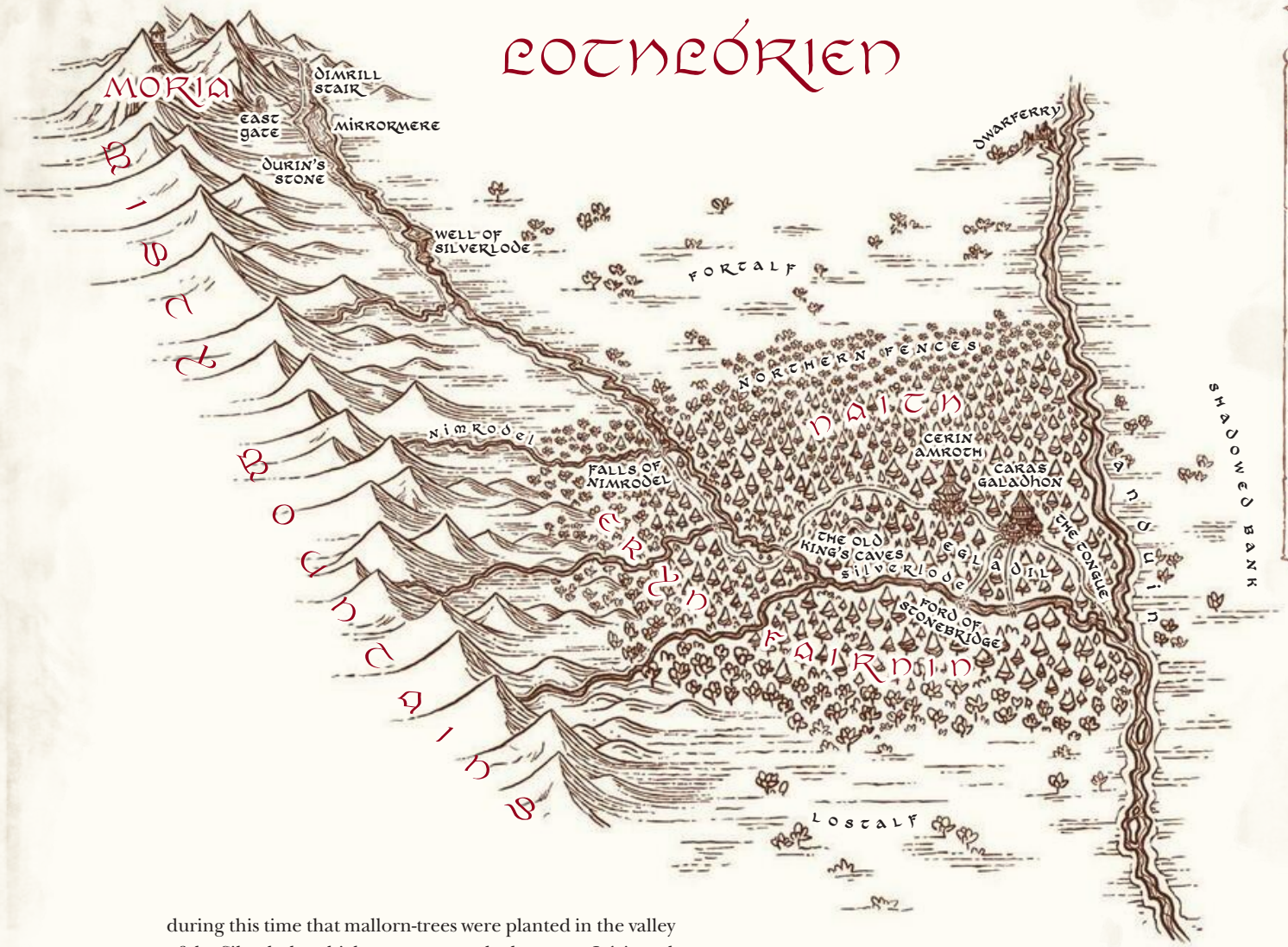
Lothlórien could certainly be described as the most magical realm among those of the Eldar. More than in Lindon or Rivendell, the full power of the High Elves is manifest here, and the memories of Eldamar in the Uttermost West are most vivid. True to its name, Flower of Dream, this land exists almost outside the confines of space and time as understood by mortals — like an Elvish dream, where memory and reality mingle together.

Lying on the eastern side of the Misty Mountains, Lothlórien stretches along the valley of the river Silverlode, which empties into Anduin the Great. Here dwell Celeborn and Galadriel, the Lord and Lady of the Wood. They are regarded as mighty among the Princes of the West-elves and rule over a population composed primarily of Silvan Elves — the Galadhrim.

The history of Lothlórien is long and complex. Its first inhabitants were Wood-elves who, during the starry nights before the Sun and the Moon rose, forsook the Great Journey to dwell in the forests and grasslands east of the Misty Mountains. They named the valley of the Silverlode Lindórinand, which in their tongue meant Vale of the Land of Singers.

It was only at the beginning of the Second Age that a king came to Lindórinand: a Grey Elf-lord led a group of his kinsmen east of the Mountains, where they mingled with their long-lost brethren and were acclaimed as their lords. The kingdom of Lindórinand was established as a successor to Doriath after its ruin, and its inhabitants kept its tragic lessons close to their hearts, isolating themselves and not allowing strangers to enter their borders and bring evil with them. The only contacts the new king permitted with the outside world were with other survivors of Doriath, such as his kinsman Celeborn and the King of the Greenwood.

When the Elven smiths of Eregion fell to the seduction of Sauron, Celeborn and Galadriel left that realm to reside in Lindórinand, becoming close advisors to the King. It was



during this time that mallorn-trees were planted in the valley of the Silverlode, which soon came to be known as Lórinand, the Valley of Gold.

Celeborn and Galadriel were instrumental in convincing the King to pledge his support to the High King Gil-galad in the War of the Last Alliance. Breaking their tradition of isolationism, the warriors of Lórinand marched against Mordor, but they paid a dear price at the Battle of Dagorlad, when most of their numbers perished, their King among the fallen.

As the Third Age began, Lórinand entered a new era under Amroth, the son of the fallen King. He was curious and enterprising, beloved by his people. However, among the Wood-elves, some blamed the King's mentors, Galadriel and Celeborn, for bringing Lórinand into the war, leading them to depart for the southern Elf-haven on the Bay of Belfalas. Amroth ruled wisely in their absence; he was a friend to the Dwarves, and during his reign, a road was built between his palace and Khazad-dûm. But as the Shadow rose in Dol Guldur around the first millennium of the Age and spread through Mirkwood, Amroth became troubled and began contemplating the abandonment of Lórinand. The fall of Khazad-dûm ultimately convinced him and many of his followers to leave Lórinand for the Havens, from which they never returned.

Those who remained in the Golden Valley retreated to remote places and became a secretive folk. Caught between Dúrin's Bane and the Necromancer, they understood it was only a matter of time until they, too, would have to leave. But against all hope, Celeborn and Galadriel returned, taking the title of Lord and Lady of the Galadhrim. By the power of Galadriel and her Ring, the mallorn-trees, which had only flourished in the valley of the Silverlode, spread throughout the forest, which came to be known as Lothlórien, the Dream-flower. The White Lady wove mighty spells of protection over the land, ensuring that paths were hidden, spies were blinded, and trespassers were confused. The Golden Wood was safe and proudly defied both Moria and Dol Guldur.

ENTERING LOTHLÓRIEN

The Golden Wood is one of the most closely guarded realms in Middle-earth. While Rivendell and Mithlond serve as safe havens for all the Free Peoples fighting Sauron, Lothlórien's boundaries remain closed. The Galadhrim seldom cross these borders, except for short hunts or official missions from the Lord and Lady. Outsiders — whether Elves or Elf-friends — may be allowed entry, but they are likely to be admitted only at the borders unless they have specific business in Caras Galadhon.

Strangers approaching the eaves of Lothlórien are likely to be observed by the wardens and then stopped and questioned by a force large enough to handle any potential threats. The Wood-elves are less courteous than the High Elves of the West, and if their questions are not answered satisfactorily, they are prepared to turn the intruders away, more than willing to use force in the event of resistance.

Lothlórien's law admits no outsiders within the Naith, and even if someone is granted entry, they are blindfolded upon crossing the Silverlode or the Northern Fences, lest they learn the secret paths leading to Cerin Amroth and Caras Galadhon. Only the express orders of Celeborn and Galadriel can waive this measure.

While in Lothlórien, Elves are lodged on *telain*, or flets, whereas mortals camp on the ground or in one of the ancient caves used by the first Wood-elves. Mortals are always accompanied by a guardian and are never left alone; even at night, they are discreetly watched over by someone in the trees above or by allied birds and beasts.

Lothlórien is a realm of light, but it is also a land besieged from all sides. Insolent, suspicious, or aggressive behaviour from guests may result in extended and unfriendly questioning, possibly followed by imprisonment for a time and then expulsion at the nearest border. Just as the Galadhrim are gracious hosts, they can swiftly turn into the most inflexible jailers, and visitors would do well to remember this while they are their guests.

NENYA, THE RING OF WATER

Made of *mithril* and set with a diamond, Nenya is the Ring of Water, which Galadriel received directly from Celebrimbor. Of the three Rings, it is the one whose power is employed most boldly. With it, Galadriel can shroud Lothlórien in a mist that keeps spies and evil beings at bay, and fosters the growth of mallorn-trees into living towers. Rain is always gentle in the Golden Wood, the Sun is never fierce, and it feels as though true Winter never comes to this land.

As in other Elf-lands, and yet more, time flows differently in Lórien, and its beauty, peace and gladness are a reflection of Galadriel's memories of the Gardens of Irmo she knew in the Utter West, in an Age before the first rise of the Sun and the Moon.

LIVING MEMORIES

In Lórien, everything one experiences remains unchanged, destined to be experienced again and again if one returns to this realm. Should one ascend to the top of Cerin Amroth, they may hear the South Wind carrying the sound of waves crashing on beaches that no longer exist and the cries of sea-birds whose race has long vanished from the earth.

For Player-heroes, days spent in Lórien may return as living memories, allowing individuals to experience things as they once happened in the same place.

All Player-heroes spending a Fellowship Phase in Lórien recover additional Hope points equal to the number of times they have previously visited Lórien.

Elves and Elf-friends who earn the trust and protection of the Lord and Lady, or of one of their court, are granted the rare favour of moving freely in Caras Galadhon and the Naith. However, this privilege is seldom extended and is reserved for those recognized as defenders of the Golden Wood.

The Golden Wood

The forest of Lothlórien grows along the valley of the Celebrant, the Silverlode in the Common Tongue. The Elves refer to the woods north and east of the river as the Naith, or the Gore, as this land is shaped like a spearhead by the arms of the Silverlode and the Great River Anduin. The land there is mostly flat and gentle, covered in mallorn-trees, and is home to most of the Galadhrim, particularly in the Egladil, the angle between the rivers.

To the south and west of the Celebrant lie the *Eryn Fairnin*, the Woods of Swift Waters, a region characterised by rising hills and deep dells carved by fast-running, frigid streams descending from the Misty Mountains. This area is sometimes called Dor Gwathirion, the Land of the Shadowy Streams. Once beloved by the Galadhrim, its population has been declining since the fall of Moria, leaving it wild and mostly deserted. The Galadhrim now visit only to hunt or guard the borders against Orcs and other fell creatures. Mallorn-trees grow thickly near the river, but as one travels west and south, they gradually give way to oaks, ashes, and elms. Even though the power of the White Lady is weaker here, the Eryn Fairnin remains a majestic woodland, wild and full of animals and plants that mortals would easily call magical.

North of Lothlórien lies a region bordered by the Mountains to the west, the Anduin to the east, and the Gladden River to the north. Once a populated area inhabited by Men who lived on farms and traded with the Dwarves of Dúrin's Folk, it is now largely depopulated. This area was known as *Ridhlann*, the Tilled Plain, but today only a few farmsteads remain, hidden by groves of trees. The Wargs and their allies, the Goblins of Moria, are the true masters of this region now, which is simply called *Fortalf*, the Northern Field.

South of Lothlórien lies an empty land where no Men have ever lived, and even Orcs and Wargs seldom venture: the *Lostalf*, the Empty Field. The Grey Elves of the Golden Wood consider it part of their realm and enjoy riding and hunting among its brush, occasionally reaching the borders of Fangorn. However, the land is not under their constant watch, and dangerous encounters cannot be ruled out.

MALLORN-TREES

Mallorn-trees are native to Valinor and are said to descend from Laurelin, the Golden Tree of the Elder Days. During the Second Age, seeds of mallorn-trees were presented to the Númenoreans by visiting Elves from Eldamar and became common in the western part of the island. It was Tar-Aldarion, the Navigator King and a lover of trees, who gifted mallorn-seeds to his ally Gil-galad. Unfortunately, those seeds never thrived in Lindon and failed to produce flowers. However, some of these seeds eventually made their way to Galadriel, who was familiar with mallorn-trees from Valinor. Although she could not grow the trees in Eregion, she recognized the right conditions in the valley of the Silverlode. Through her power and that of the Ring of Water, the first and only mallorn-trees in Middle-earth flowered and produced fruit, and since then have prospered.

Mallorn-trees can grow up to 200 feet tall, with straight trunks of white-grey wood covered in silvery, smooth bark. The branches extend far from the ground, forming a wide crown. In spring, new leaves are pale green and become dark green above and silvery below in summer. By autumn, they turn gold, retaining this colour throughout the winter, and then fall in spring, creating a golden carpet on the ground that lasts several weeks. The mallorn-flowers are large and pale yellow, blooming from late spring to summer, and the fruits are small golden nuts covered in silver scales.

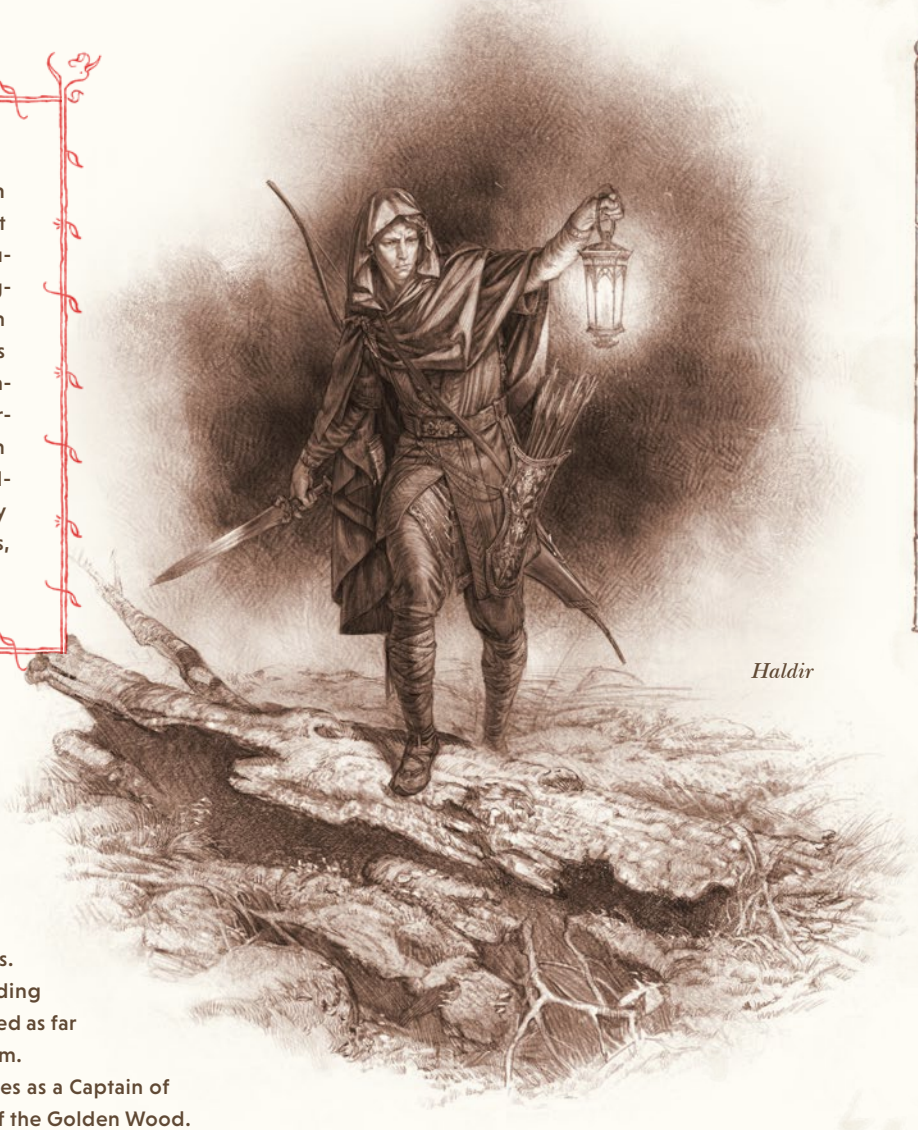
THE FENCES OF LÓRIEN

This is the name given by the Galadhrim to the edges of the Golden Wood, marking what they believe to be the farthest limits of the Lady of Lórien's power. Many Elf-wardens vigilantly watch over these borders, particularly along the Northern Fences, where they gaze towards the mountains to the northeast, for they know that threats can arise at any time from the Orc-infested roots of the Hithaeglir.

Elf-wardens keep watch on the fences. They wear dark grey cloaks and carry small lamps that emit a bright silvery light, which can be quickly covered. In the depths of the forest and under the cover of night, Elf-wardens who choose to remain unseen are nearly invisible, unless they move swiftly.

TELAIN

Telain, or flets in the Common Tongue, are wooden platforms built among the branches of trees, usually mallorn-trees, which have regular, crown-like branches. They can only be accessed by rope ladders through round holes at their centre, and usually lack railings or parapets, or roofs, but they are often equipped with movable windscreens. Larger flets, however, may resemble houses or even palaces, like those in Caras Galadhon.



Haldir

Haldir, Captain of the Elf-wardens

Haldir is a Silvan Elf who has earned the trust of the Lord and Lady, and thus is frequently sent abroad as their envoy to gather news and monitor enemy movements. He speaks several languages, including the Common Tongue, and has travelled as far as Rivendell and the Woodland Realm.

When Haldir is in Lórien, he serves as a Captain of the wardens guarding the borders of the Golden Wood. Wanderers crossing its Northern Fences or following the course of the river Nimrodel from the mountains are likely to be met by Haldir, accompanied by his brothers Orophin and Rúmil. Haldir will inquire about their reasons for approaching the Golden Wood and then determine their fate.

Haldir is generally friendly toward other members of the Free Peoples, but he is suspicious of Dwarves, as by law they are not permitted to enter Lórien. Haldir is reasonable though, and capable of assuming upon himself the responsibility to allow passage to folks he considers worthy of his trust.

OCCUPATION: Warden, Envoy

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Faithful, Wary

Daerorn the Hunter

A Grey Elf from Doriath, Daerorn came to Lindórinand as one of the first king's companions, and saw his lord die at the Dagorlad. After that battle, he vowed to defend this land against the Shadow until his last; here he remained after King Amroth left with most of the court, and entered the service of Celeborn and Galadriel as huntmaster. Few know every tree and stone in Lothlórien like Daerorn does.

A solitary hunter of the Enemy's servants, he is often found ranging in the Eryn Fairnin and Lostalf.

OCCUPATION: Huntsmaster

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Keen-eyed, Swift

CERIN AMROTH

This is the very heart of the ancient realm of Lórien, where Amroth built his high house on a great mound at the time of the realm's founding. The hill is covered with grass that never fades, and yellow and white winter flowers bloom throughout the year. Encircling the summit like a crown is a ring of leafless Celebrant ash trees, their bark as white as snow. These trees surround an inner circle of immense golden mallorn-trees. Towering above them all is a magnificent mallorn that rises from the top of the mound, with a wide flet visible amidst its branches — this was the palace of Amroth.

To the eyes of a mortal, time appears almost frozen here, more than in any other Elf-land. The light itself seems to spring from a source ancient beyond reckoning, illuminating everything as if for the first time since the world's beginning.

This is the power of the Lady of the Galadhrim, emanating from Caras Galadhon and holding the entire land under its enchantment.

ELF-MINSTREL SONGS

It is said that the skill of the Elf-minstrels is such that they can make the things of which they sing appear before the eyes of those who listen. The words they sing seem to take shape, summoning dreamlike visions that the listener may have never experienced or even imagined.

When the Company spends a Fellowship Phase in Lórien (but also in other Elf-lands, especially Rivendell), roll once on the table below to determine the type of song they were lucky to hear.

FEAT DIE ROLL	RESULT	DESCRIPTION
	Song of Lamentation	A sad ballad that brings tears to the listener's eyes; yet not all tears are evil, and grieving can inspire determination in those with a steady heart.
1	Song of Longing	Those who hear this song find their hearts filled with a desire for lofty pursuits and enduring happiness.
2	Song of Laughing	A witty and amusing composition, it is designed to involve the audience in playful interaction with the minstrel, providing entertainment for all.
3	Song of Hardiness	A song celebrating the determination of an ancient hero in the face of adversity.
4	Song of Fortitude	A song of courage that helps those who listen face their worst fears.
5	Song of Peace	The minstrel's voice soothes the hearts of the audience, bringing calm and serenity by recalling days of bliss and happiness.
6	Song of Battle	A war-song recounting one of the ancient battles of Beleriand.
7	Song of Valour	A ballad celebrating the glorious deeds of an ancient champion of the Elves.
8	Song of Wonder	The minstrels sing of world-changing events or rare beauties witnessed by only a few, stirring the audience's desire to grow beyond their everyday lives.
9	Song of Lore	A long rhyme of lore, crafted to easily remember a great deal of information, often used by Lore-masters.
10	Song of Inspiration	A ballad highlighting the qualities of character of an ancient Elven hero, inspiring the audience to believe in their convictions and develop their own talents.
	Song of Joy	A triumphal song of love, happiness, and victory over evil, encouraging the audience to sing along.

CARAS GALADHON

Caras Galadhon is the great city of the Galadhrim, the seat of Lady Galadriel and Lord Celeborn. A high, green wall surrounds a hill covered with mallorn-trees so tall as to surpass all others in Lórien. Their boughs spread out into tiered crowns, supporting levels upon levels of countless flets, which serve as the homes of the Wood-elves of Lórien.

But Lórien is also the most formidable fortress of the Elves in Middle-earth. At the base of the hill, a road paved with white stones runs along the brink of a deep fosse, overshadowed by a mighty encircling green wall. This road leads to a white bridge, and across it the path ends against the great gates of the city, set between the ends of the encircling wall that here almost meet. The gates are tall and sturdy, and open without sound. At night, many lamps hang from the gates, and countless lights gleam green, gold and silver amid the leaves of the mallorn-trees.

Beyond the gates, the hill is crossed by many paths and stairs, leading to a few quiet courts and gardens adorned with fountains and sculptures. There are no buildings on the ground of Caras Galadhon, as the Galadhrim favour living above ground, on flets high among the branches, connected to one another by suspended bridges.

From a wide lawn at the top of the hill, illuminated by silver lamps hanging from the boughs of the surrounding trees, rises *Orchaltûr,* the Tall Lord, the mightiest of all the trees. A broad white ladder winds around this great tree, passing many flets built on both sides and around the trunk itself. At a great height, a wide talan is finally reached, upon which sits a large hall, the abode of the Lord and Lady of the Wood.

Here, gatherings are held in a spacious, oval chamber with green and silver walls and a golden roof, dominated by the trunk of the great mallorn.

Many Elves meet here when summoned by the Lord and Lady, seating themselves before two chairs placed beneath the bole of the tree, canopied by a living bough — these are the seats of Celeborn and Galadriel. Those permitted to appear before the Lord and Lady of Lórien are welcomed by Indoliniel, handmaiden and adviser to Galadriel.

Indoliniel

Born in Lothlórien during the days of King Amdír, Indoliniel was trained by Galadriel to carry on her duties should she need to leave the Golden Wood for extended periods. Tasked with a stewardship role at the court, Indoliniel served throughout the reign of Amroth as the primary caretaker of the mallorn-trees and advisor to the King. When Celeborn and Galadriel returned, she also assumed the roles of lady-in-waiting and counsellor to Lady Galadriel. To this day, Indoliniel remains Galadriel's most trusted ally and frequently acts as her mistress's agent throughout Lothlórien.

Indoliniel is dark-eyed and dark-haired, tall and slender, with eyes unreadable to most. She is permitted to use the Mirror of Galadriel, though she has never done so without her mistress's consent. Beyond her wisdom and lore, Indoliniel is also trained as a hunter and fighter. Those witnessing her handle a bow or spear for the first time are struck by her swiftness and strength.

OCCUPATION: Advisor, Caretaker of the Mallorn-trees

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Secretive, Wary

Gandellim the Minstrel

Favoured by the Lord and Lady of Lórien, Gandellim is perhaps the greatest among the many minstrels of the Golden Wood. Born during the days of King Amdír to a Grey Elf father and a Wood-elf mother, he is a child of two worlds – Gandellim appreciates both the ways of the Silvan Elves and the more sophisticated traditions of the West-elves. With his harp, he can play the folk songs of the Galadhrim and sing lyrics in Sindarin and even Quenya.

A restless soul, Gandellim seldom remains in one place for long. He enjoys wandering through Eryn Fairnin and the Lostalf, either alone or with a few companions, and has occasionally travelled to Rivendell and the Woodland Realm as an ambassador for the Lord and Lady.

OCCUPATION: Minstrel, Envoy

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Merry, Fair-spoken

THE OLD KING'S CAVES

The first King of Lindórinand established his abode deep within a hill, where natural caves were expanded and transformed into the palace of an Elvenking. When Amroth became King, he abandoned the caves in favour of Cerin Amroth. Since then, the caves have remained uninhabited, though they are preserved as refuges to fly into in time of war and to store fodder in. The gate is located on the other side of a deep cleft, and can be reached by a narrow stone bridge, which can be destroyed if enemies approach.

A small court paved with large flagstones opens in front of the gate to the Old King's Caves. This is the favoured haunt of Gandellim the Minstrel, who comes here when in need of inspiration. He can often be found playing his harp, writing new compositions, or reminiscing about his youthful days when the caves were filled with life and he was just a young Elf-child.

THE TONGUE

To the southeast of Caras Galadhon lies a long, treeless field of shining grass dotted with golden flowers. Named the Tongue, this lawn forms a narrow strip between the glittering waters of the Silverlode on the right and the broad, deep, and dark stream of the Anduin. It is accessed by passing through an opening in a tall earthen wall that delineates the boundary of the woods of Lórien.

On the bank of the Silverlode, the Galadhrim have constructed a wharf using white stones and wood. Many boats and barges of various shapes and sizes are moored here. Some are painted in bright colours, but most are either grey or white. Some have been carved with Elven-skill in the likeness of river birds.

The Galadhrim love the running waters of both rivers, knowing they help keep their realm safe. However, some among them recognize that these watery borders mark the extent of the power of the Lady of the Galadhrim. On the opposite banks, the trees crowd the landscape as far as the eye can see, yet not a single mallorn-tree is among them.

THE FORD OF STONEBRIDGE

In the days of the first King, refugees from Eregion built a great stone bridge that crossed the Silverlode in three wide spans, connecting the Naith with Eryn Fairnin. More than four centuries ago, Celeborn and Galadriel ordered its destruction when hordes of Easterlings, under the shadow of Dol Guldur, crossed the Anduin on large boats and rafts, joined by many Orcs bringing ruin to the Vale of the Great River. Today, the broken stones of the bridge remain clearly visible in the water and serve as valuable aid for those crossing the river.

The Lord and Lady of Lórien

The rulers of Lórien are accounted among the wisest and most powerful Elves of Middle-earth. They have dwelt in the West since the days of the first dawn, and throughout the ages they have fought the long defeat together. To earn their trust and ensure their support is a gift beyond the power of kings. Their subjects are many, and while they have not crossed the borders of their land in arms since the days of the Last Alliance, the time will come when their host will once again leave the Golden Wood to march against the Enemy.

Lady Galadriel

The Lady of the Golden Wood was born in Valinor, beneath the light of the Two Trees, and came to Middle-earth among the Exiles. Mindful of their crimes, she chose to dwell in Doriath with her mother's kin. Here, she met Celeborn. Haunted by a foreboding of future disasters for the Elves, Galadriel and her husband left Doriath before its fall and travelled to Eriador, where, in the early Second Age, they founded realms of their own.

Galadriel took great care not to associate with the other princes of the Exiles, nor to claim rulership over the Noldor in Middle-earth, even though she had the right to do so. Having refused the Second Summons of the Valar to stay and fight the Shadow, the Straight Road to the West was closed to her. The weight of her choice increasingly troubled her as her longing for the Uttermost West grew, yet this only strengthened her determination to see the world freed from the shadow of Sauron.

Galadriel is very tall for an Elven woman, gifted with golden hair that seems blessed with the radiance of the ancient tree Laurelin. She is wise in the ways of Elven magic, having first been trained in Valinor and then by Queen Melian in Doriath.

OCCUPATION: Ruler

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Fair, Lordly, Wary

Lord Celeborn

Lord Celeborn belongs to the royalty of the Grey Elves. He was born in Doriath in the Elder Days and there he met Galadriel. After the Ruin of Beleriand they founded realms of their own in Lindon, by lake Nenuial and in Eregion, until they chose to stay in Lindórinand.

Celeborn is very tall, with long silver hair. He shows no signs of his great age, unless one peers into his keen eyes, whose depths reveal the weight of his memories.

Galadriel considers Celeborn the wisest of the Elves of Middle-earth, and consults with him constantly on all matters. Often, they sit together under the boughs of the mallorn-trees, holding council concerning days to come, without moving or speaking, but by looking from mind to mind.

OCCUPATION: Ruler

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Lordly, Inquisitive, Wise

CELEBORN AND GALADRIEL AS PATRONS

While the primary interest of Lord Celeborn and Lady Galadriel, as rulers of the Golden Wood, is to preserve their own realm from all threats, they know full well that places like Imladris, the Grey Havens, and Lórien will one day be forced to confront the Enemy. Therefore, they cannot wait for the coming of Sauron hiding behind their fences until all else is overthrown; rather, they are determined to take action to support any efforts made to combat the Shadow, as long as those efforts have a chance of success.

The Lord and Lady do not share their agenda with outsiders, as the survival of their realm is tied to secrecy. Consequently, they are extremely wary; especially Celeborn does not grant his trust easily. However, once someone has won their confidence, they prove to be careful listeners and observers, always keen to know what happens outside Lothlórien, providing unsparing advice and help.

FELLOWSHIP BONUS: +1

FAVOURED CALLINGS: Messenger, Warden

ADVANTAGE: ***Gifts of Galadriel***
By choosing the Meet Patron undertaking to visit Celeborn and Galadriel, each Player-hero in the Company may receive a Useful Item, the benefits of which last until the start of the next Fellowship Phase. In addition, one Player-hero and their Fellowship Focus are allowed to gaze into her Mirror (see adjacent sidebar).

AGENDA: Protect the Golden Wood, foil the schemes of the Dark Lord.

THE MIRROR OF GALADRIEL

Galadriel's garden lies on the southern slopes of Caras Galadhon, enclosed by a high green hedge. No trees grow here, and a stream of fresh water, which springs from the top of the hill at the feet of Orchaltûr, descends swiftly in a deep hollow. A long flight of steps leads to its bottom, where a silver basin rests on a low pedestal. It is wide and shallow, and beside it is a silver ewer.

The Lady of the Golden Wood uses the ewer to fill the basin with water from the stream, gazing into its reflection to perceive what was, what is, and perhaps even what shall be. This is the Mirror of Galadriel.

Those who look in it may experience visions, and the Lady can command the Mirror to show what she or they desire. But if the Mirror is left free to work, then it may show things that are more interesting to those who see them. Yet, such things are not always easy to interpret, and may even prove dangerous.

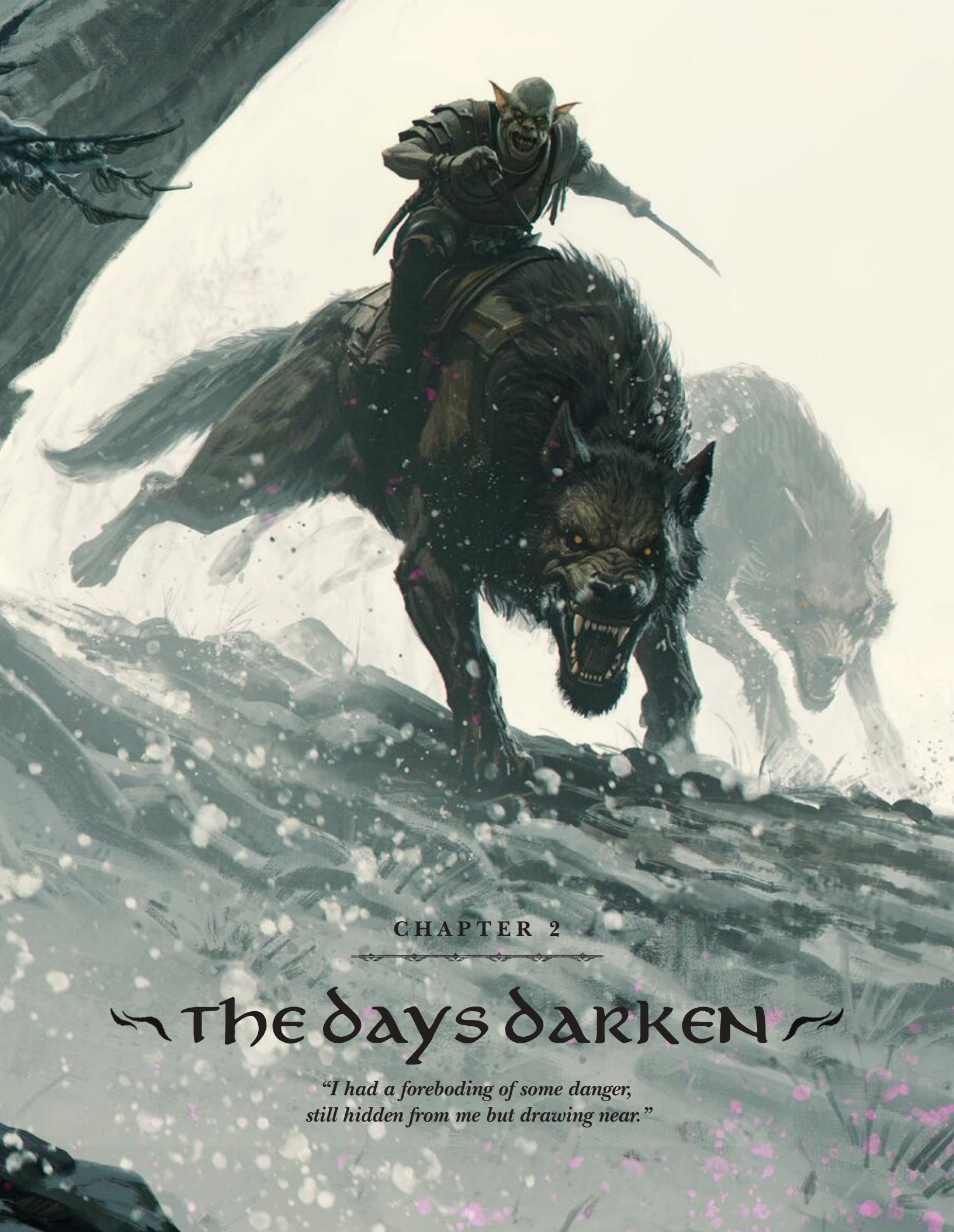
> If the Player-heroes have Galadriel as their Patron and choose the Meet Patron Undertaking during a Fellowship Phase, one Player-hero and their Fellowship Focus encounter Galadriel and are allowed to gaze into her Mirror.

Before looking into the Mirror, players are free to tell the Loremaster what they wish to see by specifying a subject such as a person, a location, or an event. Alternatively, they may leave it to the Mirror to decide. Then, each Player-hero looking into the Mirror rolls one Feat die:

- On an eye result, the Player-hero experiences a harrowing vision that provides insight but also gains them 1 Shadow point that cannot be reduced or cancelled by a Shadow Test of any kind.
- On a numerical result, the Player-hero gains valuable insight and the ability to reroll all the dice involved in any one roll during the next Adventuring Phase.
- On a Gandalf rune result, the Player-hero experiences visions that grant valuable insight and the opportunity to achieve an automatic Gandalf rune result on any one roll during the next Adventuring Phase (the choice must be made before the roll is undertaken).

The Loremaster must ensure that all visions experienced by looking into the Mirror will eventually prove useful to the Company, including those provided by an eye result. If a Player-hero chooses not to specify a subject, the visions are more likely to relate to the current gaming circumstances.

If uncertain about how to define the details of a vision, the Loremaster may choose to provide the Player-hero with a Rumour.



CHAPTER 2

The Days Darken

"I had a foreboding of some danger,
still hidden from me but drawing near."

There was a time when the Eldar ruled the western lands of Middle-earth. They built great cities and mighty strongholds. Their hosts marched against the dark fortress of Morgoth and challenged him. There was a time when Elven-kings and champions faced the chief servants of the Enemy in single combat and bested them. There was a time when Elf-songs echoed through woods and dells, and dark things fled at the sight of the light in the faces of the Firstborn. Those times are long gone. The Elves who still remain east of the Sea now dwell in seclusion in remote or hidden realms, and they have almost become creatures of legend.

But Sauron remembers.

In Mirkwood, where shadows lie thick among the rotting trees, the Necromancer never forgot his old foes. Known as the Lord of Werewolves, then the Lord of Gifts, and eventually the Lord of the Rings, Sauron took many guises over the Ages, but each time, he was humbled by the Elves of the West. Now, with their power waning, they are no longer his chief foes, yet the Dark Lord remains consumed by a lust for vengeance. If the last remnants of the Elves now seek peace to enjoy their final days in Middle-earth, he will ensure they find none.

The present chapter details three of Sauron's plans to bring ruin upon the Elves. These include the closing of the ways to the Sea, overseen by Morlhoss, the unhoused spirit of an Elf seeking vengeance against the Galadhrim; a trap designed to lure Elrond Halfelven out of Imladris, prepared by the weasel-spirit Cauthlin; and a scheme to incite strife between the Elves of Lindon and their neighbours, the Dwarves, orchestrated through the manipulation of the resentful Elf Arblaud.

Each ploy includes a number of potential strokes — events or undertakings that advance the Dark Lord's agenda. They are listed under the *Dark Designs* headings in each section, in a chronological 'Tale of Years' format. The Loremaster should take these entries into consideration to incorporate them into a Company's Adventuring or Fellowship Phases (as Rumours, for example), using the suggestions provided and assessing how the deeds of the Player-heroes might influence these plans. By taking action against these strokes during an Adventuring Phase, the Company can prevent the danger from escalating.

Not every dark design needs to be incorporated into a campaign. Many tales outlined in this chapter can remain as possibilities. Some groups may choose to ignore certain stories altogether, while others could be introduced as news from distant parts of the land. For instance, if a campaign focuses on adventures by the shores of the Great Sea, then the attacks of Orcs and Wargs over the Misty Mountains may be used simply as tales carried by travellers journeying west.

WITH HIM I MAY HAVE BUSINESS OF MY OWN ERE ALL IS OVER

The plots in this chapter feature various Loremaster characters and events, yet they are designed for you to customise, placing the Player-heroes as the protagonists of the story. To achieve this, feel free to modify backstories, replace a Loremaster character with a Player-hero, or connect someone in the Company to a key character. In *Perils of the Last Road* an Elven Player-hero may have previously met Nindorn, either as a friend or a rival. In *Memories of Ancient Wounds*, Cauthlin may have been responsible for the loss of a loved one of an Elf from Rivendell. In *Old Hatreds May Still Breed War*, Noredhel or Arblaud may be friends or former love interests of an Elf from Lindon.

Involving the Player-heroes with the Loremaster characters not only motivates them to fight for the freedom of Middle-earth from the Shadow but also adds personal stakes to their quests.

Perils of the Last Road

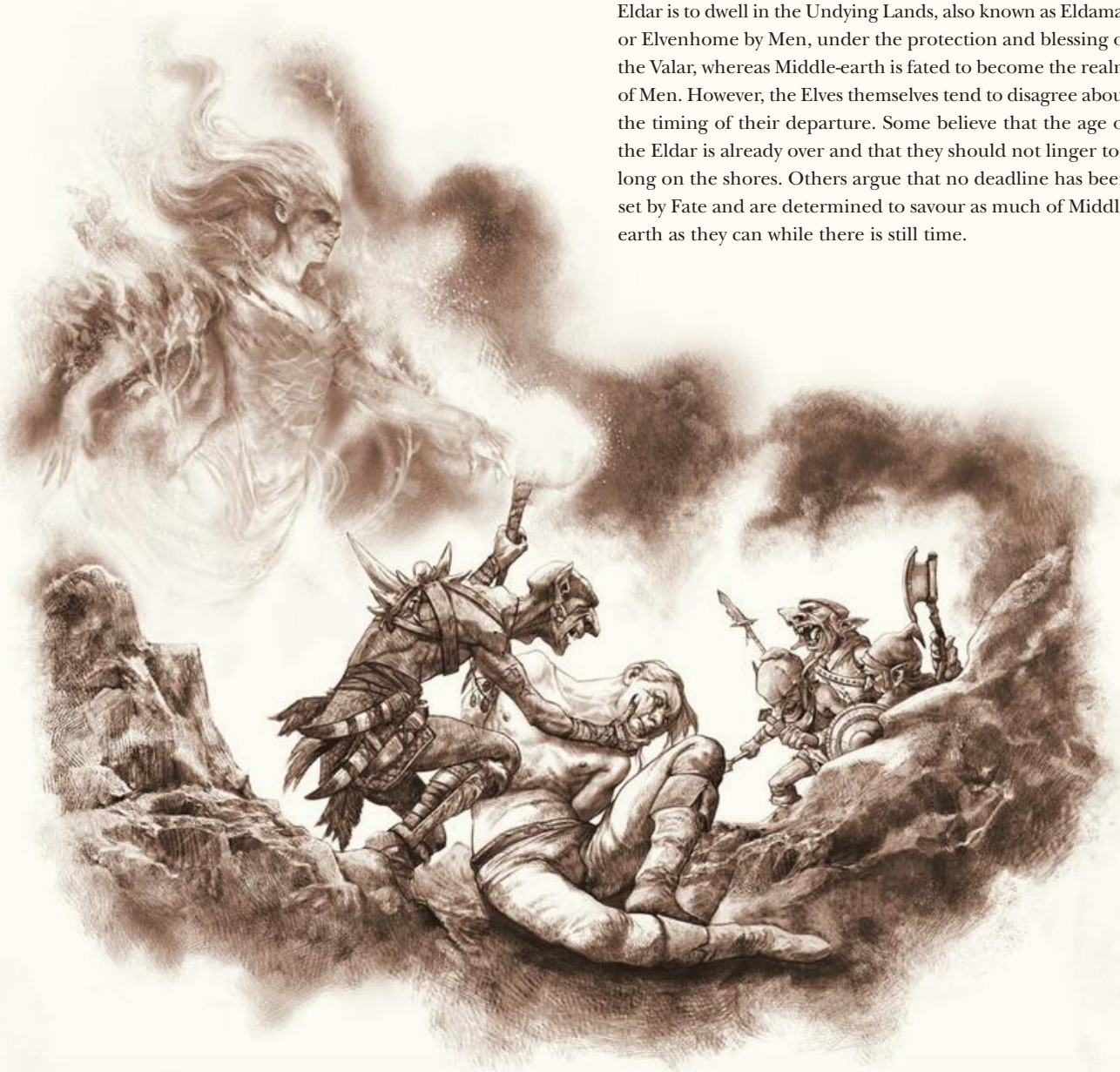
"And I've heard tell that Elves are moving west. They do say they are going to the harbours, out away beyond the White Towers."

Year after year, more Elves leave. When they sense their time in Middle-earth has ended, they set out from their homes, travelling west toward the Sea along hidden roads and secret paths, until they find the grey ships to carry them to the Uttermost West. Recently, however, rumours have grown that the journey to the Sea is becoming unsafe. Orcs and Goblins, Wargs, Trolls, and bandits now plague the roads, while landslides and floods erase ancient pathways.

Initially, these events seemed like unrelated accidents, but what if a malicious will is orchestrating them? What if the Last Road is closed, trapping the Elves in their own homes and denying them the peace of Eldamar?

The Westward Journey

It is agreed among the Wise that the ultimate destiny of the Eldar is to dwell in the Undying Lands, also known as Eldamar or Elvenhome by Men, under the protection and blessing of the Valar, whereas Middle-earth is fated to become the realm of Men. However, the Elves themselves tend to disagree about the timing of their departure. Some believe that the age of the Eldar is already over and that they should not linger too long on the shores. Others argue that no deadline has been set by Fate and are determined to savour as much of Middle-earth as they can while there is still time.



When they finally make that fateful decision, the Elves leave their homes and join Companies of pilgrims travelling to the Grey Havens, often crossing great distances. Upon reaching the western shores, they formally request passage from the Lord of the Haven, offering gifts that will be used to build and equip a grey ship.

The crossing of the Sea is a one-way voyage, and those who embark must learn to govern a ship as theirs is built. Sometimes, pilgrims choose to delay their departure. The Elves of Mithlond have a term for this: *hadhannûn*, which means "waiting for the Sunset" but also "delaying the West." This term describes the contrasting emotions of lingering until the final moment of light, akin to someone watching a sunset over the sea to witness the dying of the light as the sun sinks below the horizon.

In recent years, the word has spread and taken on a new meaning — the plight of those who waited too long, whose ship has departed without them. Soon, some fear, there will come a day when all roads West will be barred. Others whisper that this day has already arrived. A quiet, frightening desperation is spreading among the Galadhrim.

Evil Things on the Road

One of Sauron's most cunning schemes began with the wayward soul of an Elf. After meeting a violent end, a young Wood-elf named Nindorn found himself without a body, unwilling to pass in silence to the Halls of Mandos. He felt he had not experienced enough of Middle-earth and chose to linger for many centuries in the vale of the Anduin River. From afar, he observed those he had known in life without revealing his presence. In particular, he followed the exploits of Faeloth, a beautiful Elf-maiden whom he had once loved but had been unable to win over in life.

As decades passed, solitude began to take its toll on Nindorn. A growing sense of regret for those who were still living consumed him, filling him with increasing resentment toward those he had once known, who now seemed to have forgotten him.

It was at this time that the Necromancer of Dol Guldur became aware of Nindorn and managed to lure the unhoused spirit under the dark eaves of Mirkwood, binding him with sorcery. In the dungeons of Amon Lanc, Sauron tortured him and fed him a web of cunning lies, ultimately twisting his mind into deep bitterness and hatred for all living beings.

Nindorn's torment was long, and when it finally ended, the unhoused spirit no longer remembered his own name. Sauron bestowed upon him a new name: Morlhoss, the Dark Whisper. Eventually, he was sent flying across the Anduin to spy on the Elves and aid all the servants of the Dark Lord in chasing and hunting them down, no matter what path they walked or rode.

From the eaves of Lothlórien to the passes of the Misty Mountains, across Hollin and the fells of Rhudaur, and into the grasslands and woods of Eriador, Morlhoss flies like a black wind. Paths once thought safe are now plagued by Orcs, brigands, and Trolls, while Wolves howl in the night as they chase Elven travellers. No refuge seems secure from these troubles, and those who set out for the Sea seldom reach it, leaving behind only tattered cloaks, blood-stained jewels, and white bones for other wanderers to discover.

Waylayers and Pilgrims

Morlhoss has been endowed with sorcerous powers by his Master, and he is not alone in his mission — powerful minions have been placed at his service. Fortunately, the Player-heroes may encounter unexpected allies as they strive to oppose the Dark Whisper.

Morlhoss, the Dark Whisper

Morlhoss met his tragic end in an accident. In an attempt to impress Faeloth, the Elf-maiden who had previously rejected him, he leapt from the high branches of a mighty mallorn tree into the waters of the Anduin, never to resurface. Now, he serves as a thrall to the Shadow, an unhoused spirit twisted to the Dark Lord's will after years of sorcerous torture. Consumed by a terrible jealousy towards the living, his envy is particularly directed at the fair, immortal Elves.

Deep inside Morlhoss, a flicker of his former identity as the young Nindorn still survives. Choked by bitterness, these memories manifest as an obsessive drive to find Faeloth (see *Dark Designs of Morlhoss*, on page 59). So far, he has been unable to locate her because, unbeknownst to him, Faeloth is hidden in Lórien (the boundaries of that realm remain impenetrable to Morlhoss due to the protection of the Ring of Water). However, if memories of his past identity can be revived, it's possible that Morlhoss might be convinced that redemption awaits him should he leave Middle-earth and return to Elvenhome.

The fate of Morlhoss — and the chance to rid Middle-earth of his dark influence — rests entirely on the actions of the Player-heroes. Should they see Morlhoss in his form as a drowned Elf, they might uncover the story of his tragic demise and eventually piece together his true identity as Nindorn.

Armed with this knowledge, they could search for Faeloth and bring her to him. In the presence of his lost love, Morlhoss might find the strength to unravel the Dark Lord's web of lies and pursue the path to redemption. Alternatively, Faeloth could be persuaded to board a grey ship and leave Middle-earth — with the object of his obsession forever beyond his grasp, Morlhoss would finally see no option but to abandon the circles of this world.

UNHOUSED SPIRIT

Morlhoss is an invisible, unhoused spirit. Thanks to the Dark Lord's teachings, he possesses the ability to weave illusions and conjure visions within the minds of his enemies, as well as to stir all evil beings to action.

Those who can perceive him see Morlhoss as a young Elf with a cold, vengeful light in his eyes. His complexion is deathly pale, and his lips are blue, resembling those of a drowned corpse. When he becomes aware of someone gazing upon his true form, Morlhoss recoils in shame and tends to flee.

Being an immortal spirit, Morlhoss cannot be truly destroyed – if defeated, his essence disperses, only to reform years later in some remote location.

MORLHOSS
Secretive, Vengeful

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL	ENDURANCE	MIGHT	HATE	PARRY	ARMOUR
6	30	2	6	–	2

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: –

FELL ABILITIES: ***Bodiless.*** Morlhoss is immune to Endurance loss and Wounds from all sources of injury except magical weapons, and can spend 1 Hate to cancel a Wound from such weapons. When an attack inflicts damage to Morlhoss that would cause him to go to zero Endurance, it causes a Piercing Blow instead. Then, if Morlhoss is still alive, his Endurance score is set back at its maximum rating.

This ability is completely ineffective against Player-heroes wielding a magical weapon enchanted with spells for the Bane of the Undead.

Dreadful Spells: Slumber. Spend 1 Hate to make one Player-hero gain 3 Shadow points (Sorcery). Targets who fail their Shadow test or who are Miserable fall unconscious and may be roused only with a SONG roll. Otherwise, they wake up after one hour.

Dreadful Spells: Visions of Torment. Thanks to the Dark Lord's teachings, Morlhoss can induce terrible images of suffering in the minds of his victims, either when awake or asleep. Spend 1 Hate to make one Player-hero gain 3 Shadow points (Sorcery). If the target is unconscious, Morlhoss can cast this spell without spending Hate. Targets who fail their Shadow test or who are Miserable additionally lose a number of Endurance points equal to twice their current Shadow score. A Player-hero who is down to zero Endurance is also automatically Wounded.

Hate Sunlight. The creature loses 1 Hate at the start of each round it is exposed to the full light of the sun.

Heartless. Morlhoss is not affected by the Intimidate Foe combat task, unless a Magical success is obtained.

Invisible. Morlhoss is invisible, and AWARENESS, SCAN, and attack rolls against him *lose (2d)*, while Morlhoss's attack rolls *gain (2d)* against Player-heroes who cannot see him. A Player-hero who obtains a Magical success on an AWARENESS or SCAN roll can see Morlhoss normally and ignores all penalties for the rest of the fight.

Zagruk, the Voice From Beyond

Zagruk was born in the Orc-pits under Goblin Gate but was brought to Dol Guldur as a child. Thanks to his unusual cunning, he quickly gained the favour of the Necromancer and was chosen to serve as a living companion to Morlhoss. There, he learned sorcery and the art of concocting deadly poisons.

The Orc is Morlhoss's counterpart in the Seen world; it is with him that the Elf spirit communicates most frequently and effectively (using the *Mask of Spirits*, see box). At times, Morlhoss takes direct control of Zagruk's body, enabling him to speak and interact with the living. However, this also makes Morlhoss vulnerable to harm.

Zagruk is considered evil and ill-tempered even by Orcish standards. His skin is unevenly patched with irregular pale spots, and his face and hands are scarred with sorcerous runes of power. He walks hunched over, relying on a staff topped with an owl skull for support.

Among his possessions is a red stone pendant shaped like a mallorn flower, inscribed with the name 'Faeloth' on one side. Nindorn stole this pendant from his beloved, and it was found on his body when his corpse was washed up on the banks of the Anduin. Zagruk believes that the pendant binds Morlhoss to his loyalty to Sauron, and carries it in a pouch at all times.

THE MASK OF SPIRITS

Zagruk received this sorcerous artefact upon his appointment as a companion to Morlhoss. It is a monstrous iron mask, forged long ago in the dark lands beyond Mordor. By wearing it while performing a necromantic ritual taught to him by the Necromancer, Zagruk can allow Morlhoss to possess his body. When this occurs, the cold and distant voice of the unhoused spirit emerges from Zagruk's mouth.

ZAGRUK
Cruel, Wilful

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL	ENDURANCE	MIGHT	HATE	PARRY	ARMOUR
6	30	2	6	+2	2

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Staff 3 (4/14)

FELL ABILITIES: ***Combat Sorcerer.*** Zagruk can cast a Dreadful Spell in place of one of his attacks. If he does so, he can cast the spell without spending Hate.

Dreadful Spells: Poison Concoction. Spend 1 Hate to make one Player-hero gain 3 Shadow points (Sorcery). Targets who fail their Shadow test or who are Miserable suffer a severe Endurance loss from poison.

Thick Hide. Spend 1 Hate to *gain (2d)* on a Protection roll.

Yell of Triumph. Spend 1 Hate to restore 1 Hate to all Orcs and Undead in the fight.

Vorag the Elf-hunter

Vorag is a ruthless Orc-chieftain, renowned among his followers for slaying a massive Warg that insulted him during a raid. In a display of brutal strength and skill, Vorag defeated the beast by driving his dagger into its open mouth.

Vorag's most recent streak of victories is attributed to his alliance with Zagruk and his invisible master, Morlhoss the Dark Whisper. Zagruk has equipped Vorag and his Orcs with valuable and reliable predictions regarding enemy movements, especially those of the hated Elves.

Vorag is unaware of Morlhoss's nature and believes him to be another sinister servant of the Dark Lord.

VORAG
Brutal, Ruthless

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL: 5

ENDURANCE	MIGHT	HATE	PARRY	ARMOUR
20	1	5	+3	3

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Heavy Scimitar 3 (5/18, Break Shield), Spear 3 (4/14, Pierce)

FELL ABILITIES: ***Horrible Strength.*** If the creature scores a Piercing Blow, spend 1 Hate to make the target's Protection roll *Ill-favoured*.

Snake-like Speed. When targeted by an attack, spend 1 Hate to make the attack roll *Ill-favoured*.

Yell of Triumph. Spend 1 Hate to restore 1 Hate to all other Orcs in the fight.

Arlo Fireblaze

Arlo is a robber from Minhiriath with a notorious reputation for attacking travellers across Eriador, earning him a bounty in many towns. Obsessed with becoming "filthy rich" and retiring to the peace of the south as a free man, he believes that only the right victim stands between him and his dream.

Recently, Arlo was tricked by Zagruk and Morlhoss into believing that he is destined to discover an extraordinary treasure — a golden ring with the ability to duplicate itself each day. Consumed by this belief, he is now determined to find it at any cost.

Arlo is tall and wiry, with greasy ginger hair and a rarely trimmed moustache. His blue eyes burn with a light of greed and cruelty — traits that his men both respect and envy.

Arlo has the same profile as a **Southerner Raider** (page 146 of the core rules); his men are **Ruffians** (page 147).

Faeloth the Healer

Faeloth, a Wood-elf, was a friend to Nindorn during his life. Although she was aware of his affection for her and reciprocated his feelings, she hesitated to commit, sensing a shadow of darkness that lay between them. Her intuition proved true when Nindorn began to express an intensity that made her uneasy. Faeloth chose to step back from the relationship, distancing herself from him. Two days later, Nindorn dived into the Anduin and accidentally met his end. While she mourned him as a friend, a lingering suspicion that she had somehow caused his tragic end haunted her, leading her to withdraw from love and the affections of others thereafter. Since then, she has lived behind the fences of Lórien, the Golden Wood.

If made aware of Morlhoss's identity, Faeloth's reaction is likely to be one of utter horror. Her immediate response would be to deny the truth, but if the Player-heroes are able to calm her, she may decide to attempt to speak to Morlhoss and break the spell that holds him in slavery to Dol Guldur, even if that means a risk to her life. Although she has no love left for him, she believes there must still be some good in his heart as there was before his death, and that in the Halls of Awaiting he may receive healing and redemption.

If, by ill chance, death should come to Faeloth, her spirit immediately flies away to the West.

OCCUPATION: Healer, Herbalist

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Generous, Stern

Dark Designs of Morlhoss

Sauron sends Morlhoss to infest the routes connecting Lothlórien to Rivendell and the Grey Havens, with a primary focus on the passes across the Misty Mountains. The Dark Lord plays a long game, aware that the downfall of the Elves cannot be achieved in the span of a few years.

Below are listed some past events, along with potential developments. The Loremaster can incorporate the Player-heroes into any of the described episodes or make them the protagonists of the narrative. For example, travelling Player-heroes are likely to become targets of the unhoused spirit, especially if the Company includes Elves.

2850: NINDORN'S DEATH

Around this time the Wood-elf Nindorn dies in the Anduin. His spirit is lured to Dol Guldur by the Necromancer, where he is tortured and deceived into submission. In the same year Zagruk begins his training in sorcery under the Necromancer's tutelage.

2941: SAURON LEAVES DOL GULDUR

The Necromancer abandons Dol Guldur and returns to Mordor. Zagruk and the spirit of Nindorn hide in the deepest dungeons of the fortress.

2951: THE RINGWRAITHS RECLAIM DOL GULDUR

Sauron sends three of the Nazgûl to reoccupy Dol Guldur. They complete the subjugation of Morlhoss and the training of Zagruk.

2965: A WHISPER IN THE WIND

Morlhoss departs from Dol Guldur and begins haunting the Misty Mountains. Travellers crossing Caradhras and the High Pass are plagued by landslides and snowslides, unseasonable storms, and unusually aggressive wild beasts, as well as terrifying visions and nightmares. Rumours begin to circulate about a "dark whisper" carried on the wind in these lands.

2967: RAGE OF THE STONE-GIANTS

In the northern Misty Mountains, snowstorms collide with the unusual activity of Stone-giants, who are seen hurling rocks, blocking paths, and laying waste to everything in their path (see *The Winter-horn*, page 97).

Player-heroes spending time in Rivendell are asked to inquire about these unsettling events, especially if their Patron is Elrond, or Gilraen.

2968: THE RISE OF THE ELF-HUNTER

Zagruk strengthens his alliance with Vorag, helping him in hunting Elves travelling west and ambushing other wanderers. Captured Elves are delivered to Zagruk, where they endure torment and interrogation by Morlhoss, who is relentlessly seeking information about Faeloth.

2970: THE HOWLING OF WOLVES

Vorag forms an alliance with several packs of wild wolves, while Zagruk summons evil spirits to inhabit their bodies. As a result, this winter, Hollin becomes infested with wolves that attack travellers and occasionally cross the Glanduin and the Bruinen.

2973: TROLLS ABROAD

During the winter, spurred on by Morlhoss, Hill-trolls descend from the Trollshaws, plaguing the East Road and the lowlands of Rhudaur. They even cross into the Angle, haunting the surroundings of Rivendell. The same "dark whisper" that was felt in the mountains years before now resonates throughout the region, stirring spirits and awakening evil creatures.

2975: ATTACK ON WHITETHORN HAY

Arlo Fireblaze is convinced by Morlhoss that the golden ring he seeks is hidden at Whitethorn Hay. He launches an attack on the farm while Elf wanderers are staying there, taking them captive (see *Whitethorn Hay*, page 119).

2977: ATTACK ON DWARFERRY

The fame of Vorag, the Elf-hunter, spreads throughout the Misty Mountains, attracting numerous Orcs and Wargs to his cause. In a daring raid aimed at boosting his reputation, he leads a force against Dwarferry (see *The Ruins of Dwarferry*, page 105), intending to slaughter all the Elf-wardens, hack down the trees, and create a fire so large that it would be visible from Lórien.

2978: THE ROBBERS OF THE BIRCHWOOD

Arlo Fireblaze discovers and takes control of an Elven refuge in eastern Eriador, known as the Hill of the Dancing Birches. He and his men use this stronghold to ambush Elves travelling to the Grey Havens, still bent on finding the golden ring. From their new base, the robbers establish connections with the Orcs of Vorag, delivering prisoners in exchange for protection.

2978: SHADOWS OF THE DARK WHISPER

The Wise recognize that a singular evil will is behind the attacks on travelling Elves to the east and west of the Mountains. The Company's Patron summons the Player-heroes, asking them to investigate the nature of Morlhoss, the Dark Whisper, and his chief agents, Vorag the Elf-hunter and Arlo Fireblaze. Around this time, those hearing the dark whisper may hear the name of Faeloth spoken with a longing that borders on obsession.

2979: THE WAR CRIES OF WOLVES AND GOBLINS

In spring, Warg-riders plague the Fortalf and advance to the borders of Lórien. They retake Dwarferry and block all routes north and west of the Golden Wood. By autumn, they retreat back to the Mountains.

2980: PRISONER OF MORLHOSS

As all links to Rivendell and Lindon are severed, Celeborn and Galadriel send an envoy named Dorlas across Caradhras in winter, hoping to evade the Orcs' watch. However, he is ambushed by Vorag on the pass and captured. The Elf is brought before Zagruk and Morlhoss, where he is tortured into revealing that Faeloth still lives in Lórien. If rescued or otherwise encountered, Dorlas reveals that Morlhoss is indeed the unhoused and corrupted spirit of the Wood-elf Nindorn.

2982: FAELOTH'S LAST ROAD

Following Dorlas's capture, the Orcs' activities subside, making passage across the Mountains seem safe. A large company of Elves from Lórien, longing to depart, bands together against the advice of the Lord and Lady of Lórien and sets out for the Sea; Faeloth is among them.

Upon learning of this, Morlhoss rallies his minions and takes control of Zagruk's body to lead them into battle against the Elves.

Dorlas the Messenger

Dorlas is an emissary of Lothlórien, entrusted to carry messages to Rivendell or Mirkwood on behalf of the Lord and Lady. He is tall, well-spoken, and more wary than most Elves. A friend of Nindorn, he was aware of his affection for Faeloth and the events that unfolded — from a forceful kiss to Nindorn's reckless dive, which he hoped would regain her attention. Dorlas had advised his friend against such unrestrained passion. When he saw Nindorn's lifeless body and perceived his spirit, he was filled with dismay, uttering, *"Go! Go, now, to Mandos and do not return!"*

If the Company does not include any Elves, consider having Dorlas cross paths with them early in the story. His ability to see the Unseen can aid the group significantly, and he can open the borders of Lórien to them.

OCCUPATION: Messenger

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Compassionate, Wary

MEMORIES OF ANCIENT WOUNDS

Evil had been seen and heard there, sorrow had been known; the Elves feared and distrusted the world outside: wolves were howling on the wood's borders.

Mortals look with envy at the Elves and their eternal youth, yet they rarely comprehend that the Gift of Immortality is, in many ways, a heavy burden. While death offers mortals peace and forgetfulness from the many sorrows of life, the Firstborn know no such respite: they may lose their bodies, but their souls remain unchanged. In the Halls of Awaiting, they may find healing for their suffering, but not oblivion. The memory of their woes and wounds lingers with them forever, until the End of Time and possibly beyond.

For this reason, Elves fear suffering more than mortals do, as each new misery adds to the weight of past grievances. Sauron is well aware of this vulnerability and is determined to exploit it, aiming to manipulate and trap the Elves of Rivendell.

Imladris: like a thorn in the side of the Dark Lord, it has stood for millennia in the shadow of the Misty Mountains, defying the armies of Angmar and countless Orc-chieftains. Within its borders shines a light of wisdom and hope that the Shadow cannot extinguish. It is here, the Lord of the Rings suspects, that one of the Three Rings is kept. He suspects this, but does not know for certain, for the Elves of Rivendell are cautious, and their Master, Elrond Halfelven, never leaves the valley.

But what if he could be lured outside his fortress, his hand forced into action? What if he momentarily abandoned his wisdom and rode forth with strength to save what is most dear to him? If such a scenario could be achieved, the Dark Lord would discover whether he is indeed one of the Ringbearers — and who knows, perhaps his servants could even manage to recover one of the remaining Three.

THE TORMENT OF CELEBRÍAN

More than four hundred years ago, Celebrían — the daughter of Galadriel and Celeborn of Lothlórien, and wife of Elrond Halfelven — was waylaid by Orcs from Moria while crossing the Redhorn Pass and captured. Her sons, Elladan and Elrohir rode to her rescue and found her, but not before she had

suffered torment at the hands of the Orcs. While Elrond's healing arts restored her body, they could do nothing to mend her wounded spirit. The following year, Celebrían sought the Grey Havens and crossed the Sea.

The loss of Celebrían is deeply felt by all who knew and wished to protect her, but none more so than her twin sons, Elladan and Elrohir. They were the ones who rescued her from the enemy and witnessed her wounds while still fresh. This memory burns within them like a fierce fire, fuelling an unprecedented hatred for Orcs and all the servants of the Shadow among the Elves of this Age.

These tragic events have made Elrond and his sons fiercely protective of Arwen, who always travels to Lothlórien under special escort. The mere thought of her suffering the same fate as her mother frightens them to the point of clouding their judgement. This vulnerability is one that Sauron plans to exploit.

The Revenge of the Weasel-lady

Cauthlin is a spirit of deception who has dwelt in Middle-earth since its creation. She long served Morgoth, and after his defeat, she found a new Master in Sauron. A thousand and six hundred years ago, during the wars between Arnor and Angmar, Cauthlin acted as a spy for the Witch-king, inflicting great suffering on the Elves of Rivendell until she was ensnared and slain by three heroes: Elladan drove an arrow through her leg, Elrohir pierced her arm with his spear, and their companion Glinnel stabbed her heart with a blade forged by Damron the Smith for her destruction.

Cauthlin's material form perished, but her disembodied spirit endured. After long centuries, Sauron found her again and clothed her in a new form, offering a chance to exact revenge on the hated Elves of Imladris. The weasel-spirit plans to stalk, deceive, and trap them, killing a few to wound many. What better target to satisfy her wrath than harming the Evenstar, sister to Elladan and Elrohir, the beautiful and beloved embodiment of Lúthien from the Elder Days, who shines in the twilight of her kin? Cauthlin is determined to take her revenge fully and revel in it.

Elf-wardens and Fell Creatures

Cauthlin is powerful and has many weapons in her arsenal, and a powerful ally — Daegûr, the Shadow of Death. Between the weasel-spirit and her revenge stand once again Elladan and Elrohir, Damron the Smith and their friend Glinnel (and the Player-heroes, of course…).

Cauthlin

Cauthlin, the Weasel-spirit

Cauthlin is not confined to a single material form. She is a master of shapes and hues, with a particular affinity for red. She can assume the form of any beast, Man, or Elf she has encountered. When she doesn't need a disguise, she typically takes the shape of a red-coated weasel the size of a wolf or the form of an Elf woman with long red hair.

The weasel-spirit is as ancient as she is devious, a true master of deception. She can pose as a maiden in distress or a curious cat, luring her targets close before striking suddenly at their throats. She knows no shame or remorse, and her dedication to Sauron is only tempered by her insatiable thirst for vengeance and her considerable pride.

She favours manipulation over brute force, often engaging her foes in conversation to divide them or sway them from their goals. A consummate liar, she has no regard for promises and willingly enters into binding pacts, without any intention of honouring her side of any agreement. When violence is necessary, she sends Orcs, Trolls, or wild beasts against her foes to distract them and make them easier targets for her poisoned arrows or sneak attacks.

Cauthlin's primary weakness is her thirst for vengeance. Just as she plans to lure Elrond by threatening or capturing his children, she can also be baited into a trap by offering her a chance to confront those who caused her defeat: Elladan, Elrohir, Damron, or Glinnel. Another vulnerability is her pride; she tends to overestimate her capabilities and, if she believes she can win, she never turns down a challenge — even though she does everything she can to cheat.

IMMORTAL SPIRIT

As an Immortal Spirit, Cauthlin cannot be truly killed. If she is slain by conventional means, her body perishes, but her spirit endures, allowing necromancy to enable her to inhabit another body. However, if she is slain with the black dagger, Methacharn, her exile from the world of the living is extended for at least a thousand years. Having encountered a similar dagger before, the mere sight of Methacharn is enough to make her flee in terror.

CAUTHLIN
Cruel, Deceitful

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL 7

ENDURANCE	MIGHT	HATE	PARRY	ARMOUR
40	2	7	+1	2

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: ***In weasel form:*** Bite 3 (5/16, Pierce), Claws 3 (5/14, Seize); ***In woman form:*** Great Bow 3 (4/16, Pierce), Great Spear 3 (5/16, Pierce)

FELL ABILITIES: ***Disappear.*** Cauthlin can spend 1 Hate to turn invisible until she attacks. While invisible, AWARENESS, SCAN, and attack rolls against her *lose (2d)*, while Cauthlin's attack rolls *gain (2d)* against Player-heroes who cannot see her. A Player-hero who obtains a Magical success on an AWARENESS or SCAN roll can see Cauthlin normally and ignores all penalties for the rest of the fight.

Dreadful Spells: Spells of Deception. Spend 1 Hate to make 1 Player-hero gain 3 Shadow points (Sorcery). Targets who fail their Shadow test or are Miserable experience visions that trick them into attacking their own companions. During their next turn, the Player-hero must choose an ally within range and spend their main action to make an attack roll against their own STRENGTH TN, modified only by the Parry modifier of the shield carried by the ally (if any). On a successful attack roll, any Success icons must be spent to trigger a Heavy Blow, or a Pierce if the weapon allows it and this would produce a Piercing Blow.

Snake-like Speed. When targeted by an attack, spend 1 Hate to make the attack roll *Ill-favoured*.

Shapeshift. Cauthlin can shapeshift into any four-legged beast. She may also take the form of any known person or animal: an INSIGHT roll may be attempted by Player-heroes to tell the original from the copy. In any of her forms she displays an element of red — either her fur or hair or clothing.

Spirit. Spend 1 Hate to cancel a Wound. When an attack inflicts damage to the creature that would cause it to go to zero Endurance, it causes a Piercing Blow instead. Then, if the creature is still alive, its Endurance score is set back at half its maximum rating. This ability is ineffective against Player-heroes wielding any magical weapon.

Poison. If an attack with Cauthlin's Great Bow results in a Wound, the target is also poisoned (Grievous poison; see page 134 of *The One Ring*).

Daegûr, the Shadow of Death

Uncounted centuries ago, the Great Enemy bred monstrous birds in the rookeries of Angband. Created in mockery of the Great Eagles, these gigantic birds of prey possessed wide wings, sharp talons, and serrated beaks. Their black feathers were as hard as iron, sending sparks flying when their wings scraped against each other, enabling them to set entire forests ablaze. They could not emit a sound — legends say Morgoth struck them dumb when he grew weary of their screeching voices.

The greatest calamity among such monsters was recently summoned from the North by the Necromancer, and she has been promised an eyrie of her own among the peaks of the Hithaeglir. Daegûr is her name, and she is under the command of Cauthlin. The creature only half-believes the lies of Sauron, but the weasel-spirit's plans intrigue her. Still, she remains primarily concerned about her own survival and will quickly abandon and betray Cauthlin should she fear for her life.

Daegûr is an old but powerful monster. She flies only for short stretches, preferring to stop on hilltops or large treetops while fanning the flames ignited by her own sparks with her great wings. If seriously wounded, she will summon her remaining strength to soar above her enemies and escape.

DAEGÛR
Cruel, Lazy

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL 8

ENDURANCE	MIGHT	HATE	PARRY	ARMOUR
60	2	8	—	3

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Talons 3 (6/16, Seize), Beak 2 (8/18, Pierce)

FELL ABILITIES: ***Deadly Wound.*** Wounded targets make an *Ill-favoured* Feat die roll to determine the severity of their Injury.

Dull-witted. Player-heroes can attempt a special combat task against the creature while in Forward stance. The acting player makes a RIDDLE roll as the main action for the round: on a success, Daegûr loses 1 point of Hate, plus 1 point for each Success icon ᛉ rolled.

Ghastly Wings. The creature can attack any Player-hero, in any combat stance, including Rearward.

Snake-like Speed. When targeted by an attack, spend 1 Hate to make the attack roll *Ill-favoured*.

Thick Hide. Spend 1 Hate to *gain (2d)* on a Protection roll.

Elladan and Elrohir

The twin sons of Elrond share command of the Elf-wardens of Imladris, following the death of their former captain, Arothir, who was killed by Cauthlin. In this position, they frequently venture abroad to hunt Orcs and other fell creatures or to lead scouting expeditions and diplomatic embassies.

While they respect the orders of their father, Elrond, and those of Glorfindel, the lieutenant and herald of Rivendell, they are far more eager to engage in the affairs of the world than the older Elves of the Vale.

See page 39 for further details on Elladan and Elrohir.

Glinnel the Slayer

When Glinnel was young, she played in Imladris with the sons of Elrond, riding and hunting among the hills. Like Elladan and Elrohir, she became an Elf-warden — one of unparalleled skill. Then, there came a dark time when the enemy drew closer to Imladris, and Cauthlin began to stalk the dells, picking off Glinnel's companions one by one. On a fateful day, she witnessed the weasel-lady strike her mentor, Arothir, the brother of Damron the Smith, with a red-feathered arrow. At that moment, something broke within the Elf-maiden, and she swore that Cauthlin would never harm those she loved again.

At long last, Elladan and Elrohir trapped Cauthlin, but it was Glinnel who delivered the killing blow with Methacharn, a black blade forged by Damron the Smith specifically for that purpose. The dagger fed on her hatred, leaving Glinnel empty afterwards, as if something essential had gone out of her forever. Such was the price of wielding Methacharn.

Glinnel is now stern and grim, rarely staying among other Elves. Instead, she prefers to wander the land alone or with a few companions, hunting fell beasts and dark creatures. In her mind, there is only the Shadow and the need to keep Imladris secret and safe.

OCCUPATION: Warden

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Stern, Loner

Dark Schemes of Cauthlin

Cauthlin has a long history with Rivendell. Though she has served different masters at various times, her hatred for the Elves of Imladris has become deeply personal, prompting her to act with independence and initiative against them.

Below are some relevant past events, along with potential developments that might arise if Cauthlin successfully carries out her dark schemes. The Loremaster can incorporate the Player-heroes into any of the described episodes or make them the protagonists of the narrative, with some examples provided in the text.

1356: RIVENDELL BESIEGED

The forces of Angmar and Rhudaur close in on Rivendell. Cauthlin first appears.

1401: AROTHIR'S DEMISE

Arothir, Damron's brother and Glinnel's mentor, is killed by a poisoned arrow shot by Cauthlin. Shortly after, the weasel-spirit is slain by Elladan, Elrohir, and Glinnel. The encirclement of Rivendell is broken, as the Elves of Rivendell and Lindon ride against their foes and drive them out of Rhudaur.

2509: CELEBRÍAN'S ORDEAL

Celebrían is waylaid and captured by Orcs, before her sons free her. She departs Middle-earth the following year, seeking healing in Aman.

THE BLADE METHACHARN

This short sword was forged by Damron, the smith of Imladris, as a tool to exact vengeance on the killer of Arothir, his brother. The smith forged it using iron that fell from heaven as a blazing star, and employing knowledge he once gained from the Lord of Gifts himself, long ago in Eregion.

The virtue of Methacharn lies in its ability to sever the spirit of a living creature from its flesh so profoundly that it would take at least a thousand years for the spirit to find a new body. However, this power comes at a cost, as the blade feeds on anger and hatred, leaving deep scars on the wielder's spirit.

- Methacharn is a short sword of Elven Craftsmanship, whose only Bane is Cauthlin. It has the Superior Fell, Superior Keen, and Foe-slaying Enchanted Rewards. However, every wound caused by the blade gives the wielder 3 Shadow points (Sorcery). If the blade is used to slain Cauthlin, it melts and the wielder additionally gains 1 Shadow Scar.

The first Methacharn was forged a thousand years ago, and Glinnel used it to slay Cauthlin. The blade melted after inflicting the deadly wound, and Elrond forbade Damron from forging another under the threat of exile. Yet, Damron might still consider the demise of the Weasel-lady worth the sacrifice. However, neither Elladan nor Elrohir will defy their father to wield the blade, and Glinnel refuses to endure that sacrifice again. So, who will dare to use the black blade?

2965: THE RETURN OF THE WEASEL-SPIRIT

Dark things multiply on the outskirts of Rivendell, with wolves roaming the dells in autumn and spring. Several Elf-wardens fall victim to strange accidents, while others report sightings of a red-furred weasel watching them, fuelling rumours that the spirit Cauthlin has returned.

During this time, the Elf-wardens guarding Imladris become more hostile than usual toward strangers found near Rivendell, driven by fear that Cauthlin may disguise herself among them.

2966: THE SIEGE OF WAILINGHOLE

In early summer, Glinnel leads a party of Elf-wardens north into the Coldfells to investigate a ruined hill-fort recently occupied by marauding Orcs. They are ambushed and retreat to the hill of Iailech, where they find themselves besieged (see *The Wailinghole*, on page 94) by a force led by an Elf-woman in red, armed with a bow — Cauthlin has indeed returned to threaten Rivendell. Upon her return to Imladris, Glinnel secretly asks Damron to forge a new Methacharn, but the smith refuses.

2970: THE WAYLAYING OF THE EVENSTAR

Arwen travels from Lothlórien to Rivendell with a large escort led by her brothers, Elladan and Elrohir. if the Company's Patron is Elrond, the Player-heroes are asked to join. Along their journey, a heavy fog envelops the company, and a shadow of terror falls upon the steeds, scattering the riders.

As Arwen seeks protection, someone in the guise of Elladan approaches her. However, Elrohir (or a Player-hero) recognizes the deception and drives the impostor off. Later, a poisoned arrow strikes Arwen's horse, which dies shortly after. The company hastens towards Rivendell. The impostor and the archer are identified as Cauthlin. Elrond's sons, along with Glinnel, ask for scouting parties to scour the mountains and hunt her down, but Elrond forbids it.

2971: A TRAP IS TRIGGERED

Another group of Elf-wardens is found dead, prompting Elladan, Elrohir, and Glinnel to defy Elrond's command and leave Rivendell in pursuit of Cauthlin. Following her trail into the mountains, they reach a remote valley, where they are ambushed by Orcs. In the ensuing battle, Glinnel is slain, and Elrohir is wounded.

2972: NO PLACE IS SAFE ANY MORE

If Cauthlin has so far managed to skulk freely around Rivendell, she accomplishes the unthinkable by discovering the location of the Last Homely House and finding a way inside through the secret path at Glauria (see *The Vineyards of Glauria*, page 91). On a moonless night, she descends the

mountainside in weasel form. Player-heroes in Rivendell may have a chance to discover her.

Otherwise, talon marks are later found on the window of Arwen's room. The Elves intensify their hunt for Cauthlin to prevent her from revealing Rivendell's location. However, she deliberately delays reporting to Sauron, driven by a desire to pursue her own personal vengeance.

2973: THE COMING OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

Summoned by Sauron, Daegûr leaves her eyrie in the frozen North and slowly reaches the peaks above the High Pass.

2973: CONFRONTATION AT THE BLACK LAKE

Having found tracks indicating Cauthlin's recent passage, Elladan and Elrohir, acting against their father's orders, set out to hunt her. They ask the Player-heroes to join them in their rebellion. They trace the trail of the weasel-spirit high in the mountains, at the Black Lake, where they are ambushed by Daegûr. The Elves of Rivendell suffer a terrible defeat.

Damron begins to forge a new Methacharn.

THE LAST RESORT

If Cauthlin and Daegûr seem poised to achieve a definitive victory, Elrond Halfelven resorts to a desperate measure, wielding the power of Vilya, the mightiest of the Three. He summons a great wind and commands the river to rise in fury. A raging storm unleashes waves of water, wood, and stones, sweeping through the valley and washing away the monster and everything else in its path.

Unfortunately, such a formidable display of power is likely to signal the Ring's presence to the servants of the Dark Lord, for his spies are many.

Damron

2974: THE FORGING OF THE BLACK BLADE

Damron completes the forging of Methacharn, and discreetly asks one of the Player-heroes to wield it, as the sons of Elrond won't defy their father's orders.

Meanwhile, Cauthlin calls Daegûr down the mountains to devastate the upper vales of Bruinen. The woods on the slopes of the mountains are all kindled, and high columns of smoke rise into the sky, marking the slow advance of the great monster.

Elrond assembles a group of heroes to slay the monster. As they approach the creature, waiting for them on a naked hill rising at the bottom of a deep valley, they remain unaware that Cauthlin is hidden nearby, poised to pick them off one by one with her red-feathered arrows.

Old Hatreds May Still Breed War

"Indeed in nothing is the power of the Dark Lord more clearly shown than in the estrangement that divides all those who still oppose him."

More than a thousand years have passed since the Elves of Lindon rode to battle, achieving great deeds and winning glory. Now, at last, there is peace — a long, quiet peace in which everyone may pursue their heart's desires in craft or idleness. Yet, some look upon the troubled past with fascination: the younger Elves, heirs of great heroes, know war only from the songs of minstrels and feel the burden of living in the shadow of their ancestors.

Princess Noredhel, daughter of Lady Naedind of Ost Breniellin, along with her lover Arblaud, are among the restless Elves. During their childhood they dreamed of equalling the famous Elves of the past. Playing with wooden swords and duelling with trees, they pretended to face Trolls and Balrogs. Yet, when they spoke openly of their dreams, their elders reproached them for overlooking the sorrows that war brings.

But what do the elders know of peace eternal, of giving up glory to grow old in the dusk of Ages? Arblaud and Noredhel gathered a few like-minded friends, and one day, they left their palace in northern Forlindon in search of adventure. From Ost Breniellin, they rode east towards the Mountains and the desolate lands where Angmar once ruled.

There, at last, they found the challenge they were seeking, but on that day, they also learned the sorrow of defeat and the pain of losing friends in battle. On the foothills of Mount Gram, the young Elves were surrounded by Orcs. Arblaud urged his lover Noredhel to flee, while the others covered her escape. Noredhel returned home alone; her companions were lost to the darkness of Mount Gram.

Yet the young Elves did not perish: the Orcs took them captive. Many years later, one of them returns to tell a tale of horror and escape from the Orcs' warrens. Thus, this tale unfolds, and another scheme of the Dark Lord is set in motion.

The Survivor

Arblaud returns to Ost Breniellin after many years and beyond all hope, riding a lone and weary horse. As he reaches the borders of the Elf-land, wardens find him and bring him home. He bears the scars of torture and recounts a story of terror: how he and his companions became slaves to Radgul, the Orc-chieftain of Mount Gram (see *Ruins of the Lost Realm*, page 101). One by one, they succumbed to torment

THE DISPOSSESSED

There are events seldom recalled among the Elves, as their memories are too bitter, yet the books of lore still record them: the Kinslayings. There were three such events, in which Elves of the House of Fëanor murdered other Elves out of pride and greed. Though mighty among the Firstborn, they lost their claim to the Kingship of the Noldor due to these rash acts, and most of them perished before the end of the Second Age.

Yet, scions of that accursed House live on in the Third Age. Lady Naedind dwells in the northern reaches of Forlindon, away from the affairs of Elves, Dwarves, and Men, for the stain of the Kinslayings cannot be easily washed away, and the memory of the Elves does not fade. She chooses not to forget the unforgivable deeds of her ancestors, carrying the burden of their sins and swearing that such acts shall never be repeated.

and exhaustion until only Arblaud remained. He tells of how, one day, when the Orcs were drunk after a feast, he managed to slay the gaol master, steal his keys, and make his escape.

The tale of Arblaud inflames the spirit of the young Elves of Forlindon — his sacrifice for Princess Noredhel, enduring captivity, avenging his companions, and ultimately escaping — this is a deed worthy of the heroes of old. Noredhel, more than anyone, sides with her lover.

However, Lady Naedind is concerned, aware that this tale may awaken a dangerous desire in those who hear it — a longing to renew the glory of the Eldar, ignoring that their time of involvement in the affairs of Middle-earth has ended.

The Fate of Arblaud

The fate of the captives was almost exactly as Arblaud recounted, with one crucial difference — he was allowed to escape. When Radgul captured the Elves, they were thrown into the haunted dungeons of his fortress, where they were tormented for weeks by the servant of Sauron that lurks there — the Evil in the Shadows. Four of them perished from their suffering, but Arblaud was spared, for the Dark Lord had other plans.

Reduced to a dispirited wretch, Arblaud could hardly believe his eyes when the gaol master returned to the dungeons drunk and left his cell open. Seizing the opportunity, he slit the Orc's throat with the creature's own dagger and escaped. Pursued by Orcs through twisting tunnels, he eventually reached one of Mount Gram's most remote armouries, buried deep within the mountain's roots.

There, he saw a wealth of weapons and armour clearly forged by Dwarves, amassed in preparation for war, along with heaps of gold and artefacts of great value. Hearing his pursuers closing in, Arblaud managed to grab a golden belt of Elven make that captured his attention — a belt of Fire-warding, a marvellous artefact that the Elves of Lindon had gifted to the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains centuries before!

Unbeknownst to Arblaud, his escape was orchestrated by Radgul, under command by Sauron himself. The Dark Lord knew that by allowing Arblaud to witness the presence of Dwarven treasure filling the armouries of Mount Gram, he would plant a seed of discord deep within the Elf's mind. Few who walk the lands of Middle-earth today are aware that Mount Gram was once a stronghold of Durin's Folk, already laden with countless swords, axes, and ancient Dwarven gold…

In his desperation, upon seeing the armouries, Arblaud arrived at a simpler conclusion — the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains must be secretly in league with the Orcs of Mount Gram!

THE TALE OF THE DRAGON-BELT

This is a magnificent belt crafted by the Elves of Lindon, made of red-dyed dragon-hide, adorned with golden circles and a buckle shaped like a dragon's head. It was a gift from Naedind's father to one of Vestri's ancestors after they fought together in the same battle.

Three decades ago, Vestri, the current Lord of Copperhall, was travelling along the Great East Road when he and his companions were captured by Orcs. Radgul, shrewder than many of his brethren and possibly more greedy, saw an opportunity for gain and demanded a kingly ransom from Vestri's father, Lord Vindi. In exchange for his beloved son, the Dwarf-lord begrudgingly surrendered the Belt of Fire-warding to Radgul, a shameful act kept secret between the Dwarf-lord and his closest advisors.

The belt was one of the greatest treasures of Vestri's lineage, and the mere suggestion that it was given as tribute to the Orcs is a grave affront to the Dwarves' pride and heritage.

Lady Naedind is aware that the belt was given to the Dwarves as a gift from her father, but unlike Arblaud, she doesn't jump to conclusions. Instead, she intends to learn more about the fate of the Dragon-belt as soon as she gets the opportunity, possibly with the help of the Player-heroes.

- The Dragon-belt is a Marvellous Artefact with a Blessing of AWE. In addition, it reduces all Endurance loss from fire by one level (grievous to severe, severe to moderate, moderate to none).

The Seed of Discord

As Lady Naedind feared, Arblaud's tale earns admiration for his courage but also stirs a longing for bold deeds among his followers. He fans the flames of rebellion, scornfully criticising those cravens who sit by the fire singing of past victories while the enemies of the Elves continue to thrive. Arblaud challenges the young Elves to prove their valour and worth, warning them to heed not the advice of older Elves whose inner flames have long since died out.

Lady Naedind

Before long, Arblaud gathers many followers and speaks resentful words against the Lady of Ost Breniellin herself, Naedind, Noredhel's mother: *"A ruler should lead by example, not hide in a house full of shadows. Our Lady dishonours her ancestors. Our people deserve better than this."*

When Lady Naedind summons Arblaud to her hall to answer for his dangerous words, he seizes the opportunity to make his grand revelation and accuse the Dwarves of black treachery:

"Know this, O proud Elves of the West! During my time at Mount Gram, I witnessed the raiment of war, crafted by Dwarven hands, in the hoard of the Orc-chieftain! Swords, axes, spears, and coats of mail — so numerous that they cannot merely be the spoils of battle. The Naugrim are in league with the enemy, I tell you! If you do not believe my words, at least believe your eyes!" With these words, Arblaud unveils the golden belt he had snatched during his escape. *"This was a gift that the father of our Lady Naedind, gave to the ancestor of Vestri, Lord of Copperhall, centuries ago. Why was it lying in the filth of our enemies' warrens? The Dwarves pay tribute to the Orcs of Mount Gram!"*

The words of Arblaud are met with roaring approval by the younger Elves of Ost Breniellin. Before Naedind can respond, his followers spirit him out of the Hall, acclaiming him as their leader against the Dwarves. They turn a deaf ear to the sensible words of their elders, believing Arblaud because he speaks what they have secretly longed to hear.

The seeds of suspicion and hatred have been sown, and northern Lindon braces itself for dark times.

Pawns and Other Pieces

Arblaud the Elf is the central figure in this unfortunate tale. With the help of Princess Noredhel, he risks inciting a conflict that could lead the Elves of Ost Brenielin to defy the authority of the Council of Lindon and start a war with the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains.

THERE WILL BE HARD HANDSTROKES NIGH AT HAND ERE THE DAY IS FULL

In this section, some characters are given full stats because it is likely that the Player-heroes may find themselves at odds with one or both factions. As heroes, they should strive to keep the peace, but Arblaud's accusations and the long-standing enmity between different folks may well force the Company into conflict.

Note that both Dwarves and Elves have a Resolve score, as they are not servants of the Enemy. Refer to page 143 of the *The One Ring* core rules to understand the consequences of fighting adversaries with a Resolve score.

Lady Naedind

Lady Naedind traces her lineage back to the proud yet tragic House of Fëanor, the Dispossessed. Amidst the northernmost, wind-swept reaches of Lindon, she holds sway over the remnant of her kin. Though by right of heritage she is a Queen, in her humility, she refrains from claiming such a title.

She yearns to cross the Sea and follow her husband who departed to the Uttermost West before her. Yet, alas, she cannot, for she deems Noredhel too young and naive to succeed her. Now, with the return of Arblaud, all her fears have taken form, and the shadows of past misdeeds loom ominously, threatening to be committed once more. Against madness and fury, Naedind steadfastly refuses to wield the same weapons. She is determined to set things right, and to do so in the proper manner, by proving Arblaud wrong before her daughter and her people.

Naedind stands tall and lithe, yet straight and strong. Her long, cropped dark hair is crowned by a simple circlet of gold. Her pale beauty, renowned even among the Elves, is veiled with a layer of weariness and sorrow, rendering her visage all the more noble to behold.

OCCUPATION: Ruler

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Honourable, True-hearted

PHINIDAEG, THE HAIR-SPLITTER

This ancient sword, crafted by the High Elves for the wars against the Great Enemy, is said to be so keen that it can split a falling hair resting upon its edge, even after the fury of battle. Its hilt is decorated with gold and diamonds, shimmering with the light of ages past.

The blade Phinidaeg is an ancient family heirloom, kept under lock and key in the treasure chamber of Ost Brenielin. Lady Naedind refuses to wield it, staying true to her decision to forsake her cursed heritage. However, should she recognize someone among the Player-heroes as her champion, she may consider giving it to them, a decision that would certainly enrage Arblaud even more.

- Phinidaeg is a long sword of Elven Craftsmanship with the Bane of Orcs. It has the Superior Keen, Cleaving, and Fell Enchanted Rewards.

Noredhel Flame-eyed

Tall and fair, with shining hazel eyes and long dark hair, Noredhel is the last scion of her great line. As her mother, she descends directly from the First High King of the Noldor. Raised on tales of valour and mighty deeds, she witnessed none herself and begrudges her mother, viewing her as overprotective and, in her eyes, craven. In Arblaud, she sees all she longs to be: strong, generous, and beloved by their people. Her love for him blinds her to any counsel of wisdom, rendering her utterly incapable of doubting her lover.

Noredhel remains a good-hearted Elf; she respects the nobility of both blood and deed, holding her word as sacred. She does not suffer fell deeds lightly, yet she eagerly rises to any challenge set against her or Arblaud.

NOREDHEL
Eager, Faithful

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL: 6

ENDURANCE	MIGHT	RESOLVE	PARRY	ARMOUR
30	2	6	+2	3

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Long Sword 3 (5/16), Great Bow 3 (4/16, Pierce)

FELL ABILITIES: ***Wavering.*** Player-heroes can attempt a special combat task against Noredhel while in Defensive stance. The acting player makes a PERSUADE roll as the main action for the round: on a success, Noredhel loses 1 point of Resolve, plus 1 point for each Success icon ᘔ rolled.

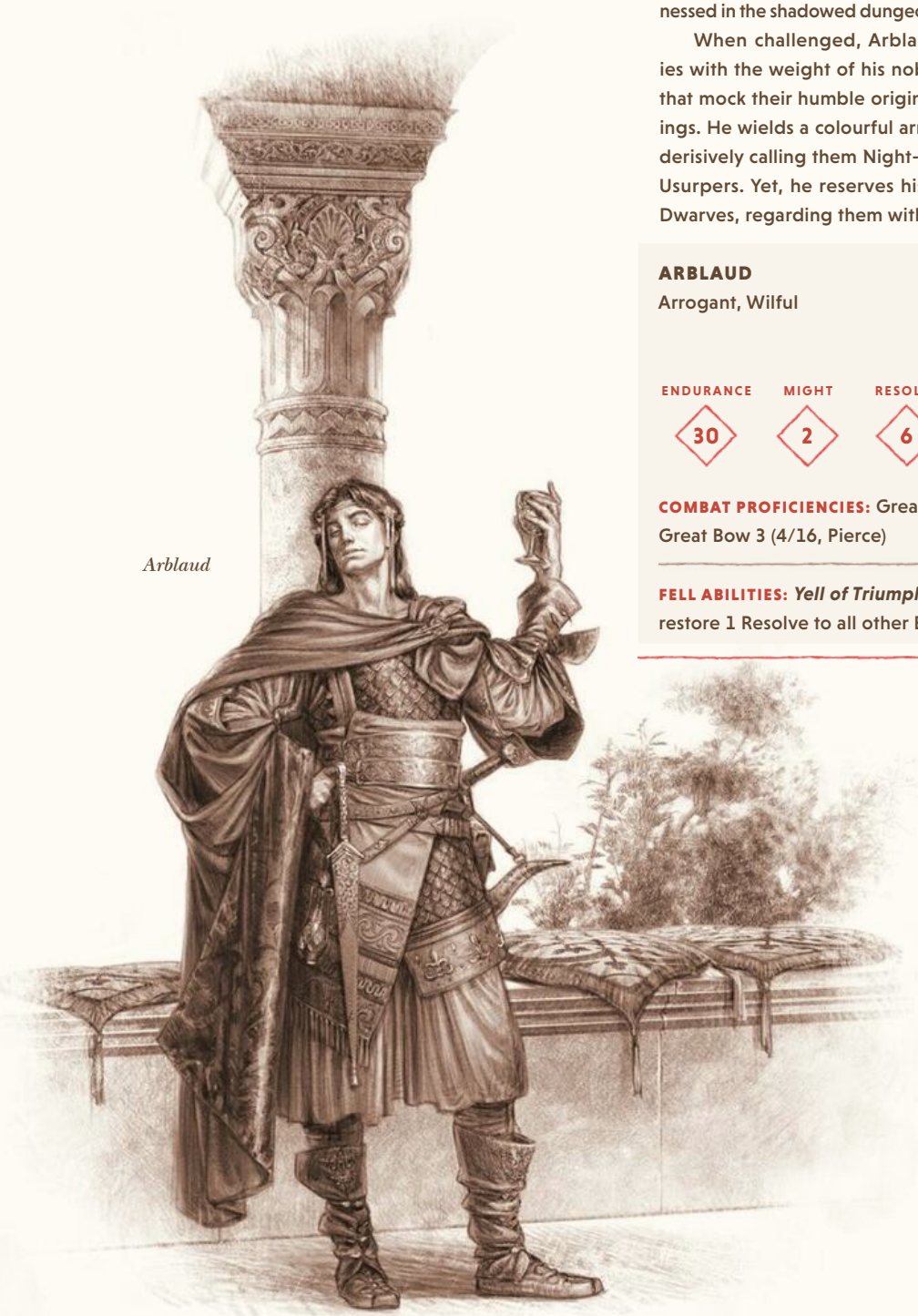
Noredhel

Arblaud the Misguided

Arblaud is tall, strong, and handsome, his dark blue eyes shimmering with charm beneath a mane of jet-black hair. He adorns himself as a warrior and hunter, yet does not forsake his noble status, embellishing his attire with damasked weapons, precious jewels, and bright fabrics that lend him the appearance of one of the heroes of old. Hardly ever alone, he is accompanied by a throng of admirers, with Noredhel herself standing foremost among them.

Proud beyond all reason, Arblaud is blind to any counsel save his own. He truly believes that the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains are allied with Mount Gram, holding fast to the conviction that there is no reason to doubt what he has witnessed in the shadowed dungeons of that cursed stronghold.

When challenged, Arblaud confronts his adversaries with the weight of his noble ancestry, hurling barbs that mock their humble origins and perceived shortcomings. He wields a colourful array of monikers for mortals, derisively calling them Night-fearers, Death-cursed, and Usurpers. Yet, he reserves his harshest epithets for the Dwarves, regarding them with particular disdain.



Arblaud

ARBLAUD
Arrogant, Wilful

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL 6

ENDURANCE	MIGHT	RESOLVE	PARRY	ARMOUR
30	2	6	+1	3

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Great Spear 3 (5/16, Pierce), Great Bow 3 (4/16, Pierce)

FELL ABILITIES: ***Yell of Triumph.*** Spend 1 Resolve to restore 1 Resolve to all other Elves in the fight.

Vestri, Son of Vindi

The Lord of the Dwarves of Copperhall is a figure of great strength, even by the standards of his stout kin. His flaming beard is well-trimmed, and his shining blue eyes sparkle with mirth. For generations, he and his folk have toiled deep within the mines, delving for copper, yet they cherish the memory of their lineage tracing back to the valiant warriors of Belegost. One of their forebears entered the annals of legend for striking a Dragon at its throat in battle. For this courageous deed, he was honoured with the Belt of Fire-warding, bestowed upon him by a mighty Elf-lord — Naedind's father.

Vestri harbours a special hatred for Orcs, born of his time as the prisoner of Radgul, when he suffered the bitter shame of being ransomed by his late father. He holds no yearning for adventure or battle, yet the affront to his name and that of his people weighs heavily upon him. In his eyes, Arblaud is naught but a black liar, his words as treacherous as the Orcs he despises.

VESTRI
Proud, Vengeful

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL: 6

ENDURANCE	MIGHT	RESOLVE	PARRY	ARMOUR
30	2	6	—	3

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Great Axe 3 (7/20, Break Shield)

FELL ABILITIES: ***Thick Armour.*** Spend 1 Resolve to *gain (1d)* on a Protection roll.

Yell of Triumph. Spend 1 Resolve to restore 1 Resolve to all other Dwarves in the fight.

Followers of Arblaud and Noredhel

These are the younger denizens of Ost Breniellin — Elves born in the Third Age, descending from ancient lords and heroes of the past. They follow Arblaud and Noredhel, believing these leaders will restore the glories of their House and reclaim their rightful place among the peoples of Middle-earth. These Elves are proficient warriors; they are proud and occasionally arrogant, but not evil.

FOLLOWERS OF ARBLAUD AND NOREDHEL
Proud, Swift

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL: 5

ENDURANCE	MIGHT	RESOLVE	PARRY	ARMOUR
20	1	5	+2	2

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Sword 3 (4/16), Bow 2 (3/14, Pierce)

FELL ABILITIES: ***Wavering.*** Player-heroes can attempt a special combat task against the creature while in Defensive stance. The acting player makes a PERSUADE roll as the main action for the round: on a success, the creature loses 1 point of Resolve, plus 1 point for each Success icon ᘔ rolled.

Dwarves of Copperhall

The warriors of Copperhall are primarily miners and smiths who have been summoned to fight by their Lord. Once driven to battle, they can be relentless, and the insults delivered by the Elves ignite a fierce rage within them. While they are not wicked, they are susceptible to taunting and may overreact to insults from the Elves, allowing their anger to cloud their judgement.

DWARVES OF COPPERHALL
Fierce, Vengeful

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL: 5

ENDURANCE	MIGHT	RESOLVE	PARRY	ARMOUR
20	1	5	+1	3

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Axe 3 (5/18)

FELL ABILITIES: ***Wavering.*** Player-heroes can attempt a special combat task against the creature while in Defensive stance. The acting player makes a PERSUADE roll as the main action for the round: on a success, the creature loses 1 point of Resolve, plus 1 point for each Success icon ᘔ rolled.

The Dark Years of Forlindon

Like a small stone that can set in motion a great landslide, the seemingly simple scheme devised by Radgul and Sauron threatens to ignite ancient hatreds into the flames of open war. For there are few sights that please Sauron more than witnessing his enemies bring ruin upon themselves, their strife serving his dark ambitions.

Below are some past events listed along with potential developments. The Player-heroes are considered to take an active part in the plot, aiding Naedind to prevent Forlindon from falling into chaos. Whether they choose to limit themselves to providing advice or take direct action is up to the players.

2935: THE RANSOM OF A DWARF-PRINCE

Vestri of Copperhall is captured by the Orcs of Mount Gram. His father, Lord Vindi, ransoms him with a marvellous artefact, the Dragon-belt of Lindon.

2945: A TRAGIC ADVENTURE

Arblaud, Noredhel and three other companions leave Ost Breniellin to seek adventure in the lands of old Angmar. They are ambushed by Orcs. Noredhel escapes, the others are taken captive and tortured in the dungeons of Mount Gram.

2965: ARBLAUD'S HOMECOMING

Arblaud returns to Lindon. Back at Ost Breniellin, he tells a tale of sorrow and heroism, and speaks bitter words against his folk. When Lady Naedind cautions him against seeding discord, he openly denounces the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains as traitors, inciting action against them. Lady Naedind forbids it.

To involve them in the story since its inception, the Player-heroes may be the ones that find Arblaud as he seeks his way back to Ost Breniellin, or they may be present when he tells his tale. Elven Player-heroes are asked to express their allegiance, while foreigners are threatened with expulsion, unless they side with Naedind.

2966: INCIDENT AT THE FORD

In spring, Arblaud, Noredhel and their companions waylay Vestri, Lord of Copperhall, as he travels to visit the Lord of Forlond. They stop him and his retinue at the ford of the Linduin, and accuse him of being an Orc-friend. Vestri calls Arblaud a bandit and a liar. The argument turns into a fight, and the Elves have the upper hand. Two Dwarves are killed, and Noredhel lets Vestri go only after cutting his beard in scorn.

In the aftermath of the incident, Lady Naedind seeks to learn more about the supposed treachery of the Dwarves. If the Player-heroes have earned her trust, she sends them to investigate Mount Gram further. They might travel to the White Towers to consult the library of Elostirion, or that of the Arantarion at the Grey Havens (see page 14), or even to Rivendell. The personal library of Elrond (see page 37) is the most likely source of information about Mount Gram, as the details of its loss are not widely known by others than the Dwarves.

If the Player-heroes enquire about it, they discover the forgotten history of Mount Gram and learn that it was once a Dwarven stronghold, lost in one of the countless wars between Dwarves and Orcs, a fact that explains the presence of a Dwarven hoard and armoury.

2966: A NEW LADY IN THE NORTH

When the events at the Ford of the Linduin come to light, the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains cry out for the blood of Arblaud and Noredhel. In her concern, Naedind contemplates returning the Dragon-belt to the Dwarves as a token of peace, but first she wants to understand how the Elven treasure ended up in an Orc's nest. Unable to trust others, she asks the Player-heroes to visit Vestri at Copperhall.

When Arblaud learns of Naedind's intentions, he denounces her as a craven ruler, submissive to those who dishonour her ancestors, and incites a revolt against her. Amidst the turmoil, Lady Naedind is forced to leave her palace with her supporters, while Noredhel boldly declares herself the new Lady of Ost Breniellin.

2967: THE BATTLE OF IOREITHEL

If the Dragon-belt hasn't been returned to Copperhall, a host of Dwarves marches forth against Ost Breniellin. A company of Elves meet them in the valley of Ioreithel and drive them back.

2968: THE GREAT COUNCIL OF MITHLOND

Círdan and the Council of Lindon summon Noredhel to the Arantarion in a Great Council. The Lords of Lindon ask her to restore her mother to power and make peace with the Dwarves. Noredhel has only insulting words for them: *"Do you suggest I yield, or do you order? You do not have the authority: elect a High King among yourselves first, but I doubt any of you has the courage to take the crown. You hardly deserve the name of Lords… board your grey ships, and leave the troubles of Middle-earth to those who dare confront them!"*

As the Lords of Lindon debate whether to imprison Noredhel and Arblaud, they leave the city.

2968: THE OATH OF THE DWARVES

Many Dwarves assemble in the southern Blue Mountains, and they debate the insult suffered by Vestri. They swear an oath of revenge against Lady Noredhel and her folk.

2970: THE CROWNING OF THE NORTHERN QUEEN

Advised by Arblaud, Noredhel crowns herself Queen. She sends messengers to the other Lords of Lindon, requesting to be recognised High Queen of the Elves of the West.

2972: A MEETING OF MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Naedind travels to Ost Breniellin, possibly escorted by the Player-heroes, to announce her departure for the Undying Lands and formally renounce her title as Lady. Upon her arrival, she pleads with her daughter, Noredhel, to abandon her ambitions of becoming Queen. Instead, Naedind is publicly ridiculed by Arblaud, who accuses her of undermining her daughter with the Council.

Naedind leaves Ost Breniellin, swearing not to leave Middle-earth until she has freed her daughter from Arblaud's influence. She takes up residence in the Grey Havens.

2975: THE SIEGE OF THE NORTHERN QUEEN

An army of Dwarves led by Vestri is assembled and marches on Ost Breniellin, demanding the demotion of the Elf-queen and her consort. Meanwhile, the Council of Lindon raises an army led by Argond, tasked with bringing Arblaud and Noredhel to the Arantarion to stand trial on charges of treason.

The army of the Elves reaches Ost Breniellin, only to find it under siege by Dwarves, its walls battered by war machines. The sight of their kin under attack causes commotion among the Elf-warriors, and even a minor accident could ignite open battle between the two sides.

Other Shadows

"…all this year the shadows have grown longer."

These dangers either lie dormant until awoken or remain unchanged by the passing years.

The Castle in the Clouds

Legend tells of an ancient castle high in the peaks of the northernmost ranges of the Blue Mountains, ruled by Boldaug. Some tales describe him as a Great Orc, a Troll, or a Giant, while others claim he is a spirit capable of changing shape at will. Boldaug is said to have fought in the Wars of the Elder Days, bringing great woe to the enemies of Morgoth by slaying their warriors and hoarding their weapons as trophies, now displayed on the walls of his castle. Should one find the castle of Boldaug — if it indeed exists — they may choose to challenge the monster for his hoard or attempt to steal some of his treasures.

This tale is recounted among both the Elves of Lindon and the Dwarves of the Blue Mountains. Some references even appear in old Hobbit songs of the Westfarthing, which contain hints about the dreaded 'castle of Bel'.

"In misty clouds where shadows dwell,
Lies the castle known as Bel.
Treasures gleam and secrets hide,
Where only the brave dare to stride."

The Wandering Swordsmith

Damron the Smith has many reasons to abhor Sauron, and over time, this hatred has darkened his heart. The betrayal by the Lord of Gifts, the killing and defiling of his master Celebrimbor's body, and the death of his brother Arothir by Cauthlin's arrows have all taken a toll on his soul.

Damron believes that no grey ship will take him across the Sea, and that his fate is bound to Middle-earth and the fight against Sauron. If he is banished from Imladris for the forging of Methacharn (see *Memories of Ancient Wounds*, on page 61), he becomes a wandering smith, offering his services to the lords and captains of Men and Dwarves while secretly working to enlist them in his personal war against Mordor.

Damron's knowledge of Ring-lore makes him a prime target for both agents of Mordor and Isengard.

Of Wolf and Wraith

On moonless nights, a ghastly howl echoes in the hills and woods of Eriador. What creature bellows such a blood-curdling call is unknown; those who have encountered it never return with a tale. Some swear it resembles a wolf — only larger and lacking fur, akin to a snake's naked form. It is sometimes heard sniffing around villages and farms, yet it never attacks cattle; this creature is after a specific quarry.

There is a legend among the Elves about Gorgorhŷn, the greatest of wolves, which once terrorised the lands east of the river Lhûn. The High King himself led his finest hunters to pursue the beast, and after a considerable struggle, they finally slew it. Its skin is displayed in one of the halls of the Arantarion. Its flayed body, shunned even by hounds, was thrown into a pit and forgotten; but now an evil spirit has come to stir the corpse back to life. It stalks their secret paths and prowls around their hideouts, seeking vengeance against the Elves.

CHAPTER 3

LANDMARKS

"Here and there upon heights and ridges they caught glimpses of ancient walls of stone, and the ruins of towers."

The twelve landmarks contained in this chapter are described using the structure presented in the Appendix of *The One Ring* (see page 221). As discussed there, the chosen format allows the Loremaster to use each landmark as an open-ended, self-contained scenario, free of a strict, predetermined plot, articulated in orderly scenes. The Player-heroes learn of the existence of a landmark during the game, for example by choosing the Gathering Rumours Fellowship Phase Undertaking (see *The One Ring*, page 121).

The text of each landmark assumes that the Loremaster will adjudicate all actions taken by the Company using the core rules for *The One Ring*. This means that the rules for Journeys, Combat or Councils are not repeated, nor are those concerning Actions, Skill Endeavours, Risk Levels or Sources of Injury — whenever the text of a landmark describes a challenge or an obstacle to the Company, the Loremaster should adjudicate the circumstances based on the appropriate game rules.

OST BRENIELLIN

"We are Exiles, and most of our kindred have long ago departed and we too are now only tarrying here a while, ere we return over the Great Sea."

RUMOUR

"In the northernmost reaches of Lindon, where the coasts are swept by storm winds from the Great Sea and the Bay of Forochel, lies a dark keep on a lonely hill. There, the last remnants of a noble house of Exiles still live, hunting by day and feasting by night. Their ancestors were kings and heroes, but they committed terrible deeds that have led to their shunning by other Elves. Yet they remain hardy and proud, guarding Lindon's northern frontier. No dark thing eludes their watch, and no trespasser may hope to enter the Elven realm without the leave of their Lady, whose terrible eyes, they say, can see through all lies and deceit."

OLD LORE

"After the ruin of Beleriand, what remained of the House of Fëanor gathered around Lady Naedind, the only daughter of their last Lord. They clung to their old lands, the upper valleys of Gelion and the peaks of the northern Ered Luin, where they guarded Lindon's northern march. These Exiles are still proud and valiant, renowned for their riders who scour the northern grasslands. However, their past weighs on them like a stone, and they have kept out of the affairs of Lindon for a long time. Some might say they try to forget, if the Elves were capable of such an act. But they are not."

BACKGROUND

Following the defeat of the Great Enemy, the strongholds of the House of Fëanor lay in ruins, their kingdoms swallowed by the waves. Yet, Lady Naedind rallied the surviving members of this disgraced lineage and established a new castle, Ost Breniellin — Fortress of the Survivors. (See page 71 for more about Lady Naedind and her folk.)

The castle of Ost Breniellin is small but mighty; from its top, a sentry can survey the surrounding lands: the coasts, the Blue Mountains, the valley of the Ioreithel, and Edrollond, the northernmost harbour of western Middle-earth. The hill on which it is built is steep, and its walls are tall and strong.

The stronghold is connected to the southwestern haven by a stone-paved road. From the haven, a dirt road runs south along the coast toward the rest of Lindon, though most Elves prefer to sail to their destinations. The surrounding lands are bare pastures, enabling Elven horsemen to move freely and swiftly, while leaving any enemy with little sustenance and no cover from the fury of the northern storms. No foe has ever dared to challenge the castle, not even the Witch-king at the height of his power.

East of Ost Breniellin, the pastures give way to woods of fir and birch after a few miles, gradually rising into the foothills

OST BRENIELLIN

of the Blue Mountains. To the north of the keep lies a wide grassland, bordered by sandy beaches and, nearer the mountains, by heather-covered moors.

LOCATIONS

Ost Breniellin is constructed from dark grey granite, reaching two floors and standing 40 feet above its base. It features a tall circular keep surrounded by eight towers, resembling the emblem of the House of Fëanor: an eight-pointed star. All the windows facing outward are fortified with iron bars.

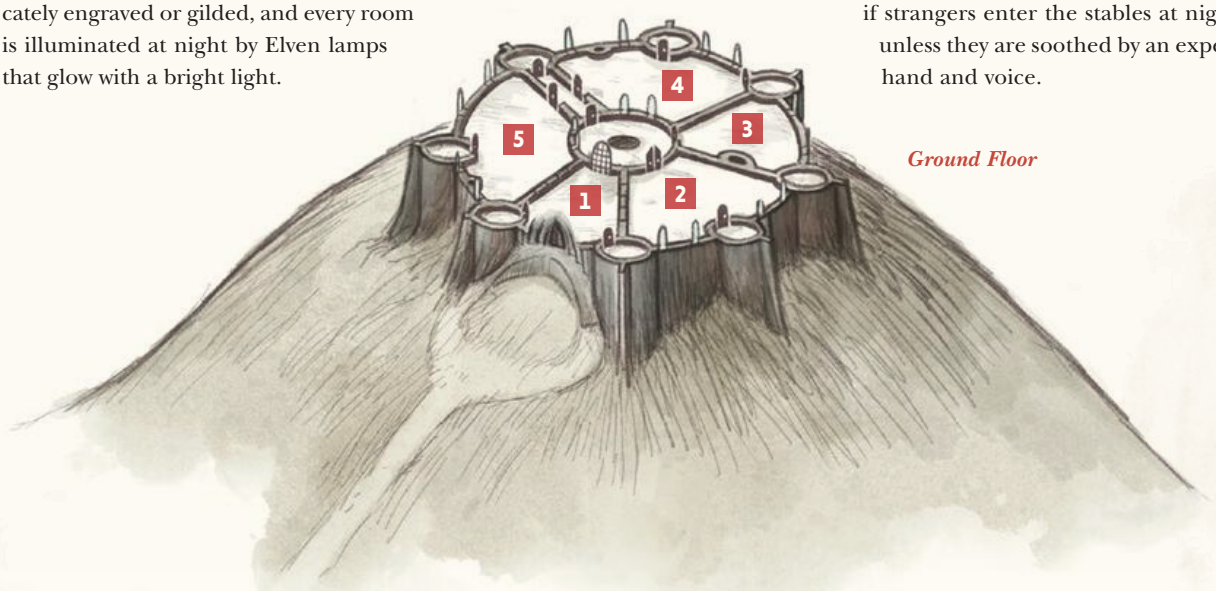
In contrast to its stark exterior, the interior of the castle is lavishly adorned with frescoes, carvings, mosaics, and tapestries. Each piece of furniture is intricately engraved or gilded, and every room is illuminated at night by Elven lamps that glow with a bright light.

1. THE GATE OF THE STAR

A bronze gate, dark green in colour and depicting the eight-pointed star of Fëanor, is elevated and accessed by two side ramps. Once through the gate, visitors enter a vaulted room with arrow slits and murder-holes; a second portcullis provides access to the inner yard. The gate is usually open, day and night, but it is always guarded.

2. THE STABLES

Here, the Elves of Ost Breniellin keep their steeds, greater, swifter, and more beautiful than any found east of the Blue Mountains. Their manes are long, and their coats shine with rare colours such as jet, garnet, or gold. The horses are clever enough to neigh in alarm if strangers enter the stables at night, unless they are soothed by an expert hand and voice.



Ground Floor

3. THE SMITHY

This room is a small but well-equipped smithy. Gone are the days when the Elves crafted new shining swords and tall helms — those they have inherited are sufficient for their needs — but they still take delight in the song of hammer on anvil. The heat from the furnaces is also used to warm the rooms upstairs.

4. THE ARMOURY

This chamber is warmed by the glow of a large hearth, and here the Elves appointed to stand guard or scout the land gather to rest, share meals, and exchange stories. The walls are lined with racks and stands holding an impressive array of weapons and armour, sufficient to outfit a large contingent. Many of these instruments of war are truly ancient, but each piece is carefully maintained and ready for action.

5. THE KITCHEN

A large chimney and oven are used to cook food for those living within the keep. The kitchen Elves are typically surrounded by abundant game brought in by the hunters and prepare it in a variety of ways, from simple fare to fancy, elaborate banquet dishes. Of all the castle's residents, they are the most fond of songs, singing in chorus as they prepare the next meal.

6. THE THRONE ROOM

In this bright room, the Lady holds court, seated in an ancient, engraved chair that is said to have been salvaged from the ruins of Beleriand. The room is richly decorated with tapestries illustrating the history of the High Elves, and its vaulted ceiling features a gilded mosaic depicting the ancient emblems of the Houses of the Eldar, with the device of Fëanor occupying the centre. A balcony opens directly above the gate.

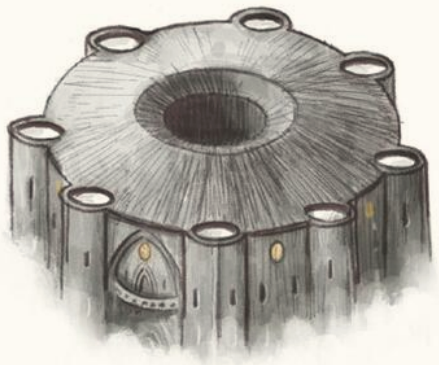
7. THE HALL OF REMEMBRANCE

This cosy hall, adorned with tapestries depicting the creation of the world, is dominated by a large chimney connected to the one in the kitchen below. The vaulted ceiling is painted to show a starry sky. Here, the Elves of Ost Breniellin gather in winter to sing and share stories.

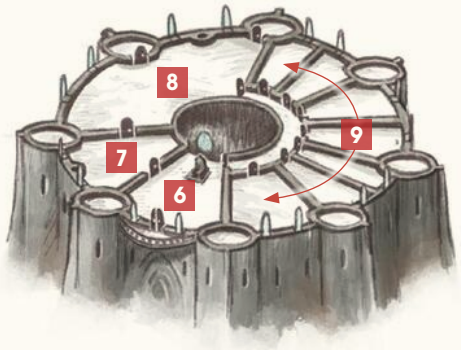
8. THE GREAT HALL

A spacious room used for gatherings and banquets, it is lit by grand chandeliers shaped like tree branches, their crystal ornaments multiplying the glow of the large hearth burning against one wall. Tapestries depict scenes of hunting and feasting, showing Elven lords and ladies revelling in nature's bounty. Above, the vaulted ceiling is painted with a variety of colourful birds in flight. Long wooden tables stretch throughout the hall, surrounded by many chairs.

Top Floor



First Floor



9. LIVING QUARTERS

These separate rooms accommodate the inhabitants of Ost Breniellin, including the Lady, her kin, and her retainers. Each chamber reflects the character and tastes of its lodger, filled with personal possessions that sometimes include items crafted with such cunning skill that they might appear magical to mortals. Outside the rooms, a graceful balustrade runs along the corridor, offering a view of the yard below. It is carved with images of beasts and birds, their forms captured in fine detail.

10. THE WELL

A yard is found in the middle of the ground floor of Ost Breniellin. It is sloped toward a central opening covered by an iron grate. Rainwater is collected by the sloping floor and falls through the grate to fill a well located in an underground chamber.

THE TUNNEL: Unbeknownst to all but a few inhabitants of the keep, there is a passage that opens at the bottom of the well, leading to a secret door at the foot of Ost Breniellin's

hill. The tunnel is wide enough for a single person to walk through, and descent is possible with the aid of a ladder stored in one of the warehouses. Climbing up from the bottom of the well is virtually impossible due to the smooth and wet stones on its walls.

11. THE GAOL

This cell is furnished with four beds and a table. Under Naedind's rule, the room is used only for the rare trespassers awaiting interrogation before being sent on their way.

12. PANTRY AND CELLAR

This large, cool room is accessed from the kitchen and houses a veritable treasure of dried meats, cheeses, and precious Elvish wines.

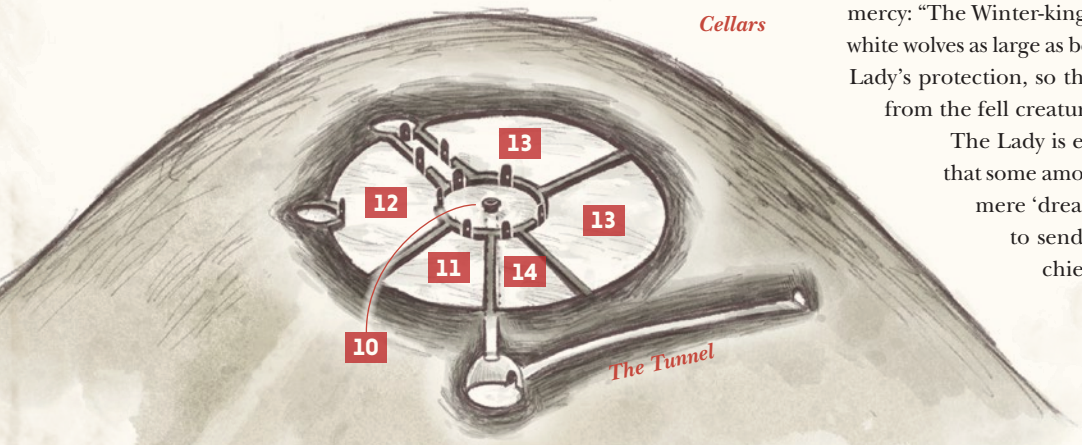
It is said that a bottle of wine from the First Age of the world was once kept here, but it was broken by a visiting Elf from Eregion.

13. THE WAREHOUSES

These contain a variety of goods, some of them collected from two past ages of the world, including objects from the lost realm of Beleriand and even items rumoured to have origins in Valinor. Within these rooms, visitors can find furniture, bedding, curtains, tableware, and all else that is necessary to service the dwelling place of nobility. While nothing may be considered precious, each item is crafted to an excellent Elvish standard.

14. THE TREASURE CHAMBER

A heavy iron door, which opens only with a secret command known by the Lady and her close kin, protects the treasure. Here lie what heirlooms of the House of Fëanor are left in Middle-earth, including the magnificent sword Phinidaeg (see page 71).



Schemes and Trouble

The castle of Ost Breniellin serves as the backdrop for much of the action described in the campaign outline titled *Old Hatreds May Still Breed War*. Refer to page 61 for numerous opportunities for schemes and trouble. Two more suggestions are listed below.

THE DWELLER OF THE OLD DWARF-TUNNELS

Of late, a wicked beast has emerged in the northern ranges of Forlindon. By night, it prowls the skies, falling silently upon unsuspecting sheep. More alarmingly, it has attacked Elvish children at least once, sparking fear and outrage. Elf-wardens have traced the creature's lair to the old, abandoned Dwarf-mines near the far end of the Blue Mountains, to the east of the keep. These tunnels are too narrow for Elven warriors to venture into with ease.

The Lady of Ost Breniellin, concerned for the safety of her people, seeks aid from folks of smaller stature, but with enough skill and courage to match the beast in its hidden lair. To those who answer her call and rid the land of this menace, she offers her sincere gratitude, a gesture not lightly given in these times, along with the promise of her lasting friendship and any aid the Elves of Ost Breniellin might render.

This may lead to the exploration of *The Old Dwarf-mines*, a landmark presented on page 53 of *Ruins of the Lost Realm*.

THE SNOWMEN INVASION

For millennia, the Lossoth lived by the shores of Forochel, relying on fishing and hunting for their sustenance, but they never ventured close to the borders of Lindon for fear of the Elves' enchanted arrows. However, last autumn, a large band of Snowmen, hungry and clad in tattered rags, established an encampment atop a small hill, in the proximity of the northern frontier of Forlindon. When the wardens of Lady Naedind commanded them to leave, the Lossoth pleaded for mercy: "The Winter-king's breath blows cold this season, and white wolves as large as bears stalk the nights. We beseech your Lady's protection, so that her spells may shield our people from the fell creatures of the night!"

The Lady is eager to learn more, despite the fact that some among her courtiers dismiss such news as mere 'dreams of the Night-fearers.' She intends to send a trusted envoy to speak with their chieftain.

The Palace of the Sea-birds

"Then I thought in my heart that we drew near to the Sea; for wide was the water in the darkness, and sea-birds innumerable cried on its shores."

RUMOUR

"The ruins of a marvellous mansion emerge from the sea not far off the coasts of northern Lindon. Sometimes at dawn, when the night mist begins to lift, ancient towers are caught by the first light of the sun, and the palace seems to float on a cloud. Surely, there must be a fairy queen or king living there, guarding some treasure! The sea-birds know for sure, as they are the only ones who dare to approach the island."

OLD LORE

"An Elf-lord of great lineage lived in a palace on a hill, surrounded by woods teeming with game, where he would ride and hunt with his retainers. Bar-en-Faroth was the name of his mansion, the Hunter's Home. But after the Elf-lord died in a great battle and the World was changed, the woods were swallowed by the sea, and the palace on the hill became an island. Now, seagulls and terns nest there, and few remember the old lord and his folk."

Background

The name of the Elf-lord who built *Bar-en-Faroth* is remembered only in books of lore and in the ballads sung in the palaces of Forlindon, for that Lord was Lady Nae-dind's uncle. Today, his palace is called *Bar Gwaelion* by mariners who pass it as they sail, the Palace of the Sea-birds.

There is a reason for such a name. Since time immemorial, a line of kings has ruled over all the sea-birds of Lindon, holding court in the ruined halls. The current lord, named Arroval, is a seagull of prodigious size. His isolated domain, with its abundance of protected nesting spots and lack of predators, has attracted thousands of sea-birds of all kinds, who now pay homage to their King. Moreover, many guests and envoys from other feathered rulers are present at all times.

Locations

The Palace of the Sea-birds lies about one mile off the coast of northern Lindon, at the head of the promontory known as Hunter's Cape. The coastline along the promontory is rocky, with tall cliffs where only hardy pines and junipers grow among the mosses and lichens. Navigation is tricky, as many rocks lie hidden beneath the surface, and the currents can be treacherous. Elven ships passing by steer clear of the island and keep to the open sea.

THE PALACE OF THE SEA-BIRDS

1. THE SEA-GATE

Here once stood the gateway of Bar-en-Faroth, a stone arch holding bronze doors beautifully wrought with scenes of hunting. Now those doors lie fallen to the ground and covered in mud, but the arch still stands, though overgrown with ivy. In front of the gateway lies a narrow beach of pebbles, strewn with driftwood and broken shells. Through the gate, a gently sloped stair winds up the hill. The garden that once stretched at its sides is now overgrown with wild grasses and tangled with creeping vines, but the white stone steps remain relatively clear, save for the occasional surfacing root or tuft of grass.

Among the shrubs, a few ruined structures can be seen, now colonised by gannets. These birds will begin to call loudly if strangers approach and may become aggressive if they feel their nests are threatened.

2. THE PALACE

Of the original round building, surmounted by a great cupola, little remains: the roof has mostly crumbled, leaving the beautiful mosaic floors covered in debris, which has in turn been overtaken by grass, shrubs, and seagull nests. Visitors may enter through the gaping main gate — its wooden doors have long since rotted away. Two twisted junipers have grown on either side, now supporting the original arch. To the east once stood a latticed glass wall that provided access to a terrace; now, only part of the structure remains, and all that's left of the glazed windows are tiny shards of coloured glass. To the north and west, two wide balconies look directly out to sea, serving as preferred access points for birds. The seagulls of the main building are quite talkative — if someone can understand their speech. They are not aggressive unless threatened, but may become unpleasantly curious. As soon as someone enters their home, they will inform their King, who will shortly arrive with his retinue.

3. THE EASTERN TERRACE

Bar-en-Faroth's terrace looked east toward the Blue Mountains and the forests at their feet, and next to it lay a pavilion where the Elves once sat and conversed. Today, this space has become a colony for auks, murres, and razorbills, which cackle loudly and leap into the sea from the edge of the balcony. The birds are unafraid of visitors and not particularly curious about them. The colony departs almost completely in winter when the birds return to the sea, allowing a fragment of the ancient enchantment of the place to return. During this time, the King of the Sea-birds may receive guests here and exchange news and tales.

THE SEA-LAMP: At night, onlookers gazing east from the terrace can sometimes see an eerie light shining beneath the surface of the waters, approximately half a mile from the island. This luminescence has deceived many a steersman who ventured too close, luring their ships over a dangerous reef lying hidden under the waves. Sailors say that the light is a lingering trace of wicked Elven magic, an enchantment cast to bring mortals to their doom.

4. THE KING'S TOWER

The tallest tower of the Palace of the Sea-birds has partially crumbled, leaving a broken stump that still dominates the island. It is here that King Arroval nests with his court, a community of large and eloquent sea-birds, each familiar with at least a word or two of Sindarin, and where he receives bird-guests and messengers from distant lands.

KING ARROVAL: Arroval is a giant among the Gulls of Lindon, and has been the King on the Sea-birds for many decades. All the sea-birds of northern Lindon recognize him as their highest authority. He speaks Sindarin fluently, as do most of his retainers, and counts several Elves among his friends, including Círdan, Falarros of Mithlond, and Lady Naedind of Ost Breniellin.

While Arroval does not welcome visitors to his island, he strives to be polite and helpful. His main priority, however, is to see strangers leave as soon as possible to protect the home of his folk. Although sea-birds are not individually dangerous, a summons from the King could gather a formidable winged

Falarros of Mithlond

Falarros is the captain of the Ithilrain, a magnificent ship that frequently sails along the coasts of Lindon. He is a trusted ally of Círdan. On multiple occasions, he has been tasked with transporting Galdor of the Quill or other important passengers to specific destinations. Additionally, he is often called upon to investigate events along the coasts of Lindon, Eriador, and beyond.

Falarros has silver hair, grey eyes, and a ruddy complexion. He speaks the language of the Gulls of Lindon fluently and has been a personal friend of their King, Arroval, ever since he intercepted a pirate ship off the coast of Forlindon that intended to plunder the Palace of the Sea-birds. Since then, Falarros has been a welcome visitor to the island, with the sea-birds keeping him informed of all events occurring along the coasts of Lindon.

OCCUPATION: Sea Captain

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Stern, Wary

King Arroval

army, ready to dive upon their enemies without mercy. Should outsiders become aggressive or hostile, they would face a formidable challenge from the island's dwellers.

Arroval is an especially large seagull, boasting a wingspan of over seven feet. His beak and claws are grey, and his wings and tail shimmer with silver. During formal meetings he wears a golden crown and a necklace set with pearls, aquamarines, and sapphires.

5. THE CORMORANTS' TOWER

A small tower with a pointed roof sits at the base of the northernmost cliffs, near the water. In its windows and in the openings created by time, a colony of cormorants has made their nests. While they are not particularly friendly birds, they are excellent fliers, and some may even reach as far as Forochel and Gondor, acting as messengers for King Arroval.

This structure is linked to the King's Tower by a stone stairway, now covered in debris and bird nests, making it very dangerous to traverse.

6. THE TREASURY

The second tallest tower of the Palace of the Sea-birds is where King Arroval keeps his treasure. It is a hoard containing objects brought by generations of loyal subjects paying tribute to the King, as well as gifts collected from bird-friends, both near and far.

The King ignores the value of the items kept in the tower, choosing not to concern himself with their worth. Yet, he is aware that they can be exchanged for valuable services. On occasion, Arroval has offered tasks to one of his bird-friends, utilising these items as payment.

7. THE TOWER OF THE PUFFINS

A wide and low tower connected to the main building descends toward the water to the west. Here, from spring to autumn, nests a colony of puffins — curious and friendly birds that enjoy jumping from the cliffs into the water. The lower floors of the tower provide access to what were once the cellars of the mansion; these areas are now half-collapsed chambers that the birds do not dare enter.

Schemes and Trouble

A NAMELESS THREAT

A terrible creature, swimming from the coast, has made its lair in the dark cellars under the Tower of the Puffins. Every night, it crawls out and stalks the ruins, snatching unsuspecting victims and dragging them underground to devour. King Arroval has sent out messengers seeking help: if bold heroes dare to confront the fell creature haunting the pitch-black, half-submerged tunnels and defeat it once and for all, they

will be rewarded with some of the King's greatest treasures and the eternal gratitude of his folk.

The ruins of the cellar are indeed dangerous, with some areas so cramped that Big Folk would need to crawl through them. The monster, which has never been seen clearly in the shadows of the night, is described in fanciful terms by the birds: its mouth is full of sharp teeth, its fur a mix of blood-red and pitch-black, its eyes yellow and as evil as a Dragon's, its tail lashing like a snake, and its shrill cry spine-chilling and blood-curdling. They remain oblivious to the fact that their foe is, in truth, just a particularly large and vicious fox. However, getting the isle rid of the threat may indeed earn the Player-heroes a valuable friendship and potentially worthy treasures.

THE CASTAWAY OF THE SILVER ISLAND

One of the subjects of King Arroval, a daring tern named Farflight, has returned from his wintering with a strange tale. In a remote isle with silver beaches, far to the west, lives a lonely Elf. His ship wrecked long ago, he has survived for countless years in the lonely seas, but when he saw the birds he left a message for him. *"My name is Bronniol,"* he said. *"Tell my wife Estelin, who is waiting for me, that I am still alive!"*

The King, eager to save the poor soul and even more eager to break the curse of the Singing Maiden, is offering a hefty reward out of his hoard if someone can follow Farflight to Silver Island and bring back the lost mariner to his wife, so that she can find peace.

THE LIGHT OF THE GLOWING STONE

Lately, the tale of the shining light one can spy from the Eastern Terrace of the Palace of the Sea-birds has been on the lips of everyone from Forlindon to Harlindon: could the Fëanorian Stone, which was cast into the waves and is the long-lost heirloom of the House of Fëanor, have resurfaced? The Lords of Lindon, deeming it impossible, have forbidden any search for it to prevent tragedies, yet many are still preparing their ships to seek out the unearthly glow seen off the coast of the Palace of the Sea-birds.

In truth, the light does not come from the legendary Stone of Fëanor, but rather from a smaller lamp-gem caught by a giant clam, which has spun its pearl around it. If the Pearl of Light can be recovered, it would be priceless. However, who knows what the Elven light has attracted from the depths of the sea, and is now lurking among the crevices of the reef?

The Valleys of the Dwarves

"The ancient East-West Road ran through the Shire to its end at the Grey Havens, and Dwarves had always used it on their way to their mines in the Blue Mountains."

RUMOUR

"Dwarves have lived among these dales since time immemorial. They have endured many upheavals, some so catastrophic that they had to leave temporarily. Yet, they have always returned, drawn by a call from the very stones — a call only they can hear. No matter how far they wander, they will never feel as at home as they do here. The mountains, hollowed by their hands, bear the marks of their tools, telling tales of fortune and hardship, disasters and new beginnings. These lands are theirs, and they can never truly forsake them."

OLD LORE

"The ancient cities of Nogrod and Belegost were destroyed in the great cataclysm that led to the sinking of Beleriand. Many of their inhabitants perished, while others became a wandering folk. Some settled in the southern reaches of the Blue Mountains, but in time others returned to the lands surrounding their ancestral ruins, seeking lost treasures or opening new mines. They held onto memories of the past, nurturing the belief that, whether by chance or destiny, their glory might return. It never did, yet they continue to live in the dales of the Blue Mountains, stubborn and relentless as only the Dwarves can be."

Background

The oldest Dwarven halls of the Ered Luin are nearly as ancient as the lost realm of Moria. These mountains were once abundant with riches in gold, iron, and gemstones, leading to the founding of Nogrod and Belegost. Unfortunately, those cities are lost forever, and the Dwarves of the region are not as prosperous as they once were. Many fled to the safety of Khazad-dûm, or journeyed east to join Durin's Folk in the restored Kingdom of Erebor. Others continue to this day to delve ever deeper in their southern mines, searching for new veins of gold, but each year their efforts yield fewer returns.

LOCATIONS

In the north, most Dwarves inhabit seven valleys along the eastern foothills of the mountains. These dales are largely covered with forests of fir, larch, and pine, with occasional woods of beech, oak, and ash found at the valley bottoms.

1. WOLFSONG DENE

The northernmost dale where Dwarves dwell is tied to an ancient tradition that says no more than seven times seven trees may be felled each year, lest the wrath of a local wolf spirit fall upon the inhabitants. Because of this restriction, the vale has remained wild and covered in dense forests, and no settlements have ever been built deep within the valley. Still, a traveller may find a few small iron mines along the sides of the valley.

The Dwarves hold a midwinter festival in Wolfsong Dene, lighting bonfires at the edge of the forest and singing songs to honour the valley spirit, seeking its blessing for another year.

2. CLEARWEATHER VALE

This wide valley gets its name from the mild weather it enjoys year-round, thanks to Stormshield Peak to the south, which provides cool temperatures in summer, and Mount Greenbeard to the north, which shields the dale from the frozen winds of Forochel in winter. Deep in the vale lies Copperhall, the city founded by Vindi the Dreamer two hundred years ago, in the years following the Long Winter.

Vindi's son, Vestri, is the current Lord of Copperhall, and while his subjects cannot claim the wealth of other Dwarven kings, they have lived safely and comfortably for over two centuries — a significant achievement in this remote part of Middle-earth.

THE VALLEYS OF THE DWARVES

CLEARWEATHER MARKET: At the mouth of the valley lies Clearweather Market, a village of Men and Dwarves. It is built partly on the shore of the watercourse descending from the mountain and partly above the flowing waters on huge piles made from forest trees. In the centre of its mainland section rises a tall stone arch, overlooking a market square where Dwarves and Men gather to trade their wares. Opposite the square stands a large inn, offering lodging to visitors. Each day, barges arrive at Clearwater Market, bringing goods from all over Eriador and departing laden with items of Dwarven-craft.

COPPERHALL: Vindi was one of many Dwarves who returned to the Ered Luin after years of wandering across Eriador. One day, he paused to drink from a stream cascading down Mount Greenbeard and noticed a peculiar taste in the water. Upon closer inspection, he saw numerous greenish stones among

the sediments on the riverbed. When he began digging near the stream's source, it was no surprise to him to discover a rich vein of copper.

The Dwarven city of Copperhall has grown from the mines opened by Vindi. It is smaller than other halls of the Dwarves to the south, but its inhabitants are among the most industrious of their kind. The craftsmen of Copperhall produce excellent bronze tools and are especially renowned for their sonorous brass bells, created in all shapes and sizes. Additionally, a small copper coin called a "red leaf" is produced here and used by merchants throughout the Ered Luin.

3. STORMWATCH VALE

Tucked between Mount Rainyhead and Stormshield Peak, this valley is often battered by heavy rains. Beneath Stormshield Peak was once found the great city of Belegost, and its gates lie broken on the mountainside. It is said that many other doors can be found high on the slopes of Stormshield Peak, openings that brave (or foolish!) souls may use to explore the dark, flooded tunnels of the ancient city. Unfortunately, most end up wandering through abandoned mines, where they may find, at best, a few scraps of iron or silver ore, and at worst, a tragic death from a cave-in.

THE GATES OF BELEGOST: At the end of a narrow cleft to the south of Stormshield Peak, two towering slabs of stone rise from the earth and lean against the mountain like the jagged fangs of a colossal beast. These once were the gates of Belegost. The halls they led to were crushed by titanic forces during the upheavals that shattered Beleriand, and the rushing waters of the Sea flooded its innumerable passages and chambers.

Dozens of spells of prohibition and exclusion can still be read, graven deeply into the exterior surface of the gates. If one peers through the worn and lichen-covered stones of the collapsed arch, dark tunnels can be seen winding into the depths, boring deep into the mountain's heart.

4. TINTERN COMBE

This valley lies between the two eastward arms of Mount Rainyhead. Legends tell that once it was one of the tallest peaks in Beleriand and survived the great changes that affected these lands long ago. Its top is often shrouded in storm-clouds formed by the western winds from the Sea colliding with those from Eriador. The valley at its eastern foot has never been fully settled, but many mines have been dug into its sides, one of which, still active, is used by the Dwarves of Copperhall to extract tin.

The mine of Tintern Combe is isolated and surrounded by gloomy woods; being sent there from Copperhall is considered a punishment for the lazy or insubordinate. The miners are, unsurprisingly, among the most undisciplined Dwarves one can meet; they possess an unusual appetite for distraction, enjoying conversations with strangers and long walks away from the mine. The mine-master, a scruffy Dwarf named Lóinn, has long given up on extraction targets and instead focuses on the challenging task of keeping his miners safe from unnecessary accidents.

5. THE VALE OF THE RUMBLING WELLS

This deep valley with steep rocky slopes gets its name from the many loud waterfalls that feed the Rausîr, a wild, fast-running stream flowing east into the Lhûn. This vale suffers the worst of the storms from Mount Rainyhead, but in the past, it was rich in silver. Nowadays, all the mines have been exhausted and abandoned, and few venture here.

Once, Dwarves travelling on the road that runs along the seven valleys liked to stop here, in the shade of the firs and larches, to enjoy the peace brought by the constant sound of tumbling waters. Today, wanderers venture no further than the area surrounding the stone bridge that crosses the Rausîr, for they fear what might lie in ambush beneath the trees, concealed by the sound of the waterfalls.

6. ELFCROSSING GAP

Tucked between the sides of Mount Rainyhead and Mount Kindleheart, this wide and green valley is covered in pleasant woods and pastures. A well-marked road crosses it, a remnant of the ancient Dwarven road that once connected Beleriand with eastern Middle-earth. Currently used almost exclusively by Dwarf traders, it winds up the valley westward to the top of the pass, and then descends into Lindon by following the course of the river Rushing.

At the opening of the valley lies an inn, where the road from Lindon meets the one that runs north to Copperhall. Known as the Smouldering Hearth, the inn is run by Thrasir, a Dwarf of Durin's Folk who was once part of Thorin Oakenshield's retinue. His family assists him in managing the business, along with several helpers hired from among the Men of Eriador. Lila Mugwort, a Hobbit from Bree, oversees the kitchen.

LONGBEARD HALL: Beneath Mount Kindleheart, on the southern side of the valley, lies Longbeard Hall. Here, Thráin and his son Thorin Oakenshield lived for a time with their folk. Drawn by rumours of a new iron lode, the Longbeard Dwarves delved deeply, and from their forges issued good tools and weapons that they sold across Eriador. It was a hard life, but their toil paid off, and they prospered in a fashion until Thorin and his companions sought out Smaug in Erebor.

After the Lonely Mountain was reclaimed, Longbeard Hall was abandoned by most, except for Hanarr the Shrewd and his household (see *A Fair Share of the Profits*, below).

7. THE STONE CRADLE

In this quiet combe, the gates of Nogrod once stood open. Dwarves dwelling in the other vales rarely call the ancient city by that name, as it is an Elvish name, meaning 'city of the stunted people'. The Dwarves called it the Hollow Place in their secret language, proudly referring to the vastness of their underground chambers, whose halls and passages hollowed the very roots of the mountain above them. The Dwarves of the Ered Luin say proudly that no other city of the Dwarves bore so deep into the bowels of the earth, not even fabled Khazad-dûm, and all lore-masters agree that none surpassed the skill of the smiths of Nogrod of whom Telchar was greatest in renown.

Now the doors of Nogrod are sealed, both by the earth's tumults that altered this part of the world and by solemn oaths that to this day prevent any Dwarf from attempting to reclaim its broken halls. The entire valley is considered hallowed ground, and trespassers are subject to exile. The origin of this prohibition is unknown to anyone living today, but some say that the ruins of Nogrod are not deserted, and that those who refused to flee the fall of Beleriand, thinking themselves safe from the wrath of the Powers of the West, are condemned to tread its passages in deathless misery.

Schemes and Trouble

TREASURE-HUNTERS OF NOGROD AND BELEGOST

Not many alive today, save perhaps for the long-lived Eldar, have heard of the glory of Nogrod and Belegost, for more than six thousand years have passed since the destruction of Beleriand and the sealing of their doors. Still, legends speak of forgotten treasures lost in their depths, buried beneath layers of rock and water. Oaths prevent most Dwarves from even contemplating a search for them, but others may have fewer qualms about seeking the broken cities of the Naugrim of the Elder Days.

Gerald Gravedigger is one of them: a wanted man throughout Eriador, he has headed west into the Blue Mountains, seeking the fabled forbidden gold of the Dwarves. Over the past few weeks, Gerald and three companions have been exploring caves and searching for secret doors throughout the valleys. In response to their activities, Lord Vestri has decided to place a bounty on his head, inviting others to resolve the problem for him.

PERILS OF THE NORTHERN TRADE

A less common route used by traders from Copperhall heads north, where iron tools are transported on barges along the rivers and then by pony to the shores of the Bay of Forochel. The Snowmen pay high prices for Dwarven craftsmanship, offering salted fish, whale fat, and furs in return. However, the most prized goods from Forochel are those made with rare amber, a material that some Dwarves consider second only to pearls.

Last summer, however, caravans began to disappear. There are rumours that a savage beast has descended from the frozen wastes and is hunting the traders and their ponies. Yet, the reality may be more prosaic: someone might be trying to disrupt trade between the Dwarves and the Lossoth.

A FAIR SHARE OF THE PROFITS

The Dwarves of Copperhall see themselves as miners and craftsmen, not traders, and for a long time, they have chosen to leave dealings with Elves, Men, and Hobbits to the Dwarves of Longbeard Hall. Now, most of them have left the Ered Luin since the restoration of the Kingdom Under the Mountain, and those who remained organised themselves under the Guild of Honourable Traders. Their current chairman, Hanarr the Shrewd, has been busy negotiating aggressive purchase prices and sales conditions. This has displeased the craftsmen of Copperhall, who have seen their profits decrease dramatically in a matter of years. *"Should delivering goods yield more gold than making them?"* they ask. *"Have the Longbeards gone mad, or does Hanarr think he has become the King Under the Blue Mountains? We'll sell to the Men of Eriador, who are much less arrogant than you, thank you very much!"*

In recent months, those Dwarves from Copperhall who most openly rebelled against Hanarr's manoeuvres have started to experience strange accidents — beasts of burden are crippled, barges sink, and hired porters leave, supposedly after being threatened. Lord Vestri is starting to worry and needs someone who is not a Dwarf to investigate the matter.

THE GOLD OF TINTERN COMBE

Something's amiss with the miners of Tintern Combe. Of late, they have been taking long walks in the woods and returning with plump, golden mushrooms which they promise have the power to make one stronger, smarter, and prolong life. They plan to sell these mushrooms for a handsome price upon their return to Copperhall, dreaming of a life free from the mines. Master Lóinn tolerated this strange obsession for a while, but soon, production in his mines nearly ceased, as the miners became too tired or demotivated to dig. Is there any truth to their claims? Where do they even find these mushrooms? When Lord Vestri hears of this, he is likely to be very upset. Before that happens, however, Lóinn needs to find a trusty friend to handle the situation!

The Vineyards of Glauria

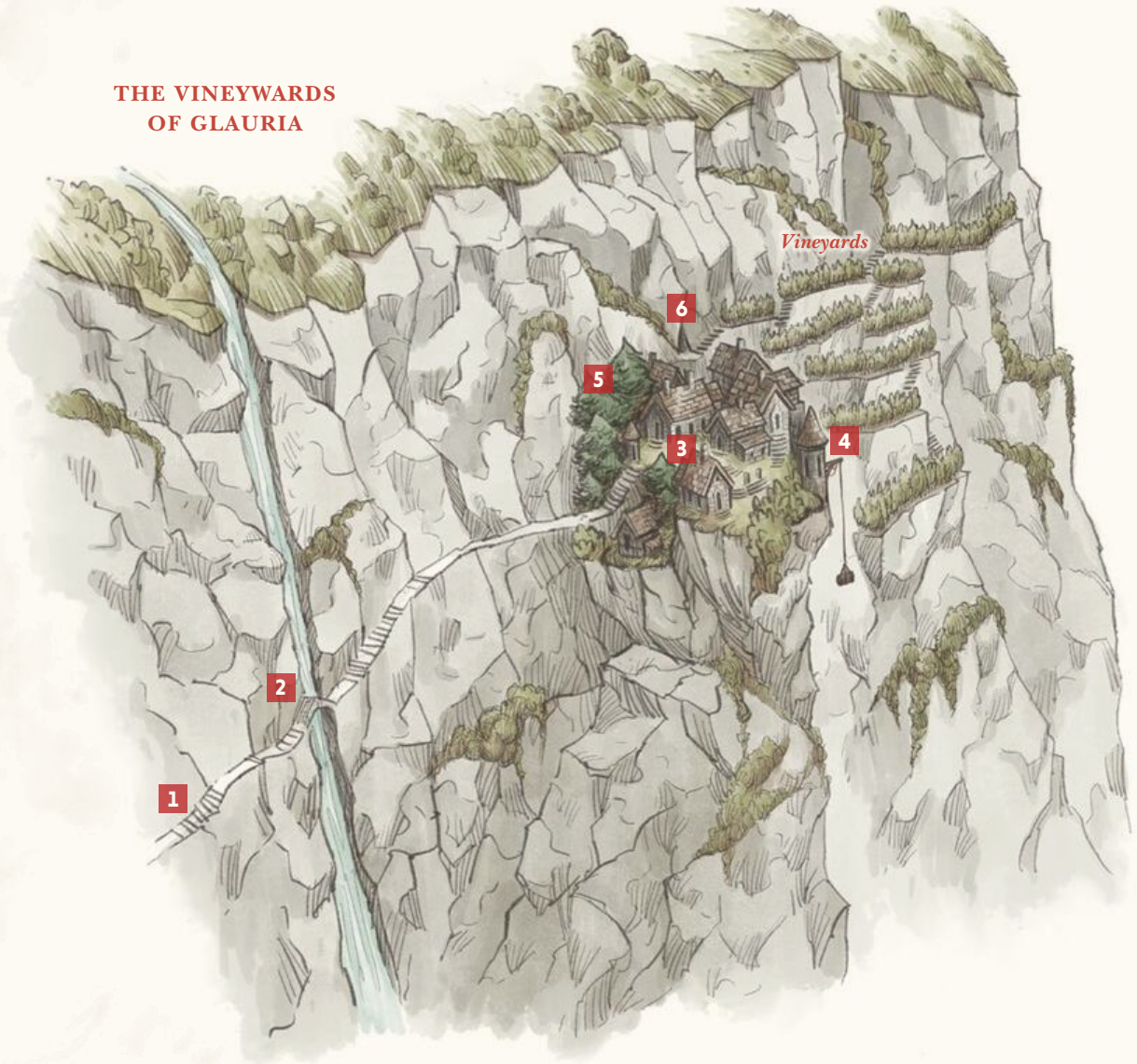
"Now come with me," he said, "and taste the new wine that has just come in. I shall be hard at work tonight clearing the cellars of the empty wood, so let us have a drink first to help the labour."

RUMOUR

"If you have been a guest of Elrond, you will surely remember his wine: a strong, garnet-red vintage that kindles a fire in your heart and wakes up dreams your mind forgot. The Elves of Rivendell make this wine in their valley, of course; they have steep, precipitous vineyards on the side of the dale where only goats and mad Elves dare to tread. The old vines cling to the living rock and soak up the rays of the mountain sun to deliver the finest of Elrond's wines, the vintage of Glauria!"

OLD LORE

"Some say the High Elves of Eregion were master winemakers, growing grapevines they had brought all the way from the Blessed Realm. Their vineyards burned in the War against Sauron, but a few shoots were saved and brought to Rivendell, where they still grow in carefully tended terraces on the northern, sunlit side of the vale. Glauria they call the vineyard. It is a steep climb to reach it, but a sip of their red and a look at the view is reward enough. Just remember not to drink too much before beginning your descent…"



BACKGROUND

On the northern side of the vale of Imladris, far above the valley floor, a keen eye may spot ancient terraces cultivated with grapevines and a number of stone cottages where the wine-makers dwell. Glauria is the name of the plantation and the settlement, and from there an onlooker may enjoy an unparalleled view of Rivendell and the surrounding mountains.

LOCATIONS

Glauria lies about the middle of the valley of Rivendell, on the southern side of Mount Eithelram; the village perches on a natural terrace jutting out of the cliff, and its ancient stone cottages blend perfectly with the mountain.

1. GLAURIA'S RIDGE

There is a single path leading to Glauria, climbing up from the bottom of the vale. It is a steep road cut into the sheer slope of rock. The ascent takes two hours to reach the village, a hard climb in summer and a dangerous one in winter.

2. MILKSPRAY WATERFALL

At the end of the path, a stone bridge spans a narrow precipice. Above it, a high waterfall tumbles down with such force that its waters appear as white as milk. On windy days, the spray bathes the bridge and much of the path below. The Elvish name for the waterfall and the stream underneath is *Ilirross*.

3. THE WINEMAKERS

Glauria counts seven houses, all made of dry stone walls and slate roofs. Here dwell the winemaking Elves, and when they are not busy tending their vineyards or making wine, they are a welcoming lot, happy to entertain visitors with stories, songs, and drinks. Their chief is Gwesanor, an ancient Elf even by the Eldar's account, for he is said to have been born on the day the Sun first shone in the sky. He witnessed the vineyards of Eregion being put to the torch during the War with Sauron (see *The Singing Stones*, page 108), and since his arrival in Imladris, he has lived in Glauria, where his greatest satisfaction comes from tending his grapevines. His wine is considered a treasure among the Eldar, and there aren't many mortals who can say they've tasted his most prized vintages.

4. WATCHTOWER AND WINCH

A tower perches on the outermost corner of the terrace of Glauria. From this vantage point, wardens enjoy the best view of the entire valley and its entrances. A bell within the tower can be rung to raise the alarm in case of danger. Attached to the tower is a wooden winch, which is used to bring in provisions for the winemakers and to lower the wine barrels.

GWESANOR'S RESERVE

The standard vintage of Glauria is already an exceptional wine, but Gwesanor's own reserve is truly something special. The chief winemaker keeps his most prized production in a casket tucked away in a corner of the cellars. Those who have tasted it claim it can inspire dreams of past and future events, loosen the tongue of even the most secretive conspirator, and even grant a glimpse of the bliss of the Uttermost West. Gwesanor is, of course, highly protective of his special vintage and steadfastly refuses to discuss its nature.

5. THE GROVE OF GOSHAWKS

A grove of chestnuts and elms grows near the entrance to Glauria. Here, a colony of goshawks makes its home, frequently swooping down for prey from the cliffs. Known as Elf-friends and enemies of all crows, these birds will attack any of their kind on sight, thus keeping Rivendell safe from their spying eyes.

6. THE WINE CELLARS

Behind the cottages, natural caves open up on the cliffside. Within these caves, the winemakers store their wine in barrels and bottles, organising their vintages by writing on the cave walls. Some of these inscriptions are over four thousand years old, dating back to the foundation of Imladris.

SCHEMES AND TROUBLE

HE WHO REMEMBERS

The Company is seeking a piece of information or lore they cannot find in the library of Elrond. Erestor suggests that Gwesanor the Winemaker might have been a witness to it in his youth and may still recall it. They must reach Glauria, possibly in haste and during adverse weather conditions, and persuade the solitary Elf to revisit some unpleasant memories for the greater good.

LIGHTNING STORM

After an unusual storm, lightning has destroyed the winch of Glauria, and a landslide has ruined the ridge, leaving the village isolated. The Company is tasked with rescuing the winemakers in haste, to deliver medicines for the wounded and materials to repair the winch.

THE WINE THIEF

Someone has entered the wine cellars and stolen a few bottles of Gwesanor's special vintage. The distress of the master winemaker is profound, and Elrond himself is troubled, for whoever entered Glauria has access to Rivendell! Is this a scheme by the Enemy to bring ruin to the Elves, or perhaps just a prank by curious Elvish youths who are nearly certain to find themselves in trouble once they uncork their plunder?

If the Company helps unravel the mystery, they will earn the trust and gratitude of Gwesanor and, perhaps, even the gift of a bottle of his special vintage.

The Wailinghole

"I am not sure that I like it: it has a — well, rather a barrow-wightish look."

RUMOUR

"Up in the Coldfells north of Rivendell lies a dark, hollow hill known as the barrow of Thalrond, a sorcerer from Rhudaur. Legends say he was a minor noble disenchanted by the constant infighting among his many brothers who turned to ancient, forbidden knowledge. During the War with Arnor, Thalrond betrayed his kin by allying with Angmar. Despite his cunning, his brothers eventually confronted him, forcing him to flee into the Coldfells. There, they battled, and Thalrond's sorcerous spells disastrously backfired, resulting in the death of all. The hill is now called the Wailinghole, named for the echoes of their screams. Avoid the barrow, and if you hear the voices of Thalrond and his brothers, run swiftly, lest the shadows claim you and you never see your home again!

OLD LORE

"The Coldfells north of Rivendell are filled with hills riddled with caves. One of these is called Iailech, the Wailinghole, named for the eerie sounds the wind makes as it blows through its hidden cavities. The superstitious hillmen have plenty of frightening legends about this place, and while none of them may actually be well-founded, that doesn't mean it isn't dangerous. In fact, it may well be far more perilous than the hunters and shepherds claim. Who knows what dark threats might linger beneath the ancient hill, in the pitch-black depths of its caverns?"

Background

The hill of Iailech carries a sinister reputation, yet few loremasters can agree on the nature of the danger that haunts it. In truth, a variety of creatures have claimed it as home over the years, albeit temporarily. Recently, it has been abandoned, allowing a group of Elf-wardens of Rivendell to take advantage of the cave's ill fame. They have transformed it into an outpost where they can find shelter during their journeys.

The Elves of Rivendell are careful to preserve the secrecy of the place and actively encourage legends and tales of monsters occupying the hill. If they spot any curious travellers, they will attempt to frighten them away with sounds and illusions before resorting to any direct confrontation.

> Should a Company discover the secret of the Wailinghole, they might claim it as their own, turning it into a safe stronghold in an unfriendly region.

Locations

North of Rivendell and the Trollshaws, the high, steep hills and broad plateaus of the Coldfells loom over deep crevasses. In some ravines, the ground is soft and fertile enough for bogs to form, choked with biting flies in the summer and slick with icy muck in the winter. In many other places, bitter mountain streams trickle over hard, stony ground. In the folds of earth and rock, where softer stone has been carved away by water over the ages, caves and caverns offer shelter from the sun.

Hardy and sparse grasses dot the hills, and here and there, a thicket of trees grows atop a plateau. On some hilltops stand the ruins of ancient Rhudaur: the crumbled stumps of watchtowers or keeps long fallen to rubble, now mere insignificances atop the vast and sprawling fells. Some hills bear the remnants of mossy cairns, even more ancient — stony burial mounds of chiefs, warriors and sorcerers who perished long before Arnor rose. Most of these have tumbled open, plundered long ago by careless and powerful hands. Year by year, century by century, the old stones wither away, becoming increasingly easy to mistake for the other rocks that litter the green and brown hills.

The hill of Iailech surpasses its neighbours in height, offering a commanding view from its barren summit. Its sides are steep, and in the narrow dells, groves of evergreens provide shelter from the unforgiving wind; only the eastern side is easy to climb. The top of the hill is stark and exposed, covered with heather and moss.

1. THE SORCERER'S MOUTH

The main entrance into Iailech is an ancient opening, concealed behind a small grove of twisted junipers and pines, all eerily leaning away from the entrance as if recoiling from a terrifying scream. Worn-out glyphs and illegible runes are carved into the lintel above. Whatever gates may have once existed are long gone, leaving the entrance to gape darkly like an open mouth. On windy days, a stiff current blows from within, carrying howling sounds that chill the blood of anyone who dares to approach.

Player-heroes crossing the threshold gain 2 points of Shadow (Dread).

2. THE LAIR

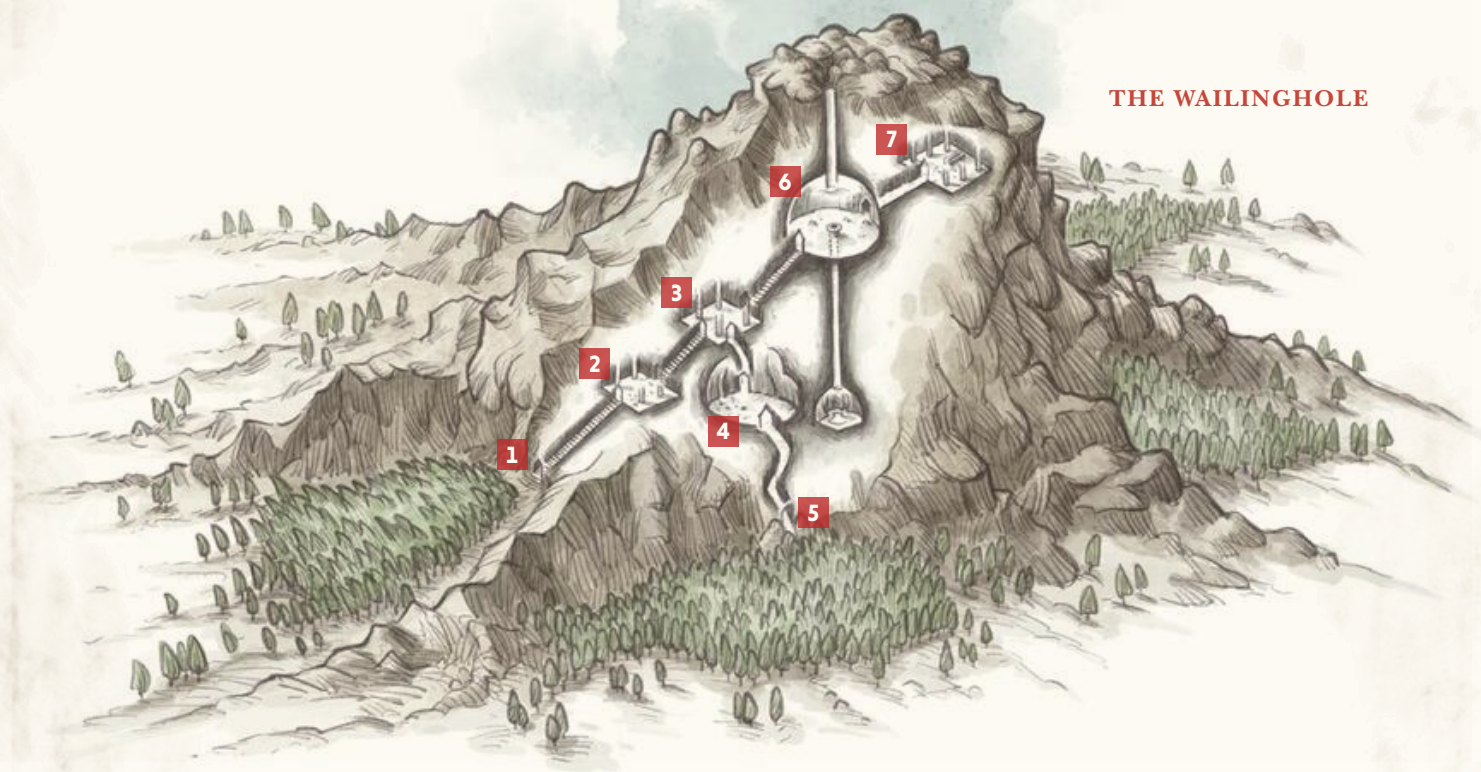
A series of man-made steps lead up into a large square room supported by stone pillars. Whatever its original purpose, the room has been despoiled and abandoned for centuries, with bones and bits of fur scattered about, suggesting that one or more beasts have made it their den. From here, an open archway leads to another set of ascending stairs.

A successful **HUNTING** roll identifies the remains as only animal bones. On windy days, a cold, strong wind blows from the heart of the hill toward the gate, amplifying the sounds inside. As a result, the Player-heroes gain 1 point of Shadow (Dread).

3. THE TRAP CHAMBER

A smaller, square room with pillars similar to the previous one, but without the signs of having been the lair of a beast. The main corridor continues up through an archway, but on the right, behind one of the pillars, one may find a small wooden door, which a successful **CRAFT** roll will identify as of different make from the rest of the complex. The door is usually barred from the inside by the occupants of the Shelter (4): if the wind is not blowing, any movement in this room is likely to alert them. The door has a spy-hole which can be used to shoot arrows through; the location of the door is ideal to mount ambushes on trespassers. If the fireplace is lit in the Shelter, an **AWARENESS** roll may reveal to Player-heroes the smell of burning wood filtering through this door.

A square room with pillars similar to the previous one lacks the signs of having been inhabited by animals. The main corridor continues upward through an archway, but to the right, behind one of the pillars, lies a small wooden door barred from the other side. Upon inspection, the door appears to be of a different make than the rest of the complex and features a murder-hole, suitable for shooting arrows through, making its location ideal for mounting ambushes on trespassers.



4. THE SHELTER

It is uncertain who built this chamber, but it is cruder and narrower than the original tomb, and no markings remain to identify the builders, who are long gone. The chamber is large enough to accommodate about eight people. At its centre, a fireplace can be lit, with smoke dissipating through the ascending corridor to the Trap Chamber (3).

Another narrow, irregular corridor leads out through the Escape Door (5). If the Company explores the barrow while the Elf-wardens still use it as an outpost, the room contains provisions, a bucket with a long rope for drawing water from the well (6), several blankets, and a box filled with herbs and medicines.

5. THE ESCAPE DOOR

Concealed behind a rock, a wooden panel covered in moss closes off a corridor leading to the Shelter (4). The back door is situated on the southern side of the hill, nestled within a dark copse of pines. This concealed entrance remains hidden unless a Player-hero specifically searches the woods south of the hill.

6. THE WELL

A round room encircles a natural shaft that connects the top of the hill to an underground pool far below. From the outside, the entrance to the shaft appears as a hole surrounded by rocks and heather. Falling into the shaft and plunging down to the shallow underground pool results in instant death. The walls of the chimney have been smoothed by millennia of rain and are nearly impossible to climb from below.

On windy days, air entering through the top of the hill flows through the Trap Chamber and the Lair to the Sorcerer's Mouth, creating the eerie wail that gave birth to many stories.

The well in the round room features a parapet carved with images of trees and fields of wheat and barley. The gate leading to the Tomb (7) was once closed by wooden doors, but they now rest on the frame despite their broken hinges. Simply pulling them will cause the doors to fall forward, resulting in the rotten wood smashing loudly onto the floor.

7. THE TOMB

A square room with pillars contains a stone sepulchre at its centre, carved with scenes of lords and ladies feasting and hunting. The lid lies cracked on the ground, surrounded by broken bones and bits of torn clothing, while the tomb itself stands empty, having been plundered long ago.

A LORE roll while examining the chamber and its many inscriptions reveals that this was the tomb of Lord Thalrond, one of the last nobles of the Kingdom of Rhudaur. Sadly, he was no sorcerer, but died at the hands of treacherous siblings.

The room, being a dead end where the wind does not flow, is surprisingly quiet compared to the rest of the complex.

SCHEMES AND TROUBLE

THE SIEGE OF IAILECH

If this landmark is integrated into the *Memories of Ancient Wounds* storyline, the Player-heroes may find themselves besieged in the barrow of Iailech alongside the Elf-wardens led by Glinnel (see page 65), or as members of a rescue party sent to relieve them. The Orcs establish their camp in the woods in front of the barrow's entrance and post sentries on top of the hill to guard the entrance to the well. Each night, they attempt to storm the barrow.

UNINVITED GUESTS

A party of Cave-trolls has entered the barrow and taken refuge in its chambers. They have failed to discover the Shelter (4) and the Escape Door (5), instead settling in the Lair (2), where they have covered the entrance with a large stone. This stone muffles the sound of the wind and provides them protection from any intruders.

The Player-heroes may be tasked with dealing with the problem, or even worse, they may find themselves in need of shelter and discover that Iailech is already occupied by the monsters.

WHENEVER YOU OPEN YOUR BIG MOUTH

Stories of the horrors of the Wailinghole abound among the Hillmen of Rhudaur, but lately, a young bard named Cahir has been building his fortune on them. His "Ballad of the Wailing Spirits" has sent shivers down the spines of his audience, drawing crowds of young folks to taverns and common rooms in search of a thrill. Cahir has become incredibly popular, and now young Hillmen dream of daring the Wailinghole to uncover the golden hoard of Thalrond the sorcerer. After all, as the ballad claims, brave heroes only need to muffle their ears and wear a talisman of hawthorn, juniper, and sage to confront the place.

The Elf-wardens who have settled in the Wailinghole have been quite vexed by the recent wave of curious onlookers, and they believe the best solution would be to dissuade Cahir from singing about the barrow. Can the Player-heroes be of service in convincing him to cease his ballad and curb the growing interest in the place?

The Winter-horn

"There was a terrible storm; the stone-giants were out hurling rocks."

RUMOUR

"The Winter-horn is blowing! The Men of the Anduin Vale say that the last time its sound was heard on the High Pass was more than fifty years ago, when white wolves came down from the North into Eriador answering the call. The Elves of Rivendell remember it too, and the snowslides and snowstorms which followed its grim song. But who is blowing it, and why, no one knows."

OLD LORE

"All the Elves and the oldest among Men remember that the onset of the Fell Winter of the year 2911 was marked by exceptional thunderstorms and by frequent battles among the Stone-giants. The Mountains echoed with a deep, booming sound for many weeks, but none could find its origin."

Background

The folk of Eriador have many stories about the Winter-horn, whose deep sound echoes among the Mountains to announce hardships and disasters. Contrary to what legends hold to be true, the Winter-horn is not a magical object, but a place. It's a small dale, hidden among the peaks above the High Pass, and shaped like a horn. A long time ago it was inhabited by an ancient folk, who retired there to find sanctuary from the Stone-giants of the Misty Mountains. They did so not only because the dale was sheltered and remote, but also because the Giants seemed to shun it. In time, the wisest among them discovered that the winds blowing through the small valley made a sound that the Giants found intolerable.

What they didn't know was that what kept the Giants at bay was not just the wind, but rather the song of Blaest, a Frost-spirit, a winter entity protecting the dale. Showing himself rarely, Blaest was described by those who encountered him as a young man with snow-white hair, capable of turning into a great White Wolf. Ignoring his role in defending the dale, the Mountain-folk interpreted his appearance as simply as the herald of winter, and adopted him as the protagonist of many of their tales.

In time, the ancient Mountain-folk abandoned the dale, chased away by the arrival of Orcs and Goblins that were not deterred in their raids by the song of Blaest. What remains today of that forgotten people are scattered standing stones and enigmatic petroglyphs inside caverns in the vicinity of the High Pass. Blaest, who had learned to love them dearly, was heart-broken, but there was little he could do besides venting his anger on the Goblins, who retreated into the safety of their caves.

The Winter-horn was deserted for centuries, and Blaest remained alone for many mortal lifetimes. Deprived of the company of living beings for so long, Blaest fell back to adopting the strange and capricious ways of nature spirits, shifting mood with the seasons, from the brightest joy to the darkest despair.

In the winter of 2911, Blaest unleashed his strength in a tempestuous burst. It was the year of the Fell Winter, the cruellest season in living memory. By the arrival of spring, as the snows melted, swelling the rivers and flooding the plains below, Blaest finally became dormant, exhausted. He awoke again more than fifty years later, in the year 2965, to a deep, melancholic mood.

At the onset of winter, the mournful song of Blaest echoes through the region, carried by the winds blowing through the Winter-horn — a sound as fair as the snow upon the mountain, but promising to become as dreadful as the thunder and the lightning.

If Blaest is not stopped, his voice will drive the Stone-giants to a thunderous wrath, unleashing terrible storms upon northern Eriador.

The Winter-horn can be integrated into the *Perils of the Last Road* storyline as part of the schemes of the unhoused Elf Morlhoss (see page 59). If that is the case, he is the force that drives Blaest to unleash his wrath, inundating him with dark whispers and dreams of despair.

Locations

As the Company climbs towards the High Pass, the terrain rises steadily, occasionally punctuated by hollows and steep inclines. Gradually, the presence of trees diminishes, and their trunks become gnarled and twisted. With the passing of the hours the sunlight dims, transforming the afternoon into a serene autumn evening. If they raise their gaze, they are gifted with a breathtaking sight not far ahead — the snow-capped peaks glow with a rosy hue, illuminated by the setting sun against the chilly, grey eastern sky.

As they venture onward, the trees dwindle further, and the path snakes among scattered rocks at the base of towering crags.

SEARCHING FOR THE WINTER-HORN

The sound of the Winter-horn can be easily heard all around the High Pass, from the foothills of the mountains, but its origin can be elusive, making it difficult to trace for those who attempt to follow it.

> A Magical Success using AWARENESS allows the Player-heroes to perceive a wondrous voice singing, mingled with the wind.

If the Player-heroes are actively looking for the Winter-horn, Loremasters can introduce the following events as they best see fit. In general, the Player-heroes have several chances to witness an unusual Giant activity – smashed trees, huge footprints, the distant sound of rock-slides that seem to be followed by deep rumblings, eerily similar to animalistic sounds. Additionally, as the days pass the weather worsens, dark clouds gather from the east, and the rumbling of thunder is heard getting closer.

THE SHEPHERD'S CABIN: Depending on the circumstances, the Player-heroes can either find shelter in the cabin and then witness the passage of a Stone-giant in the night, or can stumble upon the flattened remains of the cabin, once a Giant has passed by there already.

The cabin, flattened or still standing, is a simple wooden hut, built to give shelter to a shepherd and part of a herd. What's inside is easily accounted for (some searching is required if the hut is destroyed) – some food in the form of sheep or goat cheese, some old bread, a few rusted utensils, and a small stone figurine.

The figurine is of Mannish make, and represents a crude man-like creature, with short legs and stubby arms, and a large head without a neck. It seems very ancient – a LORE roll (or a Magical Result, obtained using RIDDLE for example) determines that the statuette was made by a forgotten Mountain-folk (the figurine represents a Stone-herder, see page 100).

THE PASSING GIANT: The Company encounters a Giant in the foothills of the mountains, an altitude where such an encounter is unheard of. If it is during the day, the Giant is first spied from a distance, as it walks ponderously across a lower dale, completely hidden by a mist or cloud, but getting closer quickly.

If the encounter happens by night (for example, as they sleep in the Shepherd's Cabin), then the Company is alerted by the sound of ponderous footsteps getting closer and closer, heard above the din of a thunderstorm. If they don't get away fast, the Giant will trample their camp (or flatten the cabin) without noticing their presence, and continue walking amid bowel-shaking snorts and grunts coming from high above, where its head should be.

THE SNOW-WOLF: The Player-heroes are engulfed by a sudden snowstorm. As they struggle against the biting cold, they notice that a white wolf is observing them, keeping its distance (a roll of HUNTING indicates that such an animal is a very unusual sight in the mountains).

If the Company doesn't act aggressive, the wolf seems to want to be followed, first getting closer, then running away. If the Player-heroes follow, the beast leads them to a hidden cavern, where they find refuge from the storm.

The walls of the cavern are painted with many colourful images and petroglyphs, the work of the ancient Mountain-folk. Among scenes of hunting, some images show wise men and women interacting with strange, tall creatures seemingly made of stone (see *The Stone-herders*, on page 100).

1. THE VALLEY'S DOOR

The winding path leads them to a point where a rock wall appears to be barring their progress. Here, the path seamlessly transitions into a narrow passage instead, cutting diagonally through the imposing rock formation. The path has been clearly shaped and maintained by human intervention.

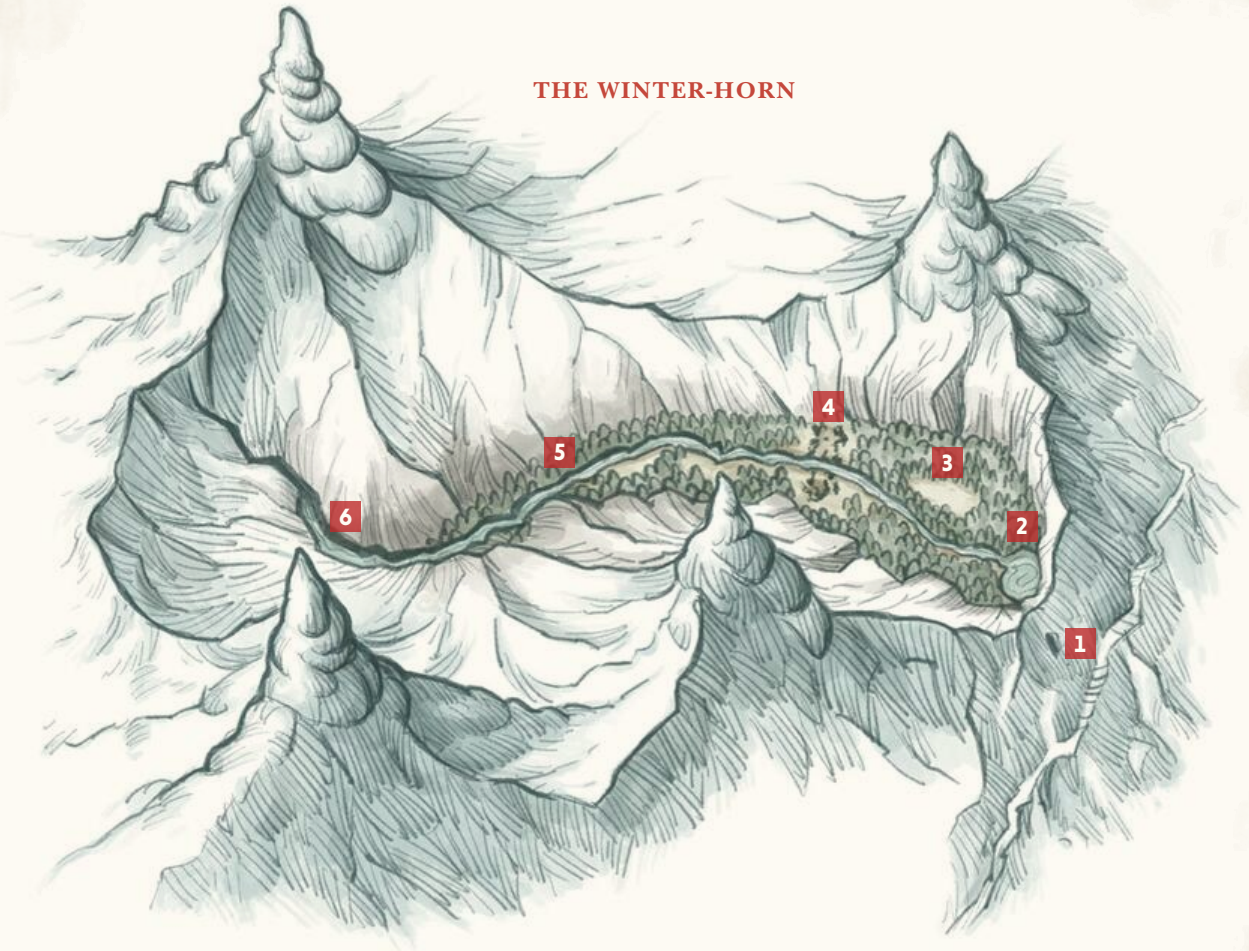
As they advance through the passage, the rocks on their left gradually recede, creating an opening that allows them to peer over and glimpse the terrain below.

Beneath them lies a narrow, curving valley, horn-shaped and covered in snow. Under the white blanket, the dale is grown over with grass and trees, walled on all sides by sheer walls of black stone. A swift stream, dark and green, runs through the vale, sometimes through its heart, sometimes lapping the further rock wall. It is quite clear that this secluded valley rarely witnesses the warm touch of sunlight throughout much of the year.

2. THE POOL

A shallow pool lies at the foot of the Valley's Door. In autumn, the pool becomes covered in ice and snow, making walking on it dangerous, as travellers risk plunging through the thin ice into the frigid waters.

THE WINTER-HORN



Player-heroes observing the frozen surface of the pool and succeeding at an AWARENESS roll can see the ethereal form of Blaest, as if it were hovering around them.

3. THE GLADE

Here a small clearing emerges, enclosed by a dense ring of towering trees. Above, the sky holds a gentle glow, differing from the light that is appropriate to the time of the day when the Company enters the clearing — it is as if its radiance belongs to a fading memory of yesterday, or maybe to a beckoning promise of tomorrow.

It is here that the Company encounters Blaest for the first time, either as he sings while treading lightly on the snow-covered ground, or as he is being shackled by Morgur and his Goblins (see *Schemes and Troubles*, below).

4. THE RUINS

Scattered among the dale and among the snow-laden trees are the ruins of broken stones and monoliths, remnants of the dwellings and holy places of the ancient Mountain-folk. These weathered ruins, adorned with ancient petroglyphs, hold echoes of a forgotten era.

5. THE PIPE

The swift stream running through the dale eventually carves a deep gorge, where the rock walls of the Winter-horn get closest. Here, the sound of the wind carrying the song of Blaest is multiplied, reaching the volume that makes it audible across the High Pass.

6. THE RAVINE

As the stream continues its course, it becomes hemmed in a narrow passage among tall rock faces. Here, the sound of the running waters echoes against the sheer walls of the ravine.

If the Player-heroes reach this far along the watercourse, they may make a grisly discovery: at the bottom of the ravine lie the bones of a tall woman, carrying a large hunting horn. If they inspect the remains, they find she had been clad in rich furs. Her belt is adorned with gold and garnets, her wrist wound with silver bracelets, and the richly decorated helm upon her bony head lies facing downward on the ground.

She was clearly a warrior from the Anduin Vale, a denizen of Firienseld, the Hall of the Woodmen on the other side of the Misty Mountains. What will the Company do with this discovery? (see *The Horn of Echoes*, on page 100).

SCHEMES AND TROUBLE

THE STONE-HERDERS

The Stone-herders have dwelt on the Misty Mountains for countless ages. Related to the Stone-giants, they are Man-shaped, yet greater (at least ten feet high). Their craggy skin looks like weathered rock, and they have short limbs and hardly any neck. When they are awake they open little black, deep-set eyes. They possess a profound understanding of their colossal brethren, and act as their caretakers.

Rarely seen by outsiders, the Stone-herders appear when the balance of their world is threatened, and intervene to safeguard the Stone-giants and restore harmony to the Misty Mountains. Should they choose to encounter someone, they will do so at night. A dozen of them seem to simply appear, as if they just animated boulders that were already there. Their voices emerge from the ground itself, and travel along the legs of listeners, resounding in their belly. They never speak as individuals, always referring to themselves as 'we', and never give any names. If angered they attack, making the very ground shake, and causing lethal rockslides. They cannot be harmed by normal means, and won't attack directly.

The Stone-herders' lore runs deep and their knowledge of the mountains' secrets would make them invaluable allies if someone were fortunate enough to earn their trust. Once, they were respected by the Mountain-folk, who didn't worship them but knew how not to rouse their wrath. They ignored the existence of Dwarves, as they do not care for anything that lives under the surface.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER: The Player-heroes may meet the Stone-herders if they take the stone figurine from the Shepherd's Cabin (see page 98), if they follow the snow-wolf and find shelter in the cavern (see page 98), or whenever the Loremaster decides the encounter is warranted by the Company's circumstances.

The encounter is not to be played necessarily as a Council, as the Player-heroes might have nothing to ask of the Stone-herders. The creatures decided to reveal themselves to the Company because they have heard about what they are looking for, and they want to make sure that they will eventually shut the Winter-horn, by any means.

The reason for their request is that they have been busy in the last decades with putting the Stone-giants to sleep, as they fear the coming war will awaken their evil side (see *The Stone-giants*, below). The Winter-horn threatens to rouse their wrath again, as happened long ago.

Should the Player-heroes have any requests, the Loremaster can use the usual rules for Councils.

When the encounter is over, the Stone-herders leave, again as if disappearing in the night or mist. They leave behind a stone dagger, not much more than a sharpened splinter of rock (see *Blaest, the Frost-spirit*).

THE STONE-GIANTS

The Stone-giants are among the most formidable creatures that can be encountered in Middle-earth. They are hewn from the very stone of the mountains themselves, and their immense bodies look rugged and craggy, as if sculpted by the forces of nature over countless ages. They are living mountains, an awe-inspiring sight to behold. Their movements are slow, echoing the rhythm of the mountains, and their footsteps cause the ground to tremble. They are incredibly strong, as they are capable of hurling boulders of huge size over great distances.

The Stone-giants are often indifferent and unconcerned with the world of smaller creatures. They engage in their own mysterious activities, seemingly detached from the affairs of the realms below. Unfortunately, some of their actions, such as playing games by throwing rocks, can be lethal for those caught in their vicinity.

Legends and tales whisper of ancient ties between the Stone-giants and the very heart of the Misty Mountains, as if they were the guardians of the range itself. Others say that the heart of the Stone-giants is rotten, and that they are ultimately evil, as they partake of the very nature of Arda marred, tainted by Morgoth in ages past.

Luckily for the denizens of the Misty Mountains and all Eriador, the Stone-herders have been watching the Stone-giants for centuries, and are now labouring actively to send them into a long sleep. For they have perceived that a great war is coming, and that the Dark Lord Sauron might succeed in harnessing the strength of the Stone-giants and put them to his service.

THE HORN OF ECHOES

The dead woman in the ravine was called Adela, and she was a warrior of the Woodmen of Firienseld. She left her home during the Fell Winter, fifty years ago, on a mission from her elders to stop the song of Blaest. To aid her, she carried the Horn of Echoes, an ancient heirloom believed to possess magical properties that could help her accomplish her task.

Unfortunately, when Adela arrived at the Winter-horn, she was too exhausted to withstand the strength of Blaest and was killed by the Frost-spirit before she could discover if the horn might have availed her.

If the Horn of Echoes is blown at the Pipe (5), its sound is multiplied a hundredfold, reaching an intensity that will cause a rockslide. If this happens, the shape of the Winter-horn will be altered, nullifying the effect of the song of Blaest. Eventually, this will cause the nature spirit to leave the valley forever.

Adela can recount her story herself: at night, the shade of the unfortunate woman may appear to the Company, urging them to complete her mission and put an end to the song of Blaest.

The Horn of Echoes is a Wondrous Item, with Blessings of HUNTING and AWE, believed to have been crafted by the Dwarves using the horn of a Dragon.

Blaest

BLAEST, THE FROST-SPIRIT

Blaest is a Frost-spirit, appearing as a young man of great beauty or as a snow-wolf, residing within the Winter-horn dale. His crystalline skin reflects the light that filters through the frost-laden trees, and his eyes are the colour of ancient ice.

As a local nature spirit, Blaest possesses an innate connection to the elements, with frost trailing in his wake and snowflakes dancing at his command. When in his presence, the Player-heroes feel energised, their fatigue leaving their bodies as if washed away by a stream of cold water. He seems to be always singing, even when he's just talking to the Player-heroes.

But Blaest is as treacherous as he is breathtaking, like the surface of a frozen lake, and as capricious as the impersonal forces of nature. The coming of a new Fell Winter is provoked by his song, and he won't stop for any reason, his voice rising in power as the days pass.

BLAEST
Indifferent, Primal

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL: 6

ENDURANCE	MIGHT	RESOLVE	PARRY	ARMOUR
30	2	6	–	3

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Bite (in snow-wolf form) 3 (6/16, Pierce)

FELL ABILITIES: ***Disappear.*** Blaest can spend 1 Resolve to turn invisible until he attacks. While invisible, AWARENESS, SCAN, and attack rolls against him *lose (2d)*, while Blaest's attack rolls *gain (2d)* against Player-heroes who cannot see him. A Player-hero who obtains a Magical success on an AWARENESS or SCAN roll can see Blaest normally and ignores all penalties for the rest of the fight.

Heartless. Blaest is not affected by the Intimidate Foe combat task, unless a Magical success is obtained.

Frost Breath. Spend 1 Resolve to make one Player-hero suffer a Severe Endurance loss from extreme cold.

Shapeshift. Blaest can shapeshift into either a great snow-wolf or a young man.

Spirit. Spend 1 Resolve to cancel a Wound. When an attack inflicts damage to the creature that would cause it to go to zero Endurance, it causes a Piercing Blow instead. Then, if the creature is still alive, its Endurance score is set back at half its maximum rating. This ability is ineffective against Player-heroes wielding any magical weapon.

Blaest haunts the Winter-horn as an invisible spirit. He can be encountered in his physical wolf form anywhere in the Winter-horn, and exclusively at the Pool (2) in his human shape. He is likely to react aggressively to anyone he encounters in the dale. The Company's motivations matter not to Blaest — think of him as a mad child, content with playing and singing all the time.

- Blaest can be stopped by destroying his material form; to do so, he must be attacked while visible in one of his physical manifestations.
- Altering the shape of the Winter-horn would achieve the same result, forcing Blaest to leave. To accomplish this, the Player-heroes must blow the Horn of Echoes in the Pipe (see page 101).

GOBLIN TRACKERS

Someone else is looking for the Winter-horn — Morgur, son of Urgoth, is a tracker from Goblin-town, renowned among his fellow tribesmen as a relentless hunter. He is on a mission to find the source of the sound that is making the Stone-giants so unusually active, for the last time it happened, more than fifty years ago, the Giants slaughtered Goblins by the thousands, obliterating their underground dens as easily as a child would crush an anthill.

Morgur is accompanied by his Goblin reavers, a band of veteran warriors experienced in fighting above and under the mountains. They will travel underground whenever possible, using all the secret tunnels dug by Dwarves and Goblins in centuries of warfare, and come to the surface only at night. If they encounter the Company, they will try to ambush them or set clever traps along their path.

Morgur is an **Orc-chieftain**, and his boys are a group of **Orc Guards** (see *The One Ring*, page 150).

The Falls of Nimrodel

An Elven-maid there was of old,
A shining star by day:
Her mantle white was hemmed with gold,
Her shoes of silver-grey.

RUMOUR

"There was a time, long ago, when this watercourse marked one of the loveliest places in Lórien. Many songs were composed about it, and the Silvan-elves still sing them in memory of the light that once shone on its falls and the golden flowers that floated in its foam. There was peace back then, but all is dark now, and the Bridge of Nimrodel lies in ruins."

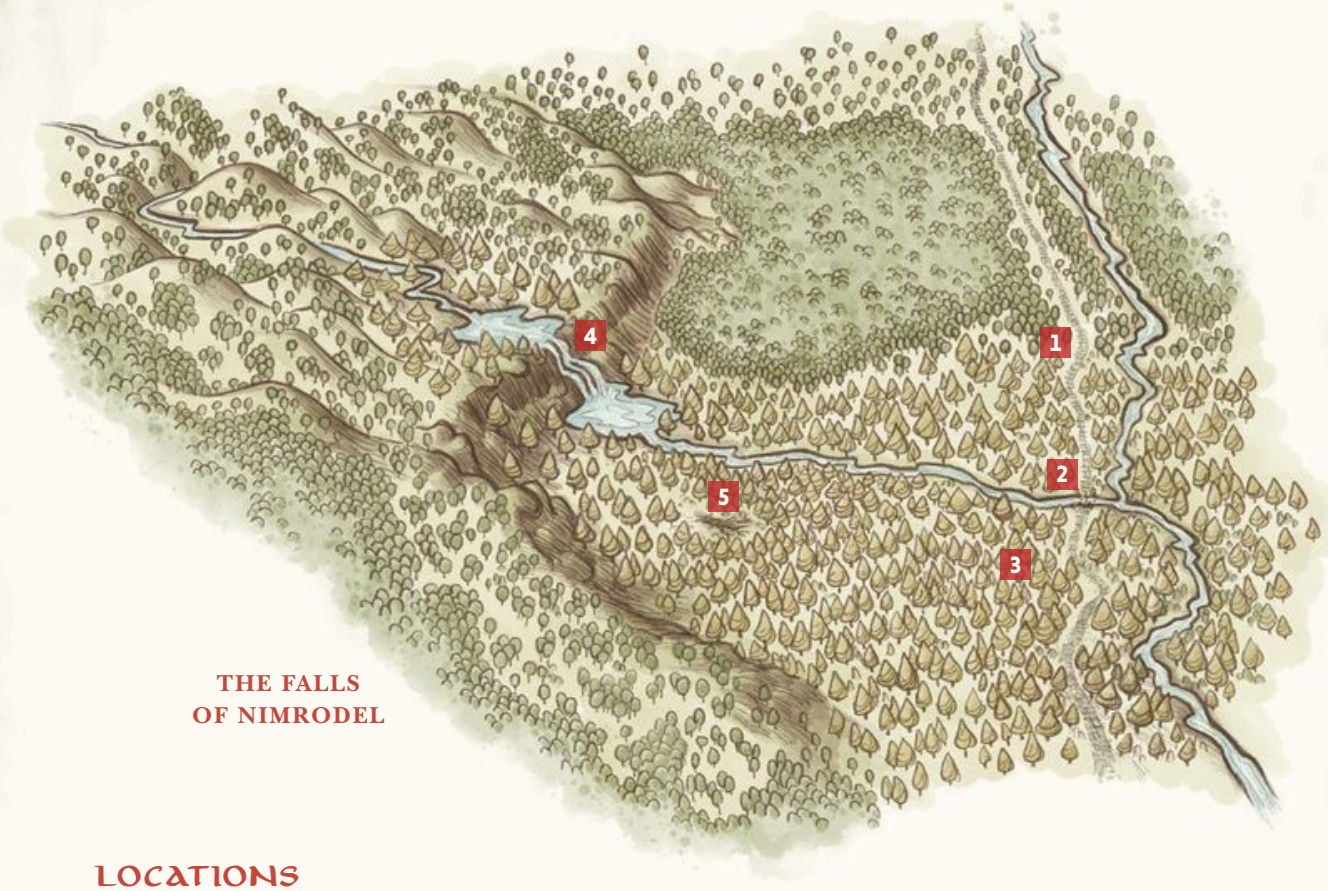
OLD LORE

"Here it is where lived Nimrodel, King Amroth's beloved, who hallowed the waters of the stream with her presence. For the Elves of Lórien, the place represents the perfect harmony and happiness of a past that may never return, for both Nimrodel and Amroth are gone, and beyond the waters are only shadows. But the magic of Nimrodel still lingers in the waters, and at times, by the light of the sun or the stars, one may recall what this place used to be."

Background

The stream and waterfalls to the northwest of Lórien take their name from one of the most graceful and lovely maidens of the Wood-elves to ever grace Middle-earth — Nimrodel was her name, and she chose to build her home among the branches of a mallorn-tree that grew near the falls. During her time, this area was regarded as one of the most enchanting and beautiful places in the region, and over the passing centuries, whatever name it once had was forgotten and replaced with hers.

At the old Bridge of Nimrodel, the Dwarves of Khazad-dûm would come to trade with the Galadhrim, and the Elves would welcome them with songs and gifts. But then evil awoke in the Mountains; the bridge was cast down, and the stream became the border with the Black Pit of Moria.



THE FALLS
OF NIMRODEL

LOCATIONS

The source of the Nimrodel is found high in the Misty Mountains, and its course runs through a deep dell into the forest below. Its waters are swift and cold, tumbling down through many waterfalls until the stream joins the Silverlode.

1. THE MORIA ROAD

A road paved with white stones that shone under the sun and moon once connected Cerin Amroth with the Eastern Gates of Khazad-dûm. King Amroth ordered its construction to seal his friendship with the Dwarves, and for many years, the two peoples used it to stay in contact.

Since the fall of Moria, the road beyond the river has never been repaired, and now its stones are broken or covered with grass; nevertheless, they still clearly mark the way to the Black Pit. To the south of the river, the road has been dismantled, leaving only a path, often buried in fallen leaves.

2. THE FORD

Shortly before the Nimrodel merges with the Silverlode, its flow widens and slows among the rocks. Though the waters remain exceedingly cold, crossing the stream is not difficult in any season; yet, in late spring, it may rise to two feet high from the melting snow in the Mountains.

Once, a stone bridge spanned the river, marking the formal border of the wood; by order of Celeborn, shortly after he became Lord of Lothlórien, it was dismantled along with the paved road. A few large stones can be seen emerging from the riverbed when the flow is weaker.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF NIMRODEL

Part of the enchantment of Nimrodel brings healing to the weary. Whoever descends the deep-cloven banks to bathe their feet in the cold waters of the stream will feel the burdens of travel and all weariness wash away, enjoying all the benefits of a Prolonged Rest in a sheltered and safe refuge. This can be done only once every Adventuring Phase.

In contrast, fell creatures and servants of the Enemy find the stream to be ice-cold and will avoid entering its waters at all costs.

3. FLETS OF THE ELF-WARDENS

The area south of the fords is scattered with flets used by the wardens to watch the borders. These outposts are simple platforms equipped with wind-screens, yet they are plentiful. The Elves move between them with ease, leaping from tree to tree or crossing temporary rope bridges, ensuring that their movements remain concealed from those below.

4. THE WATERFALLS

The Nimrodel flows through several waterfalls along its course, but the largest and most beautiful are located about a mile upstream from the ford. The waters plunge from a quiet, shimmering pool into another foamy basin below. The spray cools the surrounding air in summer, and when the sun shines, it glimmers with entrancing rainbows. The roaring sound of the falls is echoed by the trees and rocky banks, carrying for miles. The Elves tell of how, when spring is in the air, the echo of Nimrodel's songs can still be heard, and when the wind blows from the south, the call of Amroth rises from the Sea.

> To behold the falls of Nimrodel is a delight for the heart, and any attempt at SONG rolls in this place is sure to be Inspired.

In the past, the Falls of Nimrodel were among the most cherished places of the Galadhrim, who would often come here to sing and play. However, the sorrow over the loss of Nimrodel keeps most of them away these days. If the Player-heroes visit, they are likely to find the place utterly deserted, save for the songs of birds and the movements of beasts.

5. THE TREE OF NIMRODEL

At the centre of a glade lies the dried, empty trunk of a mallorn of great girth. It was high among the upper branches of this tree that Nimrodel set her dwelling, long ago. From there, she could gaze over the waterfalls and enjoy a clear view of the mountains and the entire valley of Lórinand. However, after she departed, the mallorn withered, until it was broken and cast down by a storm coming from the Mountains.

Still, from time to time, the Galadhrim visit the fallen tree, leaving crowns of mallorn flowers by its roots to honour the memory of Nimrodel and her songs.

SCHEMES AND TROUBLE

SAFE BEYOND THE WATERS

The Player-heroes are fleeing from Moria or the Redhorn Pass, pursued by a powerful foe. Safety surely lies beyond the Nimrodel, but as they cross, they find that their enemy is unwilling to relent. The intervention of Elf-wardens, shooting from the treetops, proves insufficient to halt the adversary, and the Company must make a stand in the hope that reinforcements will arrive soon.

Alternatively, if the Player-heroes are familiar with Lórien, they may be offered the chance to climb up to the flets of the Elf-wardens using rope ladders — if they can manage to climb quickly enough. After the enemy is driven away or defeated, the Company must answer to the wardens for bringing foes into Lothlórien and explain their business in the Golden Wood.

THE BLACK DEER

A deer with a jet-black coat, golden horns and eyes, is a wonder seldom witnessed. Yet, this majestic buck has been spotted in the Eryn Fairnin, drinking by the Falls of Nimrodel and leaping from cliff to cliff. Hunters who have tried to catch it have all failed, and many swear that this must be an enchanted beast, perhaps even a malicious one, for more than one who gave chase has been lured to a dangerous tumble down a crag or over a ridge.

The beast is sly and swift, and hunting it may be a task imposed on the Player-heroes from the Lord of the Golden Wood — or someone else whose assistance they require. Alternatively, the Company may choose to hunt the beast of their own accord, drawn by the sheer glory of the pursuit. Whatever their reason, they are about to discover that the Black Deer of Nimrodel is more than a match for their skills.

THE DANCE OF THE UNHOUSED

Not all the spirits of the Elves heed the summons of Mandos; a few, particularly the older Wood-elves who lived in Lindórenand before the arrival of the West-elves, are too attached to their woods to forsake them. By night, they gather invisibly around the Tree of Nimrodel to dance and relive the memories of a happier past. However, they are not fond of the living and will drive away outsiders with eerie illusions. The Player-heroes might be tasked with pacifying these spirits, as the Wood-elves seek no quarrel with those they once knew, or perhaps they must speak with one spirit in particular, who holds a crucial piece of information needed to complete a quest. In either case, the Player-heroes must join the Dance of the Unhoused.

The Ruins of Dwarferry

"In these evil days folk do not dwell by the River or ride often to its shores. Anduin is wide, yet the orcs can shoot their arrows far across the stream; and of late, it is said, they have dared to cross the water and raid […]"

RUMOUR

"There's a point north of the Golden Wood where the western bank of the Great River rises, and its course bends to the east. There, you'll see stone ruins atop the rise. Some say it was a town inhabited by Dwarves, Men, and all sorts of folk, and that a ferry was used to cross the river there. Now, something lurks among those stones, and it isn't friendly. The place is cursed — whether by Elf magic, a hex from the Mountain-goblins, or sorcery from Mirkwood, I don't know."

OLD LORE

"Before the fall of Moria, a Dwarf-road began at the gates of Khazad-dûm and ran north to the crossing of the Anduin where the Great Bridge spanned its waters. From there, the road continued eastward through Greenwood and beyond. However, not all travellers went that way; the inhabitants of Dwarrowhall favoured another path that followed the northern borders of Lórien to reach the banks of the Anduin, where lay the Dwarferry — known to the Elves as Nauglang. When the Dwarves abandoned the Mountains, the road and ferry saw fewer travellers, until no one remained worth mentioning. Yet, the bend in the river slows the current, making it easier for wanderers to ford."

DWARROWHALL

The land north of Lórien, the *Fortalf* (see page 43), was once the granary of Khazad-dûm. Many Northmen toiled as tillers and herdsmen, providing sustenance to the Dwarves in exchange for their expertise as builders, smiths, and miners. They lived in scattered homesteads until the Dwarves helped them establish a town in a mountain fold, which came to be known as Dwarrowhall.

In the years following the fall of the mines, both the town and most surrounding farms were abandoned. With Khazad-dûm deserted, the Northman farmers lost their market, and their numbers dwindled as many ventured east and north in search of new homes.

Background

The ruins of Dwarferry are so worn down and overgrown that they are difficult to spot from a distance. Yet up close, the dilapidated buildings reveal the majesty of the era in which they were constructed. At its height, Dwarferry was protected by a sturdy stone wall with a gatehouse, encircling several stables and warehouses. A ferry provided passage across the Anduin, while several piers offered docking space for the barges that traded along the Great River. Nowadays, all trace of the presence of Men has been cancelled, but the stones of the Dwarves proudly defy the passage of centuries.

Dwarferry marks one of the easiest crossings of the Anduin for many miles, a fact well known to the Galadhrim. They maintain a permanent garrison in the ruins, leaving travellers undisturbed but taking swift action if servants of the Enemy approach. However, Dwarferry lies too far from the eaves of the Golden Wood, making it difficult for the Elves to defend it should the Enemy launch a determined attack.

Locations

Dwarferry lies on the western bank of the Anduin, with the ruins perched atop a high bank and the crossing point below, situated between two pebble beaches. The Northern Fences of Lothlórien are located about 15 miles to the south.

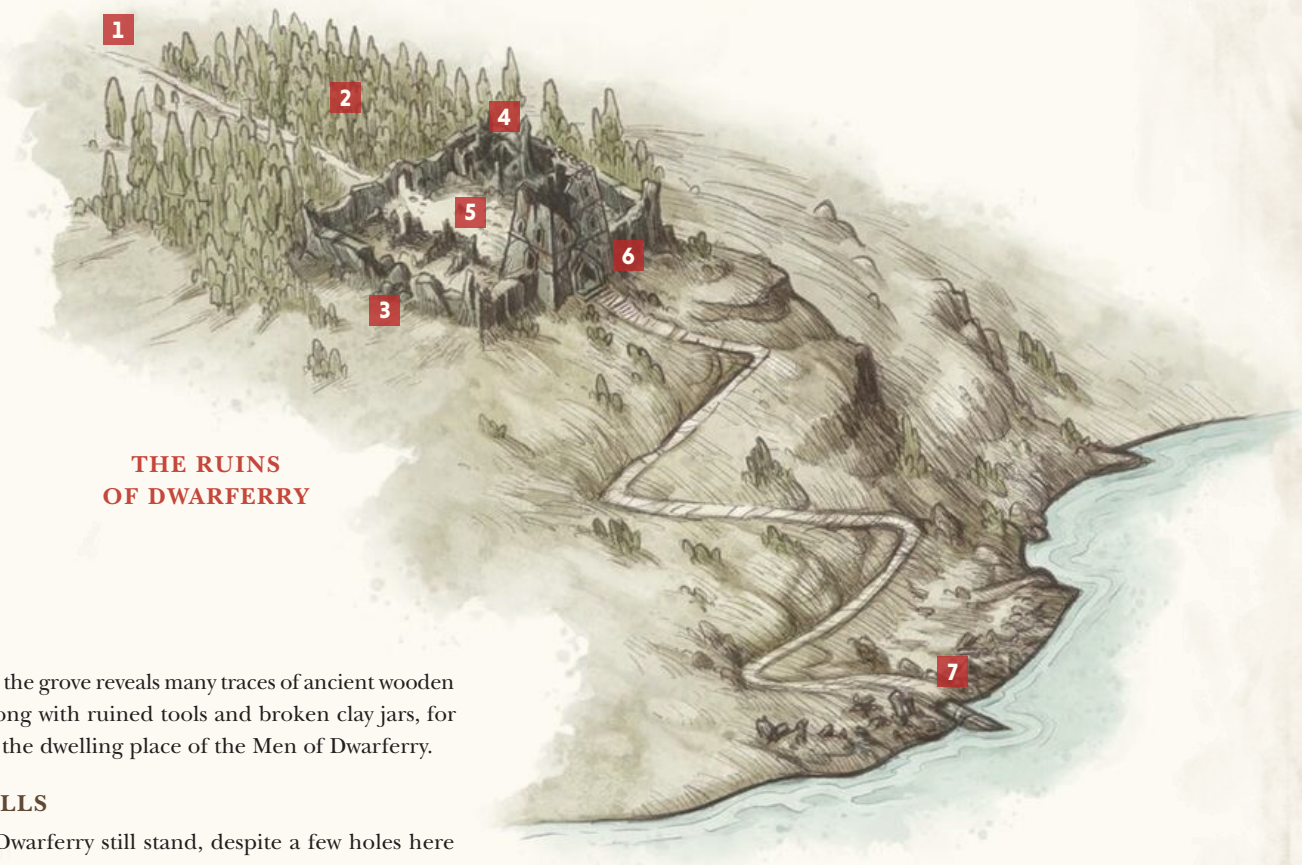
1. THE OLD DWARF-ROAD

Few traces of the Dwarf-road survive from the days of Khazad-dûm, although a traveller may occasionally stumble upon an oddly straight ridge in the wilderness and follow it for a time. Once, several farmsteads dotted the path, but they have long since vanished, leaving behind only a few remnants such as tumbled walls and stone troughs used for watering ponies.

The road reaches the west gate of Dwarferry passing through a grove of trees.

2. THE WESTERN GROVE

Immediately west of the ruins lies a small grove of trees. The road passes through it, shaded by oaks and poplars, but in summer, brambles make passage difficult. This grove is an excellent place for an ambush, and travelling companies should keep their eyes open.



THE RUINS
OF DWARFERRY

Exploring the grove reveals many traces of ancient wooden structures, along with ruined tools and broken clay jars, for this was once the dwelling place of the Men of Dwarferry.

3. THE WALLS

The walls of Dwarferry still stand, despite a few holes here and there. They are overgrown with vegetation, and stones are likely to become dislodged if someone attempts to climb them. If someone were to find themselves besieged here, the walls would provide excellent defence, as the gaps in the encircling fence are effectively blocked by thorny bushes. The easiest access points are the west gate, now an empty, doorless arch, and the east gate, which opens under the Gatehouse.

4. THE RUINED INN

The only building, besides the Gatehouse, to retain a semblance of its former self after a thousand years is the old inn. It is easily identified by the Dwarven symbols for "tavern" carved into its granite doorposts. This venue once housed and fed travellers, while their steeds were cared for in wide stables on the opposite side of the settlement. Although the building retains its lower walls, the roof and upper floors have collapsed, leaving the floor covered with rubble and broken tiles, now overgrown with grass and the occasional shrub.

Searching through the ruins yields plenty of broken tableware and assorted rusty tools, but a thorough examination reveals a concealed trapdoor leading to the old cellars. These underground chambers are used by the Elf-wardens of Lórien to stock supplies and can serve as a perfect place to rest, safe from unwanted attention — unless the wardens themselves happen to be in the area.

In the middle of what used to be the stables stands the stump of a great oak tree, its bark etched with many crude marks, some recent and some old. These marks were made by Orcs, marking their passage through Dwarferry.

5. THE INNER COURT

A large space, paved with broken cobbles, has been cleared of rubble and vegetation fairly recently. Amid the stalks of grass already sprouting between the stones, one can find the ashes of campfires. This was once the inner court of Dwarferry, and it is a spot favoured by passing travellers — and Orcs. At the centre of the court is an old well, now reduced to a hole in the ground covered by broken boards; with a bucket and a rope long enough, fresh water can still be drawn from its depths.

6. THE GATEHOUSE

Even in its decay, the gatehouse of Dwarferry still towers above the rest of the ruins, a testament to the skill of Dwarvish masons. Originally a three-story structure, the roof and top floor have collapsed, leaving a wide gap open on the second floor. The first floor has been occasionally occupied by Orcs, who have defaced its walls with idle scrawls and foul symbols.

The ground floor, where the east gate opens, remains in good condition, although the doors and portcullis are missing. The passage is lined with murder holes above. A trapdoor in one of the side rooms once provided access to vast underground chambers that were occupied by the Dwarf garrison. This space had its own well for water and was connected to a secret tunnel leading to the eastern slope. To prevent outsiders from occupying it, the Galadhrim have blocked the trapdoor with rubble and earth, sealed the well, and collapsed the exit tunnel. However, every now and then, Orcs still attempt to reclaim these rooms for their own use.

7. THE FERRY

A number of wooden structures once serviced the ferry but have long since disappeared, washed away by the flooding of the Anduin. A search through the mud and pebbles of the riverbank can reveal the broken pieces of a fallen column: the Pillar of Durin III. Along its length, the Dwarves recorded the levels reached by the Anduin during floods, taking pride in the column's ability to withstand them. Sadly, the monument was toppled by Orcs, and it fell into the river along with the statue of the Dwarf-king that once graced its top.

Schemes and Trouble

THE MESSENGER OF DOL GULDUR

The Company has been watching a solitary Orc who crossed the river on a raft and is now hiding in Dwarferry. His name is Budagh, one of the most trusted messengers of Dol Guldur. He carries a message for Har the Dwarf (see *Moria: Through the Doors of Durin*, page 122). The letter is written in the Black Speech of Mordor and bears the seal of the Lidless Eye. Budagh has been ordered to deliver the message and wait for a reply before returning to his Master.

Cunning and entirely focused on his mission, Budagh will not risk capture merely to harm his pursuers. He carries a vial of poison; if trapped, he will attempt to destroy the letters before drinking from the vial.

AN ILL-TIMED MEETING

As the Company passes through Dwarferry, they find themselves surrounded by Elf-wardens who question them about their business in these lands. The wardens are clearly on edge and in no mood for friendly conversation; they need to ascertain whether the newcomers are foes, potential allies, or simply wanderers.

Unbeknownst to the Company, Orcs have been gathering in the Fortalf and on the eastern bank, and they may soon make their way to the ruins of Dwarferry. The wardens will seek to gather as much information from the Company as possible before leaving. If the Player-heroes fail to gain information from them, they risk being ambushed by a vanguard of Warg-riders.

THE LEOFRINGS

The Company enters Dwarferry to find a group of men camped in the Inner Court. They are Northmen who identify themselves as Leofrings. Although they act friendly, they look dangerous. They welcome the Company to join them for a meal and share tales.

If the Player-heroes win their trust, their leader, Rednoth, may confess that they have recently entered the region from the north, having been accused of "unjust charges," and are now seeking adventure. However, the men are, in truth, brigands whose activities have earned them the enmity of the Beornings. Rednoth harbours a dream of entering Moria in search of treasure, yet they are likely to rob anyone they encounter — provided the risk does not outweigh the reward.

Rednoth the Red

A large, blonde-haired, red-bearded Northman, Rednoth is not inherently evil, but he suffers from an extremely volatile temper. He presents himself as a peaceful, kind man who respects all creatures — refusing to consume meat — and places great importance on manners and honesty. However, if he feels threatened or deceived, he is likely to spiral into a murderous frenzy, a sight that a couple of his men have already witnessed, leaving them terrified to contradict him.

Wanted for several killings in the north, Rednoth maintains his innocence and firmly believes he is a moral example destined to guide others toward a better and more wholesome life. If he perceives the Player-heroes as "decent folks," he will propose that they enter Moria together. Yet once inside, he will not hesitate to send them ahead to scout for traps. Should Rednoth become embroiled in a heated argument, there is a chance he will enter what he calls his "Red Anger," with a strong headache serving as the first warning sign of his impending rage.

Rednoth has the stats of a Southerner Champion (see *The One Ring*, page 146), while his men are Southerner Raiders. If they smell defeat, they will immediately turn on their leader, blaming all their former crimes on his bullying.

The Singing Stones

"…the Elves of this land were of a race strange to us of the silvan folk, and the trees and the grass do not now remember them: Only I hear the stones lament them: deep they delved us, fair they wrought us, high they builded us; but they are gone. They are gone. They sought the Havens long ago."

RUMOUR

"There are stones on a hill in Hollin that harken back to the lost realm of Eregion. They are older than the ruins of Deadmen's Dike or the cities of Gondor, and the Elves who once dwelt there are long gone. Yet, some of their magic lingers, perhaps as a memory; for when travellers rest there, they often experience peaceful nights and beautiful dreams, and evil things will not disturb them."

OLD LORE

"The Singing Stones are likely the remnants of a lordly mansion, built by an Elf noble who, like many others, chose to live away from the bustle of the cities of Eregion, exploring the wild hills and valleys in the shadow of the Mountains. However, even these remote sanctuaries could not escape the war, and Sauron laid waste to the countryside in the same manner as he did the cities of the Elven-smiths."

Background

In the land of Hollin, there once existed a great realm of Elves who cherished skill and beauty above all else. Among them was Celebrimbor, the greatest of the jewelsmiths of the Noldor. He forged the Three Rings of Power — the most magnificent and tragic of all artefacts crafted by the Eldar since the breaking of Thangorodrim — and he refused to bring them under the control of Sauron and his Ruling Ring. For this defiance, Sauron waged war against Eregion, destroying it, slaying its inhabitants, or forcing them into exile.

Haernil was an Elf-lord of Eregion, and he lived in a mansion he raised in the foothills of the Hithaeglir, the Misty Mountains. He called it Tarridhas, and the woods surrounding it were his gardens and fields, alive with Elven songs and laughter. However, when Sauron came to Eregion, Tarridhas met the same fate as the rest of the region, leaving only the echoes of those songs and laughter to linger, resounding among the tumbled stones.

Since then, Tarridhas has become merely a name found in chronicles or maps forgotten in the libraries of Rivendell or the Grey Havens. To everyone else, the ruins of the mansion of Haernil are known as the Singing Stones, for whoever sleeps there will hear a song — sad yet hopeful — whose memory will soon fade away once the sleeper awakens.

THE SONG OF TARRIDHAS

Player-heroes sleeping among the ruins of Tarridhas dream of singing a song they never heard before, and that they forget immediately upon awakening. Some say that the dreams are the memories of the stones of the long-gone mansion, remembering the songs of the Elves of Eregion.

Locations

The ruins of Tarridhas sit atop a ridge at the end of a spur of the Misty Mountains that juts west into Hollin. The Singing Stones can only be discovered if the Player-heroes are actively seeking a vantage point to scan the surrounding lands.

> Alternatively, the Loremaster may allow the Company to chance upon the ruins as part of a Joyful Sight event while journeying through Eregion.

At the foot of the ridge, among the trees of a dense wood, the remains of what was once a thriving farming community can be found. The settlement was extensive, and traces of stone paths and stairs are still visible among the roots and undergrowth.

1. THE LOST COTTAGES

The bottom of the valley south of the ridge was once covered with fields of wheat and barley, as well as orchards of apple and pear trees. Here, in stone cottages, lived the Elven farmers and those who tended the horses and sheep.

Today, all that remains of their homes are the outlines of the walls and a collapsed well, surrounded by oaks and holly trees. A wide variety of game can be encountered in this area, among the shrubs of wild, edible berries. From here, a road paved with stone tiles leads north, up the ridge.

2. THE VINEYARDS

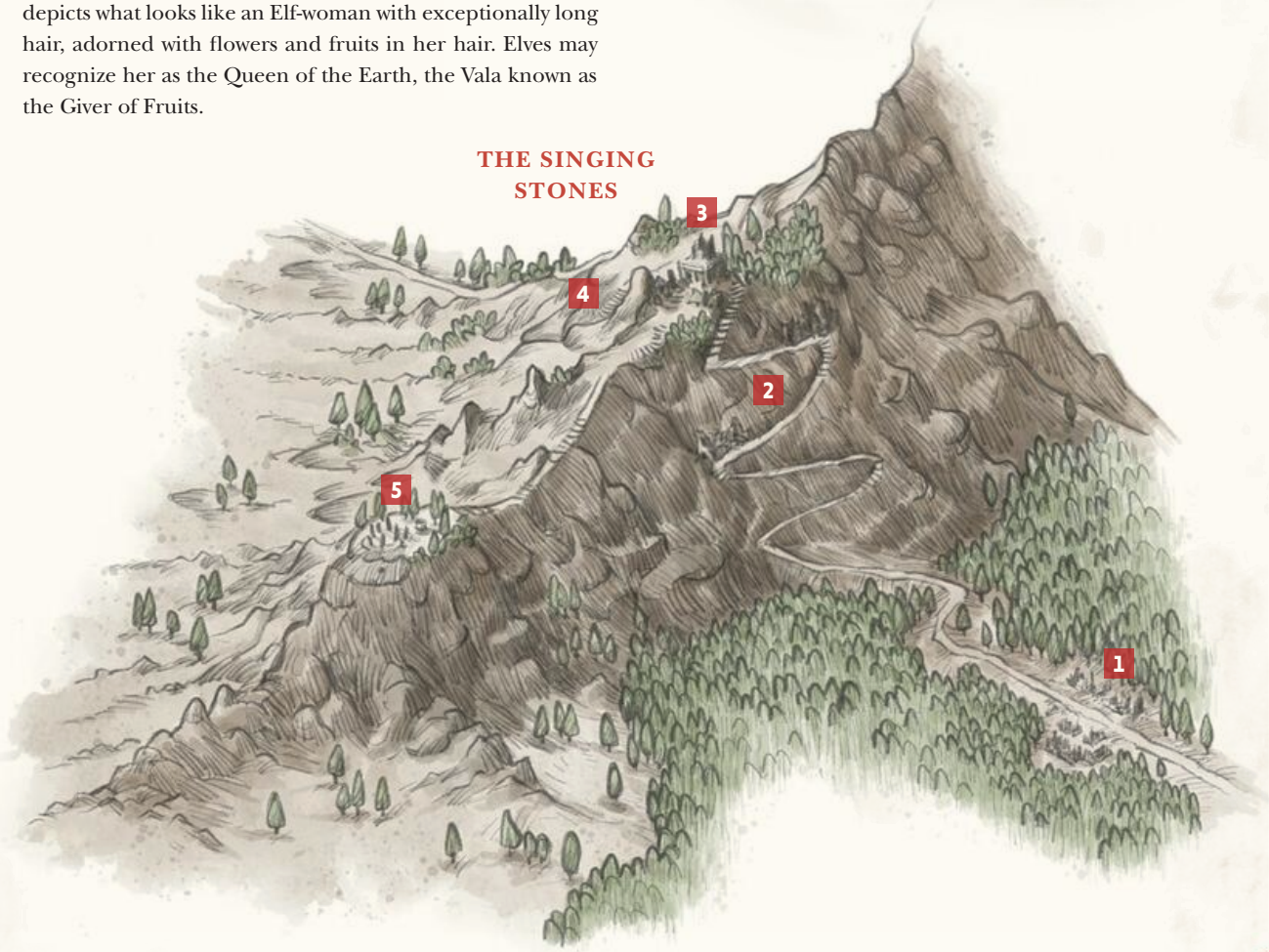
The paved road winds up the slope in wide bends, weaving among ancient trees and the outlines of stone houses. On this southerly, sun-bathed slope, the Elves of Tarridhas once cultivated their vineyards. Though they were destroyed in the war, a thorough search may reveal wild grapes clinging to tree trunks — descendants of the original vines that sprouted from half-burned roots or scattered seeds.

Here once lived Gwesanor, the Winemaker of Rivendell (see *The Vineyards of Glauria*, page 91).

3. THE MANSION

The top of the ridge is a flat rise where the ruins of the mansion of Tarridhas can be found beneath great and ancient holly trees. Of the original building and round tower built by Haernil, only tumbled walls remain, but an ancient well, filled by the invading Orcs long ago, has been restored and now provides fresh water.

A quick scan of the area reveals that someone visits this place from time to time, as a great bas-relief carved into the rock face of the ridge behind the mansion has been cleared of the many vines that once obstructed it, and new flowers have been planted at its base. The carving appears very ancient and depicts what looks like an Elf-woman with exceptionally long hair, adorned with flowers and fruits in her hair. Elves may recognize her as the Queen of the Earth, the Vala known as the Giver of Fruits.



If the Company spends some time searching among the stones and wildflowers that are abundant here, they may discover an old wooden door lacking a lock or handle. The door is enchanted, and will only open at the Elvish command "Edro!" ("Open!"). The door guards a cellar stocked with jars of preserved food, blankets, cups, dishes, and firewood, along with a bucket and a chain for drawing water from a well opening on the floor. Stones in the walls start to glow with a soft but steady light when someone enters the cellar, brightening the room sufficiently. This shelter is used by the Wandering Companies and the Elves travelling to the Grey Havens.

4. THE NORTHERN TERRACE

A small stone path descends along the northern slope of the ridge. Beneath the shade of sparse trees, an extraordinary variety of wildflowers blooms in early summer. No dwellings were ever built in this area, but carved stone seats, covered in moss and dirt, still remain, arranged so that anyone who sits upon them can enjoy the beautiful view.

5. THE WESTERN GARDENS

A stone path descends westward along the top of the ridge until it ascends again to reach the final rise, the very end of the spur extending west from the Mountains. A circle of broken pillars stands at its farthest edge.

Here, once, were beautiful gardens where the Elves cultivated a great variety of plants, some imported from distant lands. Today, a single, monumental holly tree with a trunk over five feet wide rises against the sky, a survivor of the war against Sauron. Elf-lords of the Wandering Companies often come here to honour the ancient tree when they camp on the ridge.

While most of the rare flowers and herbs cultivated here are lost, a few have survived and can be found in little corners, so that anyone attempting a HEALING roll *gains (1d)*.

Schemes and Trouble

A TREASURE HUNT WITH THE ELVES

While the Player-heroes rest among the Singing Stones, a company of pilgrims heading west comes upon them. If the heroes can impress the Elves as agreeable companions, the Elves will invite them to join a game they have been planning. The Elves have hidden some personal items, which they will not need to carry into the Uttermost West, around the ruins and offer the other players a riddle to help them find the treasures. Whoever discovers the hidden items first will become their new owner.

The Loremaster can run the game using a mix of real clues and rolls on RIDDLE and SCAN, but the Elves are likely to complicate matters with a generous dose of teasing, witty jokes, and playful pranks, often directed at each other or at the expense of the most sensitive mortals. The final prizes may vary widely, ranging from valuable items of Elvish craftsmanship to pretty yet useless trinkets, which may themselves be part of the jest.

THE LAST PILGRIM'S MESSAGE

As they camp among the Stones, the Company discovers a message freshly scratched with a piece of charcoal on a rock:

> *"To whomever reads this, I am the last of my Company. We were waylaid by Orcs on the Redhorn Pass. I have escaped, but they are after me. I am headed towards Imladris, but I am wounded. I fear they will catch up with me before I arrive. If you read this, remember my name, and mourn me and my companions.*
>
> *— Daedhel of Lórien."*

Night is falling, and as the stars begin to shine, the Company hears the distant screams of Goblins approaching from the south. The Orcs will reach the Singing Stones tonight, and the Player-heroes must prepare to defend themselves among the ruins.

Should the Player-heroes follow the trail of the pilgrim who was here the previous night and succeed, they may find Daedhel and escort him to Rivendell, where he will share his tale of woe.

This scheme can be linked with both *Perils of the Last Road* and *Memories of Ancient Wounds* storylines.

THE LAST HEARTFLOWER EAST OF THE SEA

As Elrond treats a poisoned patient, Erestor recalls an ancient antidote recipe that, alas, requires a bud of *Borhûnnoth*, also known as the Heartflower, a native plant from the Blessed Realm. Once cultivated in a few physic gardens, this tall plant with large, vermilion heart-shaped buds is now extinct.

According to Erestor, the last place it was grown was in the gardens of Tarridhas. Could some Heartflower still bloom in the hidden gardens, nestled in the shade of the holly trees? It is a dim hope, but someone must ride like the wind and search for it, hoping to return in time with the rare and precious bud.

The Hollow Wood

"For the moment there was no whispering or movement among the branches; but they all got an uncomfortable feeling that they were being watched with disapproval, deepening to dislike and even enmity."

RUMOUR

"If you take the path through the forest, you'll come across a large, dead beech tree with twisted branches and a hollow trunk. Continue straight along the wider trail, and you will eventually emerge on the other side of the woods, facing a range of low hills. Never venture down the smaller path to the left of the dead oak; it descends toward a swamp. The air there is heavy with eerie whispers and the creaking sounds of old trees."

OLD LORE

"Elves were once a familiar presence in these lands: their songs echoed in the wind, and their enchanted lamps could be seen glowing in the distance on summer nights. They were at home in the forest, and they were masters of trees and beasts. Yet, their numbers have dwindled with each passing year, and now even the Fair Folk seem to have forgotten the places where they once played and danced. But have these places forgotten the Elves?"

Background

Travelling Elves stop in many places along their journeys: some are caves, others are the homes of Elf-friends, and some are simple glades within the woods. Woody End in the East-farthing of the Shire is one such place, and the Hollow Wood is another.

What sets the Hollow Wood apart is that there is more than meets the eye here. Unbeknownst to mortals, the Elves who once dwelled here did not spend their time among the trees or in their branches; instead, they carved a refuge underground. Their chambers are not caves to rival the subterranean citadel of Thingol in Doriath, nor can they be compared to the Halls of Thranduil in the Woodland Realm. Nonetheless, many Elven hands laboured tirelessly for centuries to create a sanctuary where Wandering Companies could feel at home — perhaps for the last time before they departed from Middle-earth.

Under the roots of the forest, the Elves opened a large hall and dozens of rooms, all linked by many passages. They began their work at the centre of the forest, directly beneath where the Grey Beech stands, and gradually expanded eastward. As time passed, they resolved to branch out westward, requiring them to delve deeper into the earth, as the land on the surface sloped down toward the river.

Unfortunately, as they progressed further west, the Elven engineers and labourers began to experience strange disturbances in the earth, which increasingly grew more violent. Eventually, the tremors caused the waters of the river to flood parts of their excavations, giving rise to a wide marsh on the surface. Unable to find an explanation for this unsettling phenomenon, the Elves grew fearful, and in time, they made the difficult decision to forsake the Hollow Wood.

Unfortunately, the collapse of their underground complex was not merely a consequence of their excavation, but the awakening of an unknown threat — a strange Dragon, a stunted specimen of its kind, roused by the vibrations of their work. This unforeseen peril lay deep beneath the roots of the Hollow Wood (see *The Worm of the Hollow Wood*, in *Schemes and Trouble*).

Locations

The Hollow Wood can be situated anywhere in Eriador that the Loremaster desires. It could lie along the Greyflood or beside the banks of the Hoarwell. It might be near the Midgewater Marshes, in a corner of the Old Forest, or even, with a few adjustments, within the Shire. Essentially, this landmark can be placed anywhere the Elves might have wandered or passed through on their journey to the shores of the Sea.

1. THE VILLAGE OF BARNHAM

South of the Hollow Wood, atop a low rise, lies a small village of thatched cottages where a few families of farmers lead a humble life. The village is surrounded by a wooden stockade, and the locals are somewhat suspicious of travellers. However, they are generally good-hearted, and with a little persuasion, they will offer lodging in the stables and a warm meal to those in need. The eldest among them remember catching glimpses of Elvish lights in the woods during their childhood, but even they are starting to doubt their own memories, considering faeries nothing more than stories meant for children.

THE HOLLOW WOOD

Beneath its sprawling roots lies a narrow passage. By squeezing into this tight tunnel, one can catch a glimpse of what was once the underground refuge of the Elves. Contrary to what one might expect, the air becomes cleaner as one descends the passage, though the way is quickly obstructed by rocks and fallen earth.

Gone are the days when the Wandering Companies could rest from their travels in comfortable halls lit by golden lanterns and drink from a silver fountain. All is now lost, buried beneath the earth; perhaps only the echo of laughter and music can be heard by those who listen closely to the song of the stones.

2. THE GREY BEECH

The winding path heading north from Barnham leads to the heart of the forest. Everyone in the village knows that at the centre of the Hollow Wood stands the Grey Beech, a colossal dead tree, marking a crossroad — but only a handful of old-timers can claim to have actually seen it.

Ancient and gnarled, the Grey Beech is a tapestry of dried bark, thick with deep fissures and lichen that tell the tale of centuries past. A few thick branches still stretch outward like the arms of a skeletal beast, twisted and bare.

3. THE EASTERN EAVES

The eastern part of the Hollow Wood is predominantly filled with ancient oaks, rising higher than the western stretches of the forest. The folk of Barnham rarely venture into its eaves to gather firewood and graze their pigs, and they certainly do not do so after the sun dips below the horizon.

A tale whispered among them recounts how a woodman once struck a tall maple tree with his axe, only to discover that blood flowed from the wound, and the tree rose upon wooden legs, pursuing him in wrath.

4. THE HOLLOW MARSH

A partially overgrown path begins at the Old Oak and winds downward toward the western eaves of the forest. Here, the usual sounds of the wood fade almost to silence; the air is damp and thick with a swarm of midges and gnats, while the towering oaks give way to willows, alders, and birches. As the path approaches the river, the ground becomes increasingly damp, quickly transforming into a swamp.

When fog rises from the nearby river, it first fills the Hollow Marsh, lingering here far longer than in the higher elevations of the forest, enveloping the area in a ghostly shroud that obscures landmarks and distorts sounds.

THE POND: What was once a wide bend of the river turned into a pond of brackish water surrounded by thick reeds and slender birches. A few moorhens and egrets have taken residence here, feeding on frogs and small fish that inhabit the murky depths. These birds will take flight at the slightest disturbance in the water. When that happens, a leafy whisper rises from the surrounding foliage, and the trees around the pond start to sway, despite the lack of a gust of wind. Their branches creak ominously, as if warning intruders to stay away from this forgotten place.

THE SECRET RING: Not far from the pond, the path appears to end abruptly at a thicket of alders so tightly packed that it is nearly impossible to see within. A closer inspection may reveal that this arboreal wall hides a circular glade. Inside it, one can discover an Elf-lantern, sealed jars of oil, warm blankets, a couple of spare cloaks, and wooden tableware. A circle of stones in the middle is designed to accommodate a fire.

This shelter has been recently used by a group of Elves who came to investigate rumours of a terrible threat (see *The Worm of the Hollow Wood*).

5. THE REEKING HILLS

These gently rolling hills are barren and deserted, save for a few flocks of crows roosting in the sparse trees. An eerie quiet hangs in the air, interrupted only by the occasional raucous call of the crows. Reeking air inexplicably wafts from somewhere underground, for it is here that the Dragon, Osklhûg, has made its lair, choosing a large cave beneath one of the hills.

Osklhûg seeks to remain undisturbed in its sanctuary, yet it is ever vigilant, sensing disturbances in the land and air. Those who linger too long within the Hollow Wood risk provoking the creature's ire; should the tranquillity of its lair be disrupted, the Dragon will leave his cave — furious and hungry — ready to defend its domain.

Longmaple, the Guardian Tree

Longmaple is the guardian of the Hollow Wood, a tree awakened by the Elves who once dwelled there. He is so alert that when the forest is threatened, he can uproot himself and move about! Appearing as an extraordinarily ancient and large maple, his branches form a wide and majestic crown. Longmaple can be encountered anywhere within the forest, though he is most commonly found in the Eastern Eaves.

LONGMAPLE
Fierce, Patient

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL	ENDURANCE	MIGHT	RESOLVE	PARRY	ARMOUR
9	70	2	9	—	3

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Branch 3 (9/12, Knockback*)

* The attack knocks back the target. Halve the total Endurance loss caused by the attack (rounding fractions up). A character who is knocked back must spend their next main action recovering their fighting position.

FELL ABILITIES: ***Great Strength.*** If Longmaple scores a Piercing Blow with a close combat attack, spend 1 Resolve to make the target's Protection roll *Ill-favoured*.

Fear of Fire. The creature loses 1 Resolve at the start of each round it is engaged in close combat with an adversary wielding a torch or other burning item.

Mighty Toughness. When an attack inflicts damage to Longmaple that would cause it to go to zero Endurance, it causes a Piercing Blow instead. Then, if the creature is still alive, its Endurance score is set back at half its maximum rating.

Thick Bark. Spend 1 Resolve to *gain (2d)* on a Protection roll.

SCHEMES AND TROUBLE

THE WORM OF THE HOLLOW WOOD

The Dragons of old were a terrifying sight, the bane of all the Free Peoples; such were the ancestors of Osklhûg. Unlike those bred in the Hells of Iron, he was born in a dark cave and soon chased out by his dreadful mother, who raged at the wingless weakling crawling from her egg. Osklhûg wandered in misery until he discovered a dark cave, deep underground. There, the worm dozed for centuries, as the life of Dragons is long and slow.

OSKLHÛG
Idle, Stout

ATTRIBUTE LEVEL: 9

ENDURANCE	MIGHT	RESOLVE	PARRY	ARMOUR
110	3	9	–	4

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES: Bite 3 (6/20, Pierce), Tail 2 (10/12, Knockback*)

* The attack knocks back the target. Halve the total Endurance loss caused by the attack (rounding fractions up). A character who is knocked back must spend their next main action recovering their fighting position.

FELL ABILITIES: ***Breath of Smoke.*** Osklhûg's breath is foul and hot. Spend 1 Resolve to cause a Moderate Endurance loss from fire to all Player-heroes in a close combat stance. All targets must then make a VALOUR roll: those who fail can only choose Defensive stance as a close combat stance in the following round.

Hideous Toughness. When an attack inflicts damage to Osklhûg that would cause it to go to zero Endurance, it causes a Piercing Blow instead. Then, if the creature is still alive, its Endurance score is set back at half its maximum rating.

Horrible Strength. If the creature scores a Piercing Blow, spend 1 Resolve to make the target's Protection roll *Ill-favoured*.

Strike Fear. Spend 1 Resolve to make all Player-heroes in sight gain 3 Shadow points (Dread). Those who fail their Shadow test are daunted and cannot spend Hope for the rest of the fight.

Weak Spot. Player-heroes may attempt a special combat task against the creature while in any stance. The acting player makes a LORE or SCAN roll as the main action for the round: on a success, Osklhûg *loses (1d)* on the next Protection roll, plus another *(1d)* for each Success icon ᘔ rolled.

One day, his sleep was disturbed by voices and songs he instinctively loathed — Elves were labouring somewhere above Osklhûg's lair, and the Dragon began to feel agitated. His fury burned slowly, for a Dragon values its life above all else. So, he decided to burrow toward the tunnels of the Elves, intending to cause tremors that would lead to their collapse. In time, he succeeded, and many passages were flooded by the waters of the river.

The Elves fled before they could discover the presence of the Dragon.

The Worm of the Black Lake may seem a disgrace to dragonkind, but he is still a terrible monster. His greyish, scaled body is stocky and spotted black on the tail, where mother-fire once burned him. His legs are short, causing his slithering to be slow and ungraceful. While his breath is not a flame, it is still hot enough to stun lesser creatures.

Osklhûg has yet to meet truly dangerous opponents — if Wounded twice, the worm becomes scared and considers ending the fight, either fleeing or trying to talk his way out of the battle.

THE LOST SIBLINGS

The children of two farmers from Barnham were last seen earlier today as they ventured to the edge of the Hollow Wood to gather firewood. When they failed to return for lunch, as they were supposed to, their mother initially thought they must be frolicking about, lost in their songs, "as they always do (oh, they have beautiful voices!)". But as the night approaches, a gnawing fear grips her heart — surely something must have happened if the two haven't come back!

The truth is that the two children do possess incredibly beautiful voices — so beautiful, in fact, that they have managed to awaken Longmaple (see page 113). Initially terrified, the children soon witnessed the tree dancing to their tunes, and they quickly made a friend of him. Alas, as they began to think of going home, the tree took them to the Secret Ring, where he believes they can sleep safely and soundly. Now, the children are scared and weeping inside their leafy prison, but if they hear voices outside, they will start calling for help.

Can the Player-heroes find the lost children and convince the guardian of the Hollow Wood that they need to return to their mother?

The Isle of the Sorceress

"These are indeed strange days,' he muttered. 'Dreams and legends spring to life out of the grass."

RUMOUR

"Cross the river here? No one dares to cross at the Isle of the Sorceress! Sure, it may seem easy to wade through the shallow pools, but the rocks are slippery, and the waters are treacherous. They serve She who rules here, and she has little patience for strangers setting foot on her island."

OLD LORE

"Sarn Edhilgail, the Ford of Elf-lights, is a name found on maps dating back to the time of old Arnor. Even then, an eyot stood between two branches of the river, providing an easy crossing for travellers. While ancient texts offer little else about this place, its name alone speaks to the presence of the Firstborn — those who wandered these lands long before Men arrived from the West. It is likely that the Elves used the ford during their travels and perhaps even found refuge there in the warmth of summer."

Background

A ford has existed here since ancient times, where the river's current splits and a rocky eyot stands between the swift rapids. Elves have known this crossing since earlier ages of the world, for the place possesses a special beauty — the song of the waters, the gentle swaying of poplars and elms, and the bright colours of butterflies flitting among the wildflowers by the bank.

Their presence has always been fleeting, typically limited to a few weeks during the warmer seasons, except for Tuliad, Lothien, and Yavadiel. These three Elven maidens from Lórien were en route to the Grey Havens but chose to tarry a while as they passed through the island. Enchanted by its beauty, they built a flet among the trees, and days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and then years. In summer, Wandering Companies still use the ford, pausing to rest for a time. In winter, however, the three Elves are alone on the island.

Shy around mortals, Tuliad, Lothien, and Yavadiel have chosen never to appear together, leading the local Men to believe that there is only one Sorceress residing on the island, one capable of taking many different forms (see *Schemes and Trouble*, on the next page).

Locations

The Isle of the Sorceress can be placed wherever the Loremaster desires within the borders of Eriador. It could rest along the banks of any reasonably swift river, such as the Hoarwell, the Loudwater, or even the upper reaches of the Lhûn or the Brandywine.

1. THE WESTERN RAPIDS

The western branch of the river is narrower. Here, the water is shallow, and flows fast and cold, with many stones scattered throughout. One may jump from one stone to the other and cross without getting wet. A miniature waterfall flows into a deep pool that shines like an emerald in the sun. It is impossible to navigate any boat on this side of the river.

2. THE GREENSWARD

The southern tip of the island is covered by a broad sward of grass, which, in warmer seasons, is covered in wildflowers. By the water, pebbles have gathered among the rocks, forming a tongue that points southwards. Local legends say that sometimes, at night or at sunrise, the Sorceress can be seen dancing here, and those who witness her will never be able to forget her beauty.

3. THE GROVE

On the northern, rocky part of the island, oaks and tall elms grow thickly. Although the grove they create is small, once inside, it feels like a proper wood. The dense undergrowth of hazelnuts, elderflowers, and brambles makes movement difficult.

If the Player-heroes succeed on an **EXPLORE** roll, they may eventually discover a glade where, in early summer, forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley bloom.

There, on one of the tallest elms in the grove — its trunk covered by lush honeysuckle — lies a concealed *talan* (a **SCAN** roll is necessary to see it from below); this is the home of the three Elf-maidens.

However, they are not the only inhabitants of the island. Many birds, especially skylarks, blackbirds, and nightingales, nest among the trees, as do playful red squirrels.

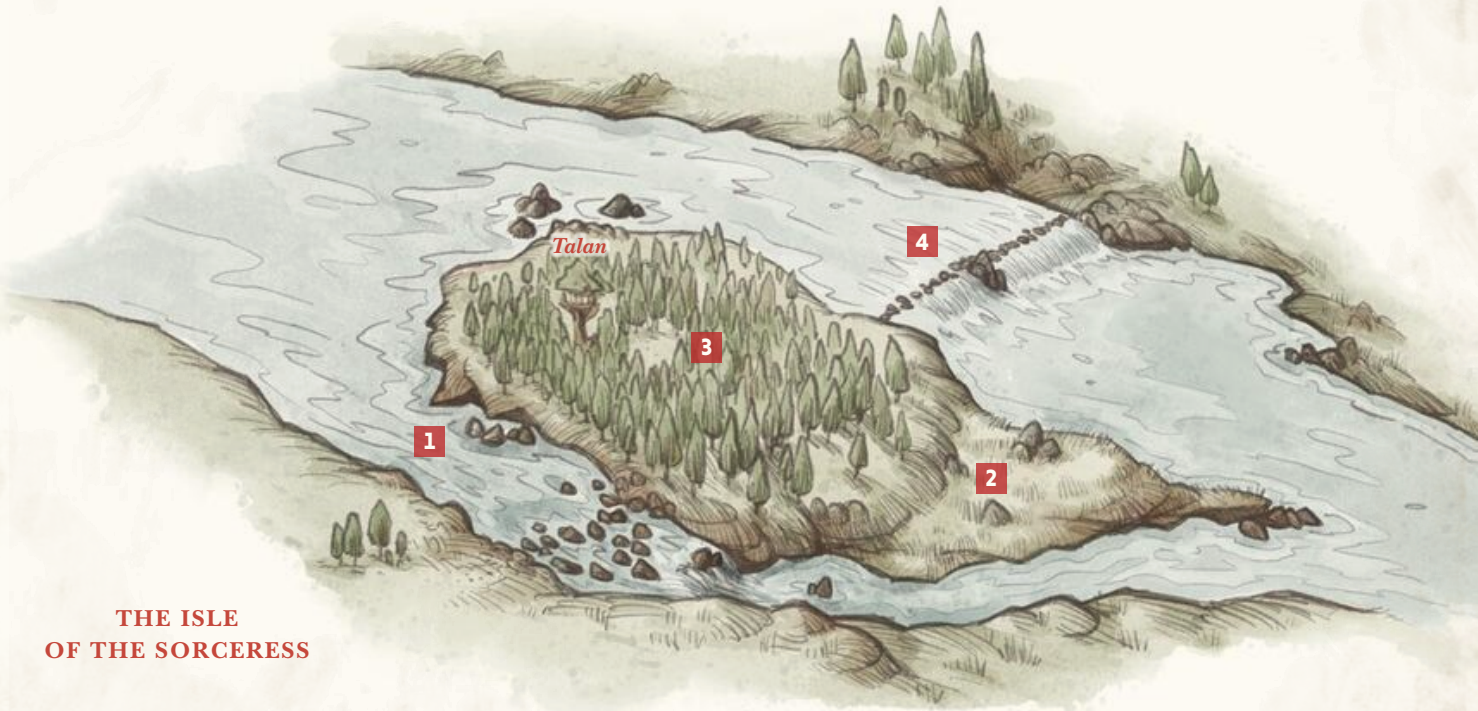
4. THE EASTERN ARM

To the east of the isle, the river widens and flows more slowly, yet it runs deeper. Here, it forms a serene, wide pool before a tall waterfall, plunging into another large basin below. Just before the waterfall, pebbles and stones create a narrow bridge where one can wade carefully: the passage is clearly visible by day, but it becomes extremely treacherous at night. A simple slip could send a traveller tumbling down the waterfall into the deep pool below.

SCHEMES AND TROUBLE

THE SORCERESS

The three Elf-maidens are described individually below. Yet, they have chosen to conceal their identities behind the persona of 'the Sorceress'. To achieve this, they never appear together at the same time or in the same place, and always



THE ISLE
OF THE SORCERESS

wear identical flowing robes in deep greens, soft purples, or silvery blues, often accompanied by hooded cloaks. Occasionally, veils partially obscures their faces, and they each wear similar silver circlets upon their brows.

The Elves have spent a long time on the island and are now masters of its waters, woods, and beasts. They are immediately aware of anyone approaching the Isle (unless one relies on a Magical **STEALTH** success), and in turn, they will briefly reveal themselves to the trespassers, changing appearance and using Elf-magic to confound them.

1. **ILLUSIONS:** The Elves can use Elf-magic to alter the appearance of the island. They might create false trails, shifting paths, or even conjure images of hidden groves, or phantom campfires. They can mimic the sounds of nature or other creatures, even Orcs should they have a need for that.
2. **CONJURE EMOTIONS:** The Sorceress may evoke feelings of fear, unease, or euphoria in trespassers through illusions that tap into their emotions. Visions of loved ones or horrifying phantoms may be used to distract or terrify them.
3. **PHANTOM GUARDIANS:** The Elves could conjure spectral figures or illusions of fierce guardians — such as wolves or worse — that appear to threaten the intruders.

Tuliad

The youngest of the trio, Tuliad is little more than a girl by Elvish standards, but the loss of her brother and father in battle against Orcs has left deep scars. She undertook the journey to the Sea in the hope of reuniting with her lost kin, but over time, she formed a bond with her two companions, coming to see them as her new family, even though her thoughts often drift to the Sea and what lies beyond.

Tuliad is pale, with long dark hair and blue eyes that reflect her wild beauty. Sensitive, fragile, and suspicious of all mortals, she is likely to run away if encountered. If chased, she may react violently to what she perceives as a threat. Despite her youth, she is an accomplished archer, able to shoot arrows with deadly accuracy with her Great Bow.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Wary, Wilful

Lothien

Fair, auburn-haired Lothien chose to leave Middle-earth more out of desire to see the Uttermost West than out of grief. Among the group, she is the most lively and adventurous, often engaging mortals and strangers in conversation with ease. Lothien frequently wanders the woods, far from the Isle, forging friendships with birds that keep her informed of the happenings in the region.

With a playful nature, she delights in teasing mortals, dancing just out of reach of their sight and pretending to be unaware of their presence, only to vanish when they draw near.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Cunning, Fair

Yavadiel

The eldest of the three, Yavadiel was once a tender of trees and plants in Lothlórien, but lost pleasure in that life, with the shadows of Moria and Dol Guldur weighing heavily on her mind. On the Isle, she finally feels safe for the first time in centuries, and she takes joy in being a protective elder sister to her companions. Yavadiel often appears by the shores, tending to her flowers or combing her sandy locks beneath the moonlight.

Yavadiel knows a few enchantments, allowing her to summon river spirits for assistance, but she seldom puts her magic to use. As the wisest among the trio, she often mediates between Tuliad's fears and Lothien's recklessness. Despite her wisdom, Yavadiel is the one delaying their journey; the Isle has become her home, and its trees and flowers her responsibility, which she cannot forsake. She understands that the West awaits them, yet she struggles to set a date for their departure — promising herself just one more month, one more season, or perhaps one more year...

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Generous, Patient

PROPHECIES GONE WRONG

For years, there has been bad blood between the farmers of the valley and the hillmen of the nearby hills. When the leaders of these communities finally met to settle their disputes, they swore that their children would seal the peace with a marriage on Midsummer Day, which is now just three days away. Everything is ready in the valley for the greatest feast seen in years, but there is one problem: Deoridh, the leader's daughter, is missing!

Apparently, she never agreed to marry what she imagines to be a stinky, bearish hunter. She has never confided in anyone, but when she was a little girl — ten years ago, it turns out — she wandered far into the forest and became lost until she encountered the Sorceress, more beautiful than words can convey. The Sorceress (Lothien) calmed her fears, played with her, carved a small wooden bird for her (surely a magic bird, although Deoridh hasn't discovered its true power yet), and set her on the right path home, but not before giving her a warning: "Never stray too far from home again, or you'll meet a bear who will take you away to his den and make you his wife! You don't want to be the wife of a bear, do you?"

To be sure, Deoridh never again strayed far from home, but when her father informed her that she was to marry a hillman and live with him, she remembered the Sorceress's warning and ran away. She is now hiding in a cave in the woods, not far from home, but she is determined not to return because of the Sorceress's words. In fact, she'd rather go back to the Sorceress's isle for protection… Perhaps the magic bird can help her?

Can the Player-heroes help find Deoridh? Can they convince her to come home or clarify the Sorceress's warning?

If the Player-heroes can follow Deoridh to the isle and help her speak to the Sorceress, an awkward conversation is sure to unfold. Lothien will remember the girl and be highly amused by the situation, though her companions may not share her mirth. Once Deoridh learns that there never was any prophecy, only a playful warning, she will feel relief (even if disappointed to discover that her wooden bird is not, in fact, magical). The two villages can then prepare to celebrate the marriage of Deoridh and Waldric, who will turn out to be a handsome, clean-shaven young man after all.

TRAPPED BY WATER

Last winter was exceptionally snowy, and now that spring has come, rains have been battering the country for days. The river has risen, and last night it flooded, submerging the banks for hundreds of yards, along with the whole Isle of the Sorceress. Only the tallest trees now remain above the water. Will the Player-heroes brave the dangers of a flooded island to save the three Elf-maidens?

Whitethorn Hay

"But I see you are an elf-friend; the light in your eyes and the ring in your voice tells it. This is a merry meeting!"

RUMOUR

"There is an old farm, older than most in these parts. Have you seen the hawthorn tree that grows in its yard? They say it was planted in the time of the Kings, and that a Whitethorn family already resided there back then. It is said that an ancient Fay-king blessed the spot and the tree, and that his folk visit from time to time, carrying marvellous gifts which they exchange for a glass of milk and a song. Surely, these are merely stories, but the Whitethorns are certainly peculiar folks, and there's something undeniably magical about them."

OLD LORE

"Elves do not often mingle with mortals; our two peoples are simply too different. However, there are times when Men are fortunate enough to forge friendships with the Fair Folk, and such bonds can endure for many generations. Those who are known as Elf-friends enjoy the blessings and wisdom of the Firstborn. Yet, Elf-friends are also bound to secrecy; friendship with the Immortal Folk can attract envy and the enmity of dark creatures as well."

Background

Whitethorn Hay is a big farm, encircled by an ancient and thick hedge of whitethorn. A large family, also bearing the surname Whitethorn, resides there, and they have been Elf-friends for as long as anyone can remember.

During the summer months, Elves come to visit, welcomed with honour by the Elder Whitethorn. They bring gifts and receive warm hospitality in return. The air is filled with songs and dances, and marvellous tales are shared and exchanged. The Firstborn bless the newborns of the family, sometimes bestowing them with names in their own tongue, further strengthening the bond between the Whitethorns and the Fair Folk.

However, being Elf-friends is not always easy. The Elves visit because the lands surrounding Whitethorn Hay are fraught with danger, and dark creatures are always lurking in the shadows. So far, the hedge has provided protection against such malevolence, but if a Whitethorn ventures beyond its safety, it is wise not to do so alone or unarmed. The Elves have formidable enemies who resent those who aid or associate with them, and the threats they pose can extend to their mortal friends.

> Whitethorn Hay can be integrated into the *Perils of the Last Road* storyline as part of the schemes of the unhoused Elf Morlhoss (see page 59). If that is the case, the farm should lie somewhere west of the confluence of the Loudwater and the Hoarwell into the Greyflood, and south-east of the South Downs.

LOCATIONS

Whitethorn Hay is far from main roads, but it lies directly on one of the secret routes that the Elves use in Eriador.

1. THE GREAT HALL

The main building of Whitethorn Hay is a longhouse with a thatched roof and a wooden floor. Here, the Whitethorns come together, especially during winter, when they gather around the warm glow of the firepit. The Elder, seated in a beautifully carved wooden chair, meets with guests and welcomes them with banquets, allowing them to enjoy the warmth of the hall for the night. Beneath a heavy stone that forms the base of the firepit, the Whitethorns store their possessions, the equivalent of a Small Hoard.

2. THE YARD

Dominated by the Great Whitethorn, a tree so ancient that no one really can guess its age, the yard is paved with stones and used mainly to dry crops after the harvest. In any other season it is frequented by chickens and geese looking for a discarded seed, or dogs sleeping in the sun.

3. THE COTTAGES

The Whitethorns are a large clan, and there are six families among them, each with their own thatched cottage.

4. WORKSHOPS

Three larger buildings serve the clan's crafting needs. In the western building, women gather during the winter to card and weave wool. The northern building is dedicated to butchering animals and tanning their hides. Finally, the eastern building is a communal kitchen, featuring a large oven for baking bread and clay jars for brewing ale.

5. STABLES AND PENS

The Whitethorns keep a few sheep and oxen — large, beautiful beasts that graze peacefully on the lush grass. The children often lead them outside the hedge to enjoy the open pastures, watching over the animals as they feed.

Old Briar Whitethorn

A white-haired and squint-eyed Man, Old Briar is so ancient that his skin resembles the gnarled bark of a tree. Despite his age, he remains strong, though he increasingly relies on his blackthorn stick to assist him in moving about. Briar has served as the Elder of the Whitethorns for many long years, and all the clan members regard him with great reverence and respect.

He is wary of strangers but cheerful and generous toward those he trusts. There is nothing he enjoys more than sitting by the fire in winter or basking in the summer sun while reminiscing about the good old days, which endlessly amuses his Elvish friends. In his youth, Briar travelled as far as Bree and even Rivendell, where he had the honour of meeting Elrond Half-elven. He is a friend of Gildor and Gandalf, who drop by whenever they are in the area, as well as the Rangers, whom he regards with deep respect.

Old Briar understands that the welfare of Whitethorn Hay relies on their alliances, and he is always mindful of the common enemies that threaten their peace. If a Company of brave and strong-bodied heroes visits, he will be a munificent host, treating them with warmth and generosity. However, if anything seems amiss in the region, he will not hesitate to ask for their assistance in investigating or dealing with any troubles that arise.

OCCUPATION: Clan Elder

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES: Nostalgic, Wary

ELF-NAMED

Your family has been friends with the Elves for generations. When you were born, they came to bless you with an Elvish name that carries a foreshadowing of your future. In addition to the name, they gifted you an Elf-charm that you carry with you at all times; this charm marks you as an Elf-friend, and, once per Adventuring Phase, allows you to reroll one Feat die.

Schemes and Trouble

THE CAPTURE OF WHITETHORN HAY

If you are playing this using the *Perils of the Last Road* storyline (see page 55), Arlo Fireblaze and his band of brigands launch an assault on Whitethorn Hay, conquering it. Arlo is on a quest for the golden ring he saw in dreams sent by Morlhoss, and he believes it to be in the care of the Whitethorns.

Having taken possession of the Great Hall, Arlo and his men have shut all the inhabitants inside their homes. The men are gathered together in one house, bound with ropes and left helpless, while the children are confined in another, poised to be used as hostages in Arlo's twisted plans.

Arlo is determined to find the ring and ruthlessly threatens to kill the hostages or even burn them alive in their homes if the Whitethorns do not reveal the location of their treasure. However, his men, elated by their recent victory, view the village as the true prize, filled with a bounty of food and resources. Whenever their leader isn't watching, they indulge themselves, gorging on the provisions and drinking heavily, revelling in their ill-gotten gains and the chaos they've wrought.

Can the Player-heroes sneak into Whitethorn Hay and free it from the brigands before the hostages are harmed?

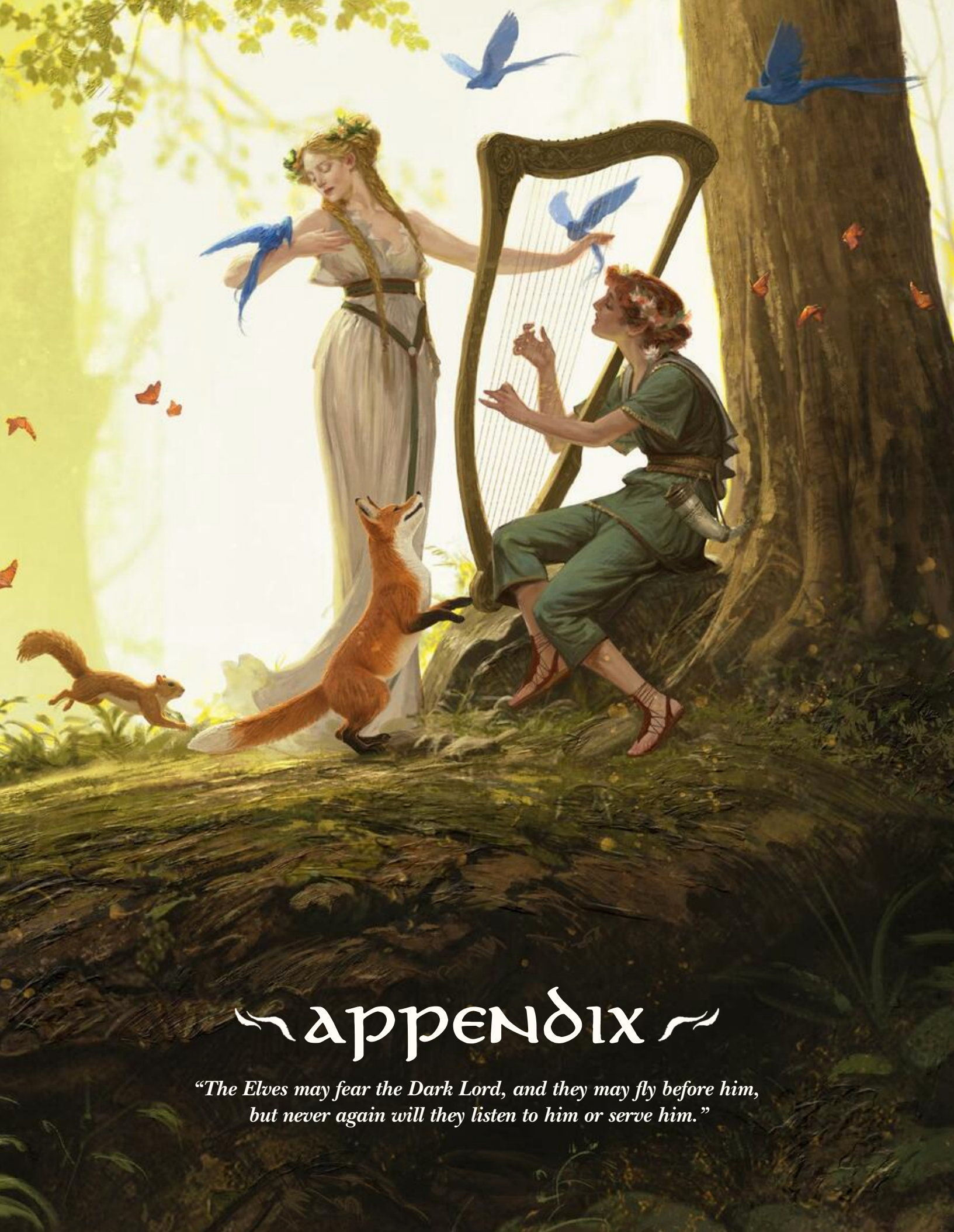
MAY DAY AT WHITETHORN HAY

The Whitethorns are fond of celebrations, but the greatest of all is undoubtedly May Day, when the farm is visited by many friends and distant relatives from nearby farms, and sometimes even Elves and the occasional Wizard. A tall Maypole is raised in a field, adorned with wheels of cheese, chickens, and hams — prizes for those who manage to climb the grease-covered post.

All morning, various games are played: tug-of-war, stilt battles, blindman's buff, sack races, and other activities involving plenty of sweaty pushing and pulling among the youths of both sexes. The Whitethorn youths are particularly mischievous, often managing to coax the Elves into joining in the fun.

The games culminate in a great banquet held in the Yard, where a delightful succession of stews and roasts is served, accompanied by ample quantities of ale. Old Briar proudly boasts that a few years ago, he even managed to outdrink Gandalf, declaring that the Wizard was "off his face" by the end of the evening!

May Day at the Hay is not only an occasion for great fun, but it also serves as an opportunity to forge new friendships. Additionally, it is a cherished tradition that any request made to the Elder on this day cannot be refused. However, the Elder may impose a condition or task upon the petitioner.



appendix

"The Elves may fear the Dark Lord, and they may fly before him, but never again will they listen to him or serve him."

This chapter provides comprehensive rules and guidelines for players interested in creating Elven Player-heroes from Rivendell or Lórien. Additionally, the final section offers special rules for creating Elf-lords — powerful characters particularly suited for epic solo play, as their capabilities allow them to handle challenges that would otherwise be too difficult for a single character.

High Elves of Rivendell

"Indeed there is a power in Rivendell to withstand the might of Mordor, for a while."

Imladris has long served as a secret refuge for the High Elves, and the time is coming for them to challenge the Enemy once more. They are not afraid, but they are sorrowful, for they are few in number and have seen much tragedy over the long years. But they will not forsake Middle-earth and will stand against the returning darkness.

Though there are ancient Elf-lords living at Rivendell, their strength is often greater in wisdom and lore than in warfare. And others, like Glorfindel, cannot forsake their duty as protectors of Imladris. But there are other Elves that will follow the example of Elladan and Elrohir, and venture forth in search of adventure. Some are so young that they haven't witnessed the ruin and destruction brought by the Shadow in their lifetime. Elrond fears that this lack of experience might lead them to recklessness, and to fall to an untimely death, fighting against the Enemy.

Characteristics

All High Elves are tall and lithe, and yet are endowed with great strength and endurance. Their appearance varies, and in Rivendell can be found Elves with tresses as dark as night, or with golden locks or long, silver hair. They have one thing in common with all Elves — they seem ageless, looking neither old nor young.

CULTURAL BLESSING — ELVEN-WISE

The High Elves have fought against the Dark Lord for years uncounted and will continue to oppose the Enemy without rest or respite.

> Whenever you are making a Skill roll, you can spend 1 Hope to achieve a Magical success. In addition, add 1 point to one Attribute of your choice.

"And here in Rivendell there live still some of his chief foes: the Elven-wise, lords of the Eldar from beyond the furthest seas."

BESET BY WOE

The High Elves never really forget the mark that the Shadow leaves on their spirit.

> You can remove accumulated Shadow points exclusively during a Yule Fellowship Phase (see *Spiritual Recovery* in the core rules).

STANDARD OF LIVING — PROSPEROUS

The vaults of Rivendell are filled with all manner of relics and treasure of the olden days. Although dwindling in number, the High Elves of Imladris have little need of anything from beyond their borders.

Attributes

Choose one set of Attributes, or roll a Success die:

ROLL	STRENGTH	HEART	WITS
1	5	2	7
2	4	3	7
3	5	3	6
4	4	4	6
5	5	4	5
6	6	2	6

DERIVED STATS

Calculate the following scores based on your chosen Attribute ratings:

Endurance	STRENGTH + 22
Hope	HEART + 6
Parry	WITS + 12

SKILLS

Copy the listed Skill ranks onto the character sheet; then, choose one Skill among the two underlined and mark it as *Favoured*.

AWE	2	ENHEARTEN	0	PERSUADE	0
ATHLETICS	2	TRAVEL	1	STEALTH	0
AWARENESS	2	INSIGHT	0	SCAN	0
HUNTING	0	HEALING	2	EXPLORE	0
SONG	2	COURTESY	1	RIDDLE	0
CRAFT	2	BATTLE	2	LORE	3

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES

Copy the following Combat Proficiency ranks onto the character sheet, selecting a preferred Proficiency when offered a choice.

Spears OR Swords	2
Choose one Combat Proficiency	1

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

Choose two Distinctive Features among those listed: Fair, Keen-eyed, Lordly, Inquisitive, Merry, Proud, Subtle, Wilful.

LANGUAGES AND TYPICAL NAMES

The High Elves of Rivendell speak Sindarin in all daily matters, and the Ancient Tongue, Quenya, for ceremony, in song and in high matters of lore.

Virtues of the High Elves

High Elves of Rivendell can choose their Virtues from among those of the Elves of Lindon, adding the following to the list:

ARTIFICER OF EREGION

You have studied the ancient craft of the greatest craftsmen of your kin, the Elven-smiths of Eregion.

- Next Yule, you may either add a single Enchanted Reward of Elven craftsmanship to a weapon of your choice, or create a Marvellous Artefact (your choice).
- In addition, during any Fellowship Phase you can make a **CRAFT** or **LORE** roll. If you succeed, you learn all there is to be discovered about the qualities of a single Marvellous Artefact or Wondrous Item in the Company's possession (as if you chose the Study Magical Items undertaking, except that you may study a single item).

Many eyes were turned to Elrond in fear and wonder as he told of the Elven-smiths of Eregion and their friendship with Moria, and their eagerness for knowledge.

BEAUTY OF THE STARS

Your poise and grace is unearthly and can have a surprising power over individuals not belonging to the Fair Folk.

- Raise your maximum Hope score by 1 point.
- If you are the spokesperson during a council, you raise its time limit by 1, OR you can choose to make all Mortals that were present during a council retain only a vague memory of what was said or agreed. This counts as a lesser magical effect for the purposes of increasing Eye Awareness (see the core rules).

Pippin afterwards recalled little of either food or drink for his mind was so filled with the light upon the Elf-faces.

The complexity of the naming conventions of the High Elves is beyond the scope of this document, but here are some examples to inspire you:

MALE NAMES

Aegnor, Beleg, Celegorm, Daeron, Edrahil, Fingon, Finrod, Gwindor, Mablung, Maeglin, Orodreth, Saeros.

FEMALE NAMES

Amarië, Ancalimë, Berúthiel, Celebrindal, Elwing, Finduilas, Fíriel, Idril, Lothiriel, Míriel, Nimloth, Nimrodel.

MIGHT OF THE FIRSTBORN

High Elves have the power within them to deny the servants of the Enemy.

- When an adversary spends a point of Hate or Resolve to activate a Fell Ability, you can spend a point of Hope to cancel its effects.

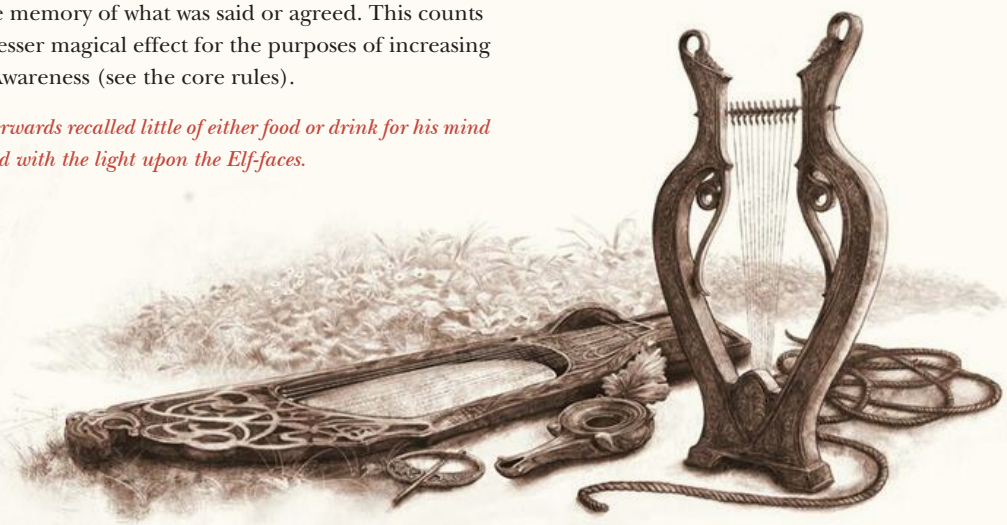
…on his brow sat wisdom, and in his hand was strength.

SKILL OF THE ELDAR

When a High Elf is at the height of their skill even ordinary tasks may seem magical in the eyes of mortals.

- When you roll a 10 or a ᚠ on the Feat die your result counts as a Magical success without needing to spend Hope.

"…we put the thought of all that we love into all that we make."



ELVES OF LÓRIEN

"We seldom use any tongue but our own; for we dwell now in the heart of the forest, and do not willingly have dealings with any other folk."

The Elves who live in the Golden Wood are a mix of the original Wood-elves and the Grey Elves who came from the West with the first King. They call themselves the Galadhrim, the Tree-people, after their habit of dwelling among the branches of mallorn-trees. The Elves of Lórien, like their brethren of Mirkwood, seldom stray from their woods, where they have everything their heart desires, but they always mount a careful watch to keep their land safe from Orcs and evil things.

CHARACTERISTICS

The Galadhrim share a deep love for their mallorn-woods, and when they leave them it is on a quest to protect their homeland from the Shadow. They seldom begin a life of wanderings before being a few centuries old, and even then they always carry the memory of the golden trees in their hearts wherever they are.

Galadhrim dress in elegant but simple clothes, often mirroring the colours of their homeland: white and grey, yellow and gold, green, and blue. In war they wear light or no armour and muted garments, which help them blend in with their surroundings, and they rely on their great bows, spears and long knives.

CULTURAL BLESSING — TREE-PEOPLE

The bond between the Elves of Lórien and their woods is so deep that they cannot imagine a life without them, and they feel at home whenever they are among trees. Their love extends to all their creations, which are always designed to fit and blend in with the woods.

> When you are in a forest, or when using a Skill associated with a useful item, you can spend 1 point of Hope to achieve a Magical success. In addition, you start the game with 1 more useful item.

"The love of the Elves for their land and their works is deeper than the deeps of the Sea."

STANDARD OF LIVING — FRUGAL

The Elves of Lórien do not hoard things, and consider their trees the greatest wealth one could have.

ATTRIBUTES

Choose one set of Attributes, or roll a Success die:

ROLL	STRENGTH	HEART	WITS
1	5	2	7
2	4	3	7
3	5	3	6
4	4	4	6
5	5	4	5
6	6	2	6

DERIVED STATS

Calculate the following scores based on your chosen Attribute ratings:

Endurance	STRENGTH + 18
Hope	HEART + 8
Parry	WITS + 14

SKILLS

Copy the listed Skill ranks onto the character sheet; then, choose one Skill among the two underlined and mark it as *Favoured*.

AWE	1	ENHEARTEN	0	PERSUADE	0
ATHLETICS	2	TRAVEL	0	STEALTH	3
AWARENESS	2	INSIGHT	0	SCAN	2
HUNTING	1	HEALING	1	EXPLORE	1
SONG	2	COURTESY	0	RIDDLE	0
CRAFT	2	BATTLE	1	LORE	2

COMBAT PROFICIENCIES

Copy the following Combat Proficiency ranks onto the character sheet, selecting a preferred Proficiency when offered a choice.

Bows OR Spears	2
Choose one Combat Proficiency	1

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

Choose two Distinctive Features among those listed: Cunning, Fair, Keen-eyed, Merry, Proud, Secretive, Swift, Wary.

LANGUAGES AND TYPICAL NAMES

The Silvan Elves used to speak an original Woodland tongue, but are gradually embracing the use of Sindarin. Their names are usually in that language.

MALE NAMES

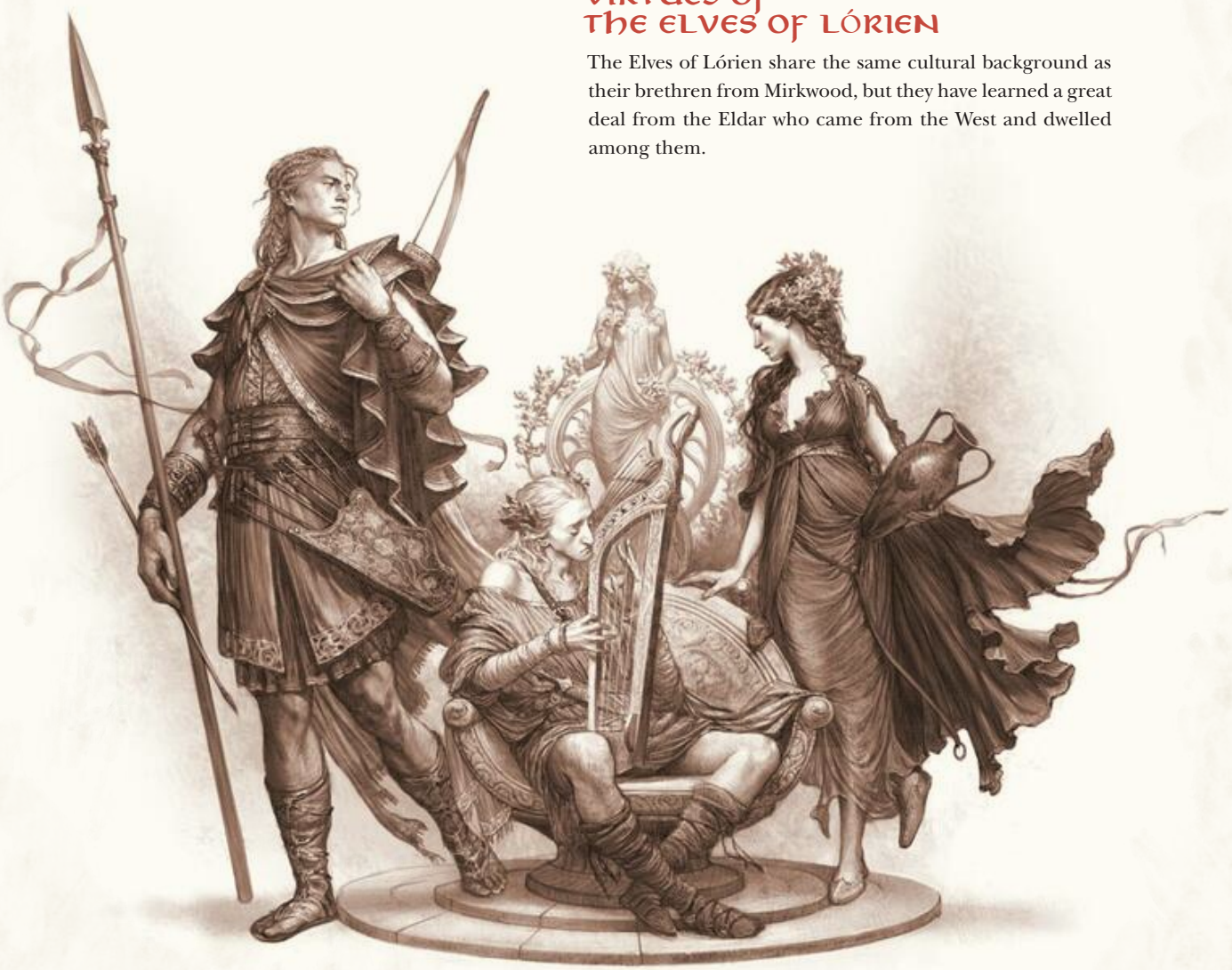
Amras, Argon, Beleganor, Belegon, Calanhir, Carmagor, Cuidir, Durandir, Edrahil, Ellahir, Fincalan, Fuindor, Galdagor, Galdor, Hallas, Hirimlad, Ithildir, Lascalan, Linaith, Mablin, Malanor, Nauros, Orgalad, Pelegorn, Sargon.

FEMALE NAMES

Anwen, Arbereth, Baraniel, Calanril, Celenneth, Cimbereth, Elnîth, Eraniel, Finduilas, Gilraeth, Gloredhel, Ioreth, Ivorwen, Lingil, Lôrwend, Lothíriel, Luindîs, Meneloth, Moriel, Morwen, Narieth, Narniel, Orothêl, Tavriel, Tarandîs.

VIRTUES OF THE ELVES OF LÓRIEN

The Elves of Lórien share the same cultural background as their brethren from Mirkwood, but they have learned a great deal from the Eldar who came from the West and dwelled among them.



AGAINST THE UNSEEN

Elves can perceive creatures that dwell in the wraith-world, be they spirits or ghosts, even when they are normally invisible to the eyes of the living and appear only as a chilling whisper of voices. You have learnt to strengthen your heart against such terrors.

- All your Shadow Tests due to Dread are *Favoured*, and you additionally *gain (1d)* on those rolls forced upon you by an evil spirit or ghost (including creatures possessed by one).

"I also will come," said Legolas, "for I do not fear the Dead."

DEADLY ARCHERY

Elves possess a natural talent for hitting the mark when using their bows. You have honed this talent almost to perfection, and your arrows find their targets with uncanny precision.

- When using a Bow (not a Great Bow) and fighting in Rearward Stance, you may attempt the Prepare Shot combat task as a secondary action.

…their small knives… would have been of no use against the arrows of the Elves that could hit a bird's eye in the dark.

ELVISH DREAMS

The spirit of Elves is so strong that their bodies recover swiftly from many ills and injuries. As your **WISDOM** has grown you have felt less and less the need to lie down to get better. Instead, you can recover from your exertions while awake, finding repose in the secret way of your folk.

- You don't need to sleep, as long as you can engage in simple, repetitive activities. When you take a Short Rest you are considered to have had a Prolonged Rest instead.

…he could sleep, if sleep it could be called by Men, resting his mind in the strange paths of elvish dreams, even as he walked open-eyed in the light of this world.

SHOTS IN THE DARK

For you, the dusk of night and the dark canopy of the forest are a time and place for merriment and feasting. But this is a time for war, and you have learnt to exploit darkness to your advantage.

- When you are in a forest, or at night, you are Inspired on all your combat rolls.

They dwelt most often by the edges of the woods, from which they could escape at times to hunt, or to ride and run over the open lands by moonlight or starlight…

THE BOW OF THE GALADHRIM

The bows of the Galadhrim are larger than the Woodland bows of Mirkwood, but they are light and easy to wield. They are bent with a single string of elf-hair that will never break and can be left strung at all times without being damaged. The shafts from its quiver aim true and pierce deeply.

- **A Bow of the Galadhrim is a Great Bow, but it is considered a Bow for the purpose of whether an Elf can use Deadly Archery. In addition, you *gain (1d)* on SCAN rolls when attempting the Prepare Shot combat task while using the Bow of the Galadhrim, and you can spend 1 Hope to achieve a Magical success on such rolls.**

LEMBAS

Lembas, the waybread of the Elves, is a thin cake, lightweight and tightly wrapped in leaves: each of them has the power to sustain a man for a long day of travel. You have mastered the art of its preparation, and can bake it for the benefit of all members of your company.

- Each time you gain Fatigue from a Journey Event, you gain 1 point less.
- Additionally, you and all members of the Company can get rid of Fatigue on every Prolonged Rest, not only when in a safe and sheltered refuge, and at a rate of 2 points of Fatigue for each Prolonged Rest.

'It fed the will, and it gave strength to endure, and to master sinew and limb beyond the measure of mortal kind.'

FAVOUR OF THE LADY

When you left your home to go adventuring you realised for the first time how keenly you missed walking among the trees of your woodland realm. In Lórien, the sun shines for days on end, save for those evenings when a soft rain falls gently, refreshing all things and making all colours vibrant and crisp. Now the Lady of the Galadhrim has bestowed her blessing upon you, to assist you when you return from your journeys in the outer world.

- Raise your maximum Hope score by 1 point. Additionally, during each Fellowship Phase, you may either return to Lórien or gain 1 Shadow point to recover twice the usual number of Hope points.

'As they were healed of hurt and weariness of body the grief of their loss grew more keen.'

Glorfindel

Elf-lords in Solo Play

"Even if you chose for us an Elf-lord, such as Glorfindel, he could not storm the Dark Tower, nor open the road to the Fire by the power that is in him."

The rules presented over the following pages introduce the Elf-lords of the First and Second Age as playable characters. They are especially suited for solo play, using the rules for Strider mode, as several characteristics of such heroes break the limits set to character creation by the core rules of *The One Ring*.

Such limits were not introduced to diminish the fun of playing in Middle-earth, but rather to help everyone involved in the game experience a style of play that was as close to the spirit of the books as possible. Having the players choose from a selection of strictly balanced Heroic Cultures produces a more focused game, a playing experience firmly set within the perspective of a first-time adventurer.

These concerns do not apply to solo play; in fact, quite the opposite is true. Elf-lords like Glorfindel, Elladan, or Elrohir can plausibly roam the land, hunting for enemies on their own.

Therefore, choosing an Elf-lord for the Strider mode of the game is a valid option, especially for players seeking a more epic approach to solo gameplay.

The paragraphs below describe a number of game mechanics that apply exclusively to Elf-lords.

Character Creation

Players creating an Elf-lord must first choose an Elven Culture for their character, selecting it from the available ones.

The character creation process is the same as the one detailed in the core rules, with the following exceptions.

Favoured Skills

When creating an Elf-lord, mark one additional Skill of your choice as *Favoured* (it may be a different Skill from those underlined).

Calling and Shadow Path

Being creatures with an immortal perspective, Elf-lords must seek ever new reasons to go on adventures over the course of their lives, as a single ambition or motivation is usually not enough to set them on the road for long.

- Players creating an Elf-lord must choose a second Calling for their character, gaining two additional Favoured Skills chosen among those listed in the Calling, its additional Distinctive Feature, and its Shadow Path.
- Every time an Elf-lord suffers a bout of madness, the player chooses along which Shadow Path they advance, acquiring the corresponding Flaw. This means that the Elf-lord can choose to advance along one of their Shadow Paths, continue with the other, return to the first and so on, acquiring up to 8 Flaws before retiring.

Previous Experience

Players creating an Elf-lord receive a higher amount of points to define the previous experiences of their character. Players have 20 points to spend on raising their Skills and Combat Proficiencies.

Valour and Wisdom

Long-time foes of the Dark Lord endowed with the wisdom of many days, Elf-lords start with a rating of 3 in both **Valour** and **Wisdom**.

As such, at the start of the game Elf-lords get to choose 3 Virtues (one of which must be a Common Virtue), and 3 Rewards.

Heirlooms

Finally, each Elf-lord is entitled to start the game with one or more heirlooms, precious objects or pieces of magical treasure belonging to their lineage. Choose two of the following options:

- A Famous Weapon or Armour possessing a single Enchanted Reward and up to 2 normal Rewards.
- A Wondrous Item.
- A Marvellous Artefact and a Precious Object worth 30 Treasure points.
- A Precious Object worth 90 Treasure points.

Create the chosen item(s) with the help of the Loremaster, using the rules on page 161 of *The One Ring*. If you choose an option including a Famous Weapon or Armour, you can trade your starting Rewards to unlock additional Rewards on your magical pieces of treasure.

Additional Elf-lord Rules

COMBAT

The history of Middle-earth has been marked all too often by great battles against the Enemy and his deadly servants. Legendary Elf-warriors like Glorfindel and Gil-Galad have fought as equals against mighty adversaries, such as Great Orcs, Dragons, Balrogs and even the Dark Lord himself. Although there are now few Elf-lords in Middle-earth who can match such fighting prowess, none of them is an opponent to be underestimated.

> To account for this, Elf-lords can perform one additional main action each turn. This additional action can be used to make an attack roll, perform a Combat Task, or complete any other task that can normally be accomplished as a main action (including recovering position after being knocked back), as usual.

ENDURANCE LOSS AND FATIGUE

Complete mastery over their bodies makes Elf-lords capable of far greater and longer physical exertions than even the hardiest Dwarf.

> Elf-lords halve all Endurance losses caused by attacks and any source of injury, and all Fatigue gains (rounding fractions up).

WOUNDS

Endowed with the tremendous vitality of Elvish bodies, Elf-lords can heal rapidly and completely after injuries that would prove fatal to Men.

- If an Elf-lord is Wounded for the first time, do not make any Wound severity roll, and instead consider it as a ᚠ result on the Wound Severity table.
- If an Elf-lord is Wounded a second time (they receive a Wound when their Wounded box was already checked), roll on the Wound Severity table. On a ᚠ result, the Elf-lord is unharmed and suffers no ill effects (but remains Wounded). On a 1–10, the Elf-lord loses an amount of Endurance equal to the numerical result (this loss is not halved like attacks and sources of injury), then becomes Dying only if down to zero Endurance. On an Eye result, the Elf-lord drops to zero Endurance and is now Dying.

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Dark Lands
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Perilous Area
1 hex = 20 miles

FORODWAITH
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THE LONE-LANDS
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NORTH DOWNS
ETTENMOORS
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SOUTH DOWNS
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MISTY MOUNTAINS
hoarwell
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CARDOLAN
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EREGION
ARNOR
HOLLIN
8→
WEST GATE
EAST GATE
MORIA
baranduin
THARBAD
OST-IN-EDHIL
LORIEN
SWANFLEET
glanduin
7
MINHIRIATH
greyflood
north-south road
ENEDWAITH
DUNLAND
LOND DAER
TO GONDOR
FANGORN
ISENGARD
ROHAN

"In Eregion long ago many Elven-rings were made, magic rings as you call them, and they were, of course, of various kinds: some more potent and some less. The lesser rings were only essays in the craft before it was full-grown, and to the Elven-smiths they were but trifles – yet still to my mind dangerous for mortals. But the Great Rings, the Rings of Power, they were perilous."

In the twilight of the Third Age, three realms of the West-elves still endure in Middle-earth. By the power of the Three Rings, they exist as a testament to a time that was. But not only the Elves remember. As Sauron gathers his strength to bring war to Middle-earth once again, he plans a devious vengeance against those who humbled him long ago.

Realms of the Three Rings™ is a supplement for *The One Ring*™, the official tabletop roleplaying game based on the works of J.R.R. Tolkien.

- **Chapter 1: Where The West-elves Still Linger** describes the realms of Lórien, Rivendell and Lindon and those who dwell there, including the Elf-lords who are their guardians.
- **Chapter 2: The Days Darken** provides the Loremaster with details about Sauron's schemes against the Immortal Folk, including possible events, Adversaries, and Loremaster characters.
- **Chapter 3: Landmarks** outlines twelve sites of interest, including locations mentioned in *The Lord of the Rings*™ novels, as well as others created specifically for the game.
- **The Appendix** contains rules to play High Elves of Rivendell and Elves of Lórien, and introduces guidelines to create Elf-lords, powerful characters especially suited for solo play.

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ISBN 978-91-89765-78-8

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